Styles for Every Room in the House

SANITAS
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"Yes, Walter, and it's so easy to keep clean—just wipe it with a damp cloth."

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table of Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor ... 3
NATURALIZATION—Nellie L. McClung ... 3
THE PHILOSOPHER ... 30
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING ... 64

Fiction and Reality

JIMMY'S BRIDE—W. R. Gilbert ... 4
SOLDIERS' SETTLEMENT—Miriam Green Ellis ... 6
THE PILOT OF SILVER TRAIL— R. B. Forsyth ... 8
PRINCE DADDY—Winnifred F. Perry ... 11
THE SEVRES MIRROR—Leslie Grant Scott ... 12
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YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM——Pearl Richmond Hamilton ... 52
SUNDAY READING ... 55
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE ... 61
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER ... 62

Woman and the Home

MOTHER'S SECTION ... 35
WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR—E. Cora Hind ... 45
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton, Supt. Home Economics, Manitoba Extension Service ... 56
FASHIONS & PATTERNS ... 58
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Pages 17 to 29
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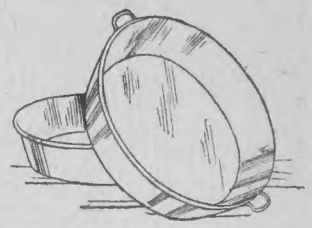

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215

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Canada's Greatest Product.

A 300,000,000-bushel crop of wheat will be the best kind of bread-line.—Hamilton Spectator.

Too Many Seers Talking.

We are troubled with excess prophets.— Washington Post.

It Will

A bumper crop of No. 1 Hard will be Canada's best provision against hard times.—Toronto World.

The Spirit That Makes Wars.

The stuff wars are made of: "Rats, we could lick em' in six weeks!"—Vancouver Sun.

Suppose Germany Had Won?

Germany should cheer up. The first hundred millions are the hardest.—Toronto Telegram.

The Russian Red Dictator.

The pupils of Lenin's eyes are red. So are his other pupils.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Corner Stone of Public Safety.

The little red school house is better than the little-read citizen.—Omaha Bee.

The Real Trimmers

The real trimmers in some millinery stores are the persons who edit the price tags.—Minneapolis Journal.

A New Experience For Him.

Byng of Vimy is in for a new experience. He will have to go "over the top" at the Ontario fall fairs.—Calgary Herald.

War Basis Candy.

Sugar has come down to pre-war prices, but candy is holding out for a separate peace.— Chicago News.

Aerial Traffic Police.

London police regulated traffic at the Ascot races from an airship. The next stage will be the regulation of the traffic in the air.—Montreal Gazette.

There Should Be Women in Both

The National Council of Women favors the appointment of women to the Senate. Why not begin on the House of Commons?—Toronto Star.

Census Questions Must Be Answered.

It has cost a Brantford man $7.13 for refusing to answer the questions of the census enumerator. Silence is not always golden.—Brantford Expositor.

Yellow Gold.

So long as Germany's money has the same color as her statesmanship, the Allies will be satisfied.—Wall Street Journal.

One Expense Germany Is Spared.

Well, there is one expense Germany is spared. She won't have to spend anything on victory monuments.—Brooklyn Eagle.

This Year's Harvest In Europe.

Sixty per cent. of Europe will be released from food rationing with the harvest of 1921, according to the estimate of Herbert Hoover.—Duluth Herald.

Falling Prices

Burial charges have come down 10 per cent. in some places. But they are no bargain at that. Wait a bit.—Seattle Argus.

A Change in Their Clamor.

"Germans Clamor for Silesia," says a headline. And, not many years ago they were clamoring for the world, and figured confidently they were going to grab it.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

A Good Idea.

An Ontario plowman competed in the big plowing contest at Portage la Prairie. Why not an all Canada contest for the plowing experts?—Galt Reporter.

Minnesota and the Lumber Tariff.

Minnesota senators are opposing the U.S. tariff on Canadian lumber. Apparently Minnesota hasn't much of a lumber industry of its own.—Regina Leader.

Germany Is Digging Up.

The rainbow of hoped-for evasion having faded, Germany is finding the pot of gold at the end of her rope, and is paying up— because she has to.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Time of Testing in South Africa.

Democracy is on its trial, and the crucial test will be its ability to sink sectional considerations and take long views of the interests of the community as a whole.—Cape Argus.

Financial Item.

Up to the time of going to press nobody has been hurt in the crush of capitalists who want to accept Lenine's invitation to invest their money in Russia.—Brandon Sun.

Twelve Per Cent Beer in Germany.

Germany is rapidly getting back to normal. Brewers are now permitted to make 25 per cent. of their product with 12 per cent. alcoholic strength.—St. John Globe.

A Question.

The Arabians are to have self-government in Mesopotamia, and will elect their own ruler. Will there be an immediate return to "the golden prime of the good Haroun-al-Rashid?"—Dundee Courier.

Mixing His Metaphors.

"As a melting-pot," declared Ambassador Harvey in London, "we have never lost our perspective." A melting-pot without perspective would be hamstrung, indeed.—New York Evening Post.

Lack of Transport Caused Famine.

Six Chinese officials have arrived in Canada to study out railway methods. A good railway system in China would have made it possible to cope with a famine in one part of that country, for there was plenty of food in other parts.—Ottawa Citizen.

Naval Expenditures.

Great Britain's proposed expenditure for capital ships this year is only £2,000,000. Any remarks Japan or United States may now care to make will be listened to with respectful attention.—Quebec Chronicle.

It Is So With Many a Crisis.

There are times when we are led to suspect crises are the biggest bluffers in the world. We see one coming and everybody gets scared stiff, but when we pass it we find it was about as tame as a baby lamb.—Halifax Herald.

An Impressive Argument.

The best available argument for national economy is Sir Henry Drayton's admission that present expenditure is at the rate of $48 per capita, which means $240 a year for the average family of five.—Lethbridge Herald.

Breeding-places of Disorder.

The saloons in Belfast were ordered to keep closed during the visit of the King and Queen. The acknowledgment that they are breeding places of disorder is the main argument for closing them up permanently.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

A Census Forecast.

Australia's census shows a population of 5,419,702, an increase of 970,000 over 1911. Canada's population in 1911 was 7,206,643, and it will be a disappointment if this year's census does not show over 9,000,000. This country has had the advantage of a greater immigration than Australia.—Calgary Albertan.

Motion-picture Workers Destitute.

It is rather surprising to learn that two or three thousand motion-picture workers at Los Angeles are in destitution. Evidently the notion that motion-picture people all earn millionaires' incomes is a popular fallacy.—Guelph Herald.

Our Long Fortless Frontier.

Among human impossibilities we must list the Canadian speaker before an American audience or the American speaker before a Canadian audience who can refrain from mentioning the well-known 3,000 miles of frontier without a fort.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Conditions in Russia.

The British trade agreement with Russia has belied the hopes and fears aroused by it. The truth seems to be that Russia is so utterly run down that she will be unimportant as a buyer or seller for years to come.—Toronto Globe.

Ministers' Salaries.

A man engaged in the Christian ministry may be indifferent in regard to the scale of compensation, but he would not be much of a man, let alone much of a pastor, if he were indifferent to the comfort and welfare of his wife and children. These he must feed, wish to have a comfortable home, decent clothing, decent education.—Peterboro Examiner.

No Bids for Large Wooden Ships.

Surely the days of the large wooden ships are over. The United States has three hundred of these vessels for which a bid cannot be obtained, and whose caretaking costs $440,000 a year. The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington suggests that the ships should be sunk in order to save money.——Victoria Colonist.

U. S. War Expenditure.

Within the next forty years the United States, if it maintains an annual average of appropiations for army and navy purposes equal to the appropriations for those purposes for the closing fiscal year, will have spent $33,000,000 on preparations for war, which is the amount experts say Germany can pay in the same period as reparation for the last war.— New York World.

Ships That Pass.

It should not escape notice that the British Admiralty has recently sold 113 warships, including the battleships Dreadnought, Dominion, Mars, Hindustan and Magnificent, all of which, being in the obsolete class, were sold as junk. The Dreadnought, which in 1906 was "the very last word in naval architecture," was knocked down at the flat rate of 50 shillings a ton.—Halifax Echo.

In Honor of a Great Icelander.

The Icelanders of Winnipeg have unveiled a statue to Jon Sigurdson, a kinsman who excelled as a patriot and a statesman in the home land a half century ago. The Icelanders, while closely cherishing the traditions of their race across the sea, are among the best Canadian citizens and leading in the development of Canadianism. This is the ideal spirit for the New World.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Missing the Opportunity.

The United States is in an excellent position to take the initiative in reducing armaments, and the place to begin is on the sea, because our land forces could not be regarded as a menace by any great power. We seem to be missing the opportunity, if we have not already missed it, of giving leadership to a disarmament movement by showing that we did not fear to set an example in the right direction.—Springfield Republican.

Marxism Fails in Practice.

The Soviet government is planning to give Russian currency a gold and platinum basis and to call in the flood of paper money which the same government issued with the sole purpose of making money worthless and useless and so hastening the establishment of Marxism. Lenin and his associates are finding themselves forced to abandon the practice of the gospel of Marx.—Kingston Whig.

A Hohenzollern Smuggler.

Convicted of smuggling money out of Germany, the former Prince Eitel Friedrich Hohenzollern was fined 5,000 marks ($100) by a merciful German court. That the kaiser's son was brought to court is an encouraging sign, even although he was not required to sit in the defendant's box. But the old order changes bit by bit. Perhaps Germany will yet force Bavaria to disarm and actually make the first gold payment.—N. Y. Tribune.

Sir George Paish Was Right

A leading Pittsburgh steel man says that a year ago no one would have believed that the steel business could be so depressed as it is today. A little over a year ago Sir George Paish, for many years editor of the London Statist, financial adviser of the British Government during the war and one of the greatest financial authorities in the world, delivered a speech in New York in which he predicted a wave of unemployment in the United States because of Europe's prostration and the adverse exchange rates. But what he said was not listened to seriously.—Chicago Tribune.

Communism and the Early Christians

Communists who appeal to the practice of early Church in support of their views usually fail to observe two rather significant facts. The first is that so far as Scriptural evidence goes we are not warranted in supposing that the custom of "having all things in common" extended beyond the Christians in Jerusalem. The second is that references to the necessity of making special collections throughout the Church for "the poor Saints which are in Jerusalem" suggest the Communistic experiment was not a success, and that communism, then as now, meant living at other peoples' expense. — London Morning Post.

The Food-Iron of Raisins

May Be Just the Touch

That brings sturdy strength to children and the bloom of youth to mothers' cheeks

You want the kiddies to be healthy, and to have the foods they like. But some *nutritious* foods are not *attractive* to us all.

Use raisins to put the *appetite appeal* in oatmeal, stewed prunes, boiled rice, whole wheat or bran bread and in other foods that children would be better for.

Raisins are rich in food-iron, an essential to good blood. No rosy cheeks for little folks—or their mothers—where there is deficiency in iron.

You need but a small bit daily. And that amount from raisins may be *just the touch* that will turn the scales and bring the good looks of good health. There is nothing so attractive as the bloom of youth. Get it for your children. Have it yourself.

Scores of luscious dishes

Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

Raisins add nutrition—1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. Appearance and flavor add irresistible charm. And there are several hundred delicious recipes. A new dish for every day—a new food delight.

By making plain foods more attractive you make them easier to serve. So save on bills. Learn the possibilities of raisins.

They are almost indispensable when you know them.

* * *

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They are *clean, sweet, wholesome, American* raisins—the kind you know are *good*. All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

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* * * *

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At all drug, grocery, candy stores, news stands, etc.

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CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT

Raisin Biscuits *(as illustrated above)*

1 cup Sun-Maid Chopped Raisins
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly, add enough cold milk to hold together, add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hands until 1 inch thick, then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

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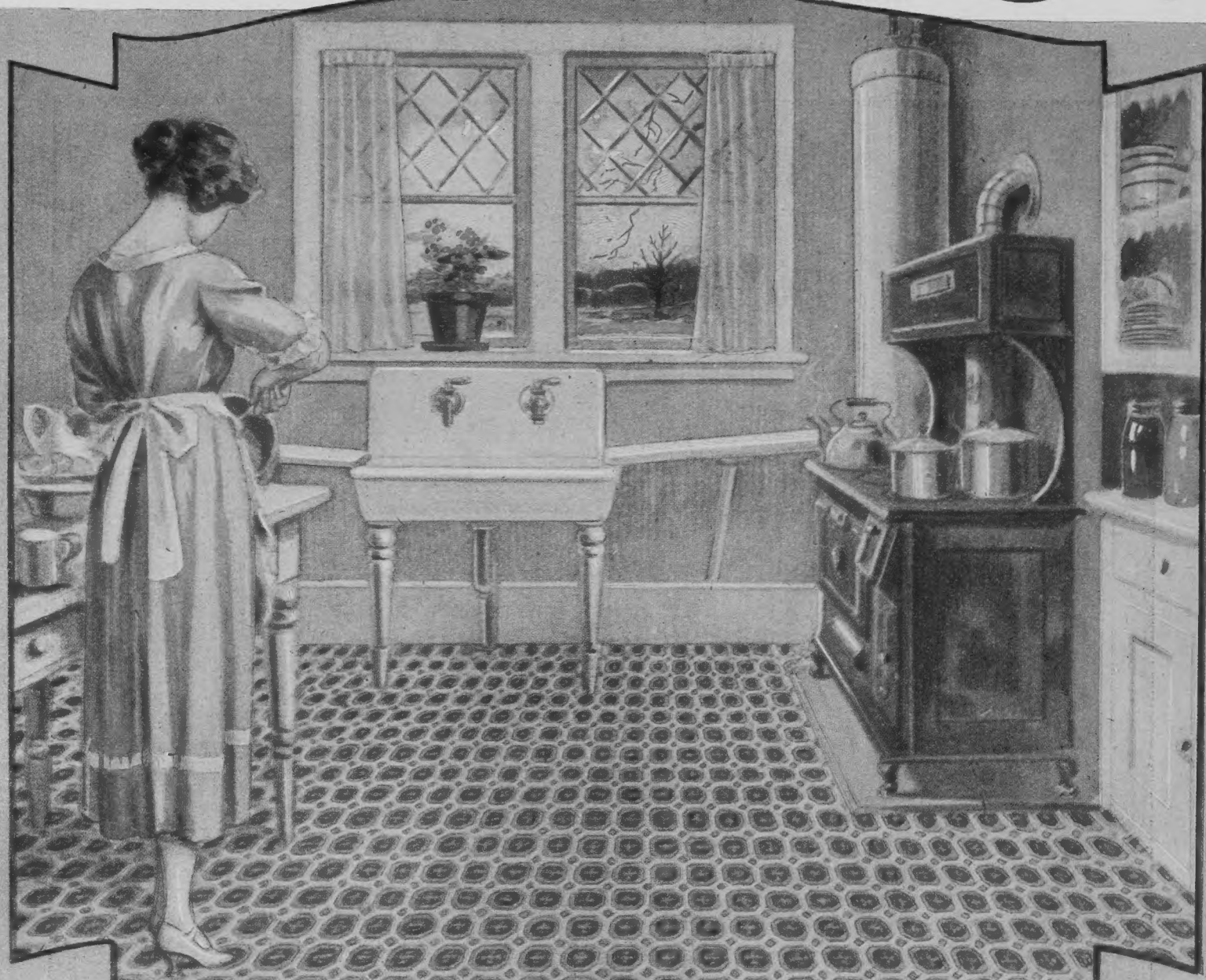

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That's the result when Linoleum is used as a floor covering. For Linoleum's bright colorings make it attractive, while its care is simple, only an occasional mopping being necessary to preserve the original new look. Think what that means to a busy housewife!

Linoleum s available in many appropriate patterns and color combinations, enabling you to choose just what you want, and for a very moderate outlay. For the prices are not high and an average floor can be covered for a few dollars.

Some prefer Linoleum Rugs. They are attractive, easily moved from one room to another, need no tacking, and they wear well. Four popular designs illustrated at the right.

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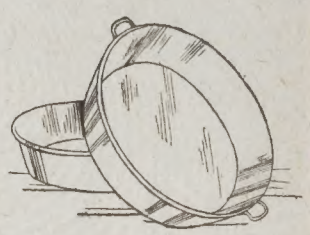

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FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE 1921-22

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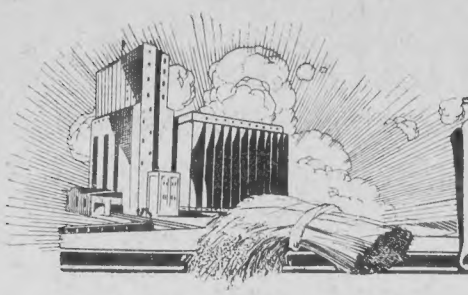

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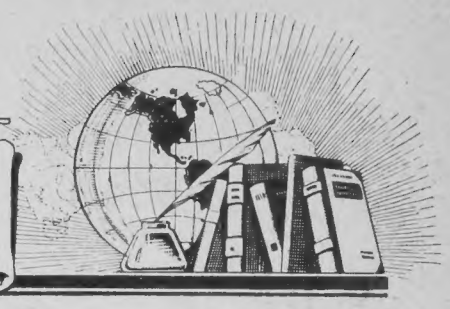

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

Periodically, groups of writers and speakers join in a lament that the public school is failing to give religious training to the young. The reasons usually advanced in support of this claim are: 1. That little Bible instruction is given. 2. That nothing is said about the church, its officers and observances. 3. That the exercises from day to day are proceeded with as if God did not exist and as if the soul were not immortal. In short the schools are pictured as hopelessly irreligious and Godless.

There are those who accept these charges quite seriously and who would modify the efforts of the schools in such a way as to emphasize religious teaching. It is natural that those particularly interested in denominational schools should take this view, and it is easy to understand how men of the world who are particularly careless in a religious way should seek to make amends by insisting that their children and their wives should be exceedingly religious. But those who have compared the products of various schools, and who have made a real study of the forces that make for righteousness in any community, will unhesitatingly affirm that there is no agency which exercises such a profound religious and even Christian influence as the unpretentious public school. For it emphasizes the spirit rather than the form. If because of differences among those who send their children to school it is impossible to present religion as dogma, it is always possible to present it as life. And if in any school, public or otherwise, there should creep a spirit of irreligion, the way to bring about reform is surely not to resort to formal religious teaching and the learning of rules and regulations, but to introduce through the personality of the teachers that life which is the source and the goal of all religion. It is the spirit of a school in work and play that determines its real religious character. Not all the formal exercises in the world unless given in the spirit of faith and hope and love, will contribute to the development of Christian character. It is the life that tells, and speaking generally, life in the public schools is exceedingly wholesome.

To begin with the public school overlooks all differences in class, race, and creed and illustrates the idea of a common brotherhood. This alone sets it above every other school in the land. Its cosmopolitanism is in harmony with the teaching of Him who came to redeem a world. The very exclusiveness of a school operated by a class or a sect takes away in a measure from its Christian character, and this despite the fact that it may spend much of its time in religious teaching and religious observances. This may explain partly why some schools have failed. It certainly explains why they have failed to produce world-leaders. The very first characteristic of the teaching of Jesus was that He opened the door to all.

Now there is unquestionably a need in every life for direct religious instruction as well as right examples, but it does not follow that those who set the example should always give the instruction. It all depends upon circumstances. There is such a thing as wise distribution of responsibility. For instance, the school instructs in play and in the ordinary studies, but the home provides food and clothing and teaches many of the household arts. In the same way, the church, the home and other agencies that are entrusted with direct religious teaching can give themselves unsparingly to their task. The school will live out their teaching, for neither on the statutes nor in public judgment is there anything to prevent a school from illustrating all that is pure and true and honest and of good report. No matter who teaches the golden rule, the school will practice it. What is more imperative than religious teaching in public schools is a fine co-operation between home, church, Sunday School and other agencies, so that what is done in a formal way in one will be supplemented by practical effort in another.

Not altogether inaptly a speaker said recently "The place on earth, that in its sweetness, purity and Christian beauty most closely resembles Heaven, is a primary school controlled by one who has been taught by the Master and who has caught His Spirit. There are hundreds of such schools in our country—little public schools. If because of circumstance they aren't particularly strong on religious teaching they are all strong in Christian living. They are turning out boys and girls who are true to their trust, who scorn a lie, and who, like the child of Nazareth, are growing 'in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man.' Such schools are not Godless, they are Christian institutions of the highest type. And they are the hope of our nation." God bless the public school.

NATURALIZATION

The world takes us at our own valuation. If we say we are poor men, mean and worthless, the world nods its head, agrees, and passes on! reasoning that we should know!

People who come to us from other countries are naturally influenced by our attitude towards Canadian institutions, and we can hardly expect them to reverence and respect that which we ourselves hold to be of little importance.

Take the matter of naturalization:—The ceremony attracts no attention. It is done hurriedly, unemotionally, with no more solemnity or dignity than buying a dog's license. The applicants, unwashed, unshaven, wait in bored silence for their turn. The questions are asked sometimes gruffly, and answered as quickly as possible; everyone wants to get away—the whole thing is a beastly bore. There is no hand shaking, no welcome, nothing. It is all as drab and as dry as a dusty road!

Here is a place where we miss a great opportunity, which some day we may regret.

The people of Europe are emotional, poetic, romantic, lovers of ceremonial. Their church knows this, and makes a wise use of it in their choral mass, spectacular pilgrimages, beautiful windows and altars. The church knows that the people like the rolling music, the swinging censers, the jewelled robes, the chanting voices. These fill their souls with religious fervor and give religion an atmosphere.

We could do the same when conferring the rights of citizenship. The First of July would be the logical time, and surely there would be no more appropriate celebration. We could have bands and flags and processions. We could have songs of home and country, and stories of the glorious traditions of the British nation. We could make our new citizens feel that they were entering into a proud and noble heritage of unblemished memories and heroic traditions. We could let them see that we think Canadian citizenship is something to get excited over, and dressed up for at least.

And it might be made a time of real heart-warming welcome to our new citizens, when some little honor or courtesy might be shown them, something which would live long in their memories, and bind their hearts to the land of their adoption!

Loyalty is a tender shoot, and repays gentle cultivation.

—Nellie L. McClung.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

Mr. Norman Angell in his work on "The Great Illusion" pointed out that we were heading for war, and practically took the ground that the victorious party would suffer as much as the country defeated. In his newer book, "The Fruits of Victory", he makes good his prediction. Roughly speaking his argument is this:

We have won the war—and what is our position? We are in growing danger of a blockade, arising from no hostile measures but from the simple inability of the new Europe to produce the surplus of food and raw material on which we used to draw. We used to draw our supplies very largely from the United States, but we were then creditor and America the debtor nation. She no longer has to transmit supplies in payment of interest on our investments. Moreover, the consumption is beginning to overtake production in America, too; we shall be thrown back upon Europe, and high agricultural productivity in, for instance, Russia and the Balkans may be a life and death matter to us. But our victory has so ruined Europe that its peasants have no confidence in ita paper money and are rapidly diminishing their production of food. Why should they toil to produce food for which they can only get worthless paper in payment? "Nothing but the restoration of all the economic processes of Europe as a whole can prevent a declining productivity . . . of which we may merely have seen the beginning."

But that restoration is just the opposite of what the makers of the treaties desire. For three years they have been running after the rainbow at whose foot is the wealth of the vanquished countries they themselves have finally ruined. "This Balkanized Europe which cannot feed itself has all the technical knowledge that it ever had. But its national units are dominated by a temper which makes impossible the co-operation by which alone the knowledge can be applied to the available national resources."

What is to be done? "Two broad principles of policy are available: that looking towards isolated national power, or that looking towards commom power behind a common purpose. The second may fail; it has risks. But the first is bound to fail."

THE GOVERNING CASTE

It is clear that the relation of the Dominions to the Mother Country has altered. They are all now grown up, and cherish the sense of independence and equality. No longer can the Parliament at Westminster speak for the Dominions on international problems; no longer can the caste, operating through the war office, continue to speak for the Empire. Outside of voting the estimates, Parliament is of small use to the British governing caste. The inability of Parliament to deal with the many vexatious and complicated problems of Empire makes it necessary for it to submit to the dictation of a governing caste—a body of experts with long and varied experience. Of course, many of these men are reactionary, or conservative in the extreme, and at times a firebrand in the form of a Lloyd George or a Winston Churchill must upset their calm and self assurance. Nevertheless, they are the real despots of Europe, and they are going to resent any invasion of their privileges which might result from the reorganization of Imperial Government.

At present there are in the Empire first the Parliament of the United Kingdom and the Government of India, and then fifty governments divided as follows; 1. Crown Colonies, administered from London; 2, Colonies without full responsible government, such as the Bahamas, Bermuda and Malta; and 3, Colonies with full responsible governments of their own and full control of their finances, such as Newfoundland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa.

Under what system shall the Dominions retain their independence and yet feel that they are on an equality with the Mother Land? Four schemes have been proposed as follows:

The first, which has been advanced by Lord Grey, is to appoint the commercial agents of the colonies in London Privy Counselors and to constitute them a Board of Advice to assist the British Cabinet on "colonial affairs."

The second plan, which I believe Lord Bryce favours, is the constitution of an Imperial Council to advise Parliament, at the same time the recasting of the war Office, the Admiralty and the Foreign Office on an actually imperial basis. This scheme, however, has been criticised as being only another edition of the Imperial Conference. What is needed, it is felt, is a body constitutional in origin, representative in character and supreme in its decisions. 'Our fellow-countrymen in the dominions' Lord Selborne has said, "would stand committed to the acts of the Imperial Government, with no remedy except separation and with no means of controlling the decisions of the Imperial Government. Fundamental defects would remain, and you would have added only a fifth wheel to the coach—a council which has no power of decision, no power of action in the urgent problems that might arise in diplomacy."

The third scheme is to recast Parliament on a basis representative of all the colonies possessing full responsible government. For this, it is felt, no change in the British Constitution would be necessary. A certain number of life peerages would be conferred on political leaders from overseas to make them eligible for the House of Lords, and another Reform Act would recast the constituencies of the House of Commons so that, without increasing its membership, it would become representative of all the responsible colonies. The vast changes of which this would be the first are indicated, however, by the fact that imperial and home finances would probably require two Chancellors of the Exchequer from the first.

The fourth scheme is to reduce the present Parliament to the status of a local Parliament for the United Kingdom and to create a new Imperial Parliament. "The development must end if the Empire is to be preserved intact," Lord Selborne has said, "in a Parliament of the Empire." Representation for the Crown colonies has not yet been worked into this scheme, although Lord Milner would give them a seat in the Imperial Cabinet. Lord Milner, however, would have a new Parliament created for the United Kingdom and would invest the present Parliament, with its six centuries of tradition, with responsibility for the Empire. He would have it cut down in membership, its constituencies greatly increased in size and its duties limited to imperial and foreign affairs, retaining the overriding power, which in strict constitutional theory it possesses today, of legislating on any subject for any party of the Empire. Under it, the new Parliament of the United Kingdom (or the new Parliaments of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland) would have the same status and the same constitutional origin as the Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, South African and other local Parliaments of the Empire.

JIMMY'S BRIDE: A Romance of the Streets

By
W. R. GILBERT

Next day Jimmy's fortune was no worse than usual and the doorway in Grecian Lane was again their resting place.

JIMMY Steer was in luck, a gentleman had given him sixpence for holding a horse outside Covent Garden market. Jimmy turned the coin over and over in his hand, taking care however, to keep the hand hidden in the pocket of his ragged trousers.

"I dunno whether ter go in for a good blowout or harf a quire of evenin' papers," he was thinking, when his attention was drawn to a little girl a year or two younger than himself—Jimmy was nine—sobbing in a quiet but pitiable manner outside a cook shop.

She was rather a pretty child, though the big black eyes, fixed so wistfully on a great roll of "spotted" pudding, were swollen up with crying.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy, "who's been a-punchin' you?"

"Nob'dy. I'm only hungry," she sobbed.

"So'm I," Jimmy retorted. "I'm allus hungry. Where's yer mother?"

The question started the little girl sobbing afresh.

"She's runned away," she said, at length. "She told me to ask a p'leeceman to take me to the workhus, but I don't want to go to the workhus. I've been there once."

"What's yer nam!?"

"Al's."

Jimmy turned the sixpence over several times.

"I'm goin' ter have a blowout" he suddenly said. "Come along, Al's."

The hungry mite needed no second invitation. Soon she was sitting before a plate heaped up with pudding. The meal loosened her tongue and she began to ask questions.

Jimmy told her all he knew about himself. He had neither father nor mother. Sal Steer brought him up, but she beat him so that he couldn't stand it any longer and he hadn't been home for more than a month. "I ain't a goin' neither," he added.

"Where do you live?" asked Al's.

"Oh, anywheres," was the careless reply. "There's a doorway in Grecian Lane I likes best when I haven't got no 'doss' money."

"Can you take me? I haven't got nowhere to sleep."

Jimmy didn't answer immediately.

"Yus," he said, when he had fully considered the matter. I'll have to sleep there if I don't have no more luck."

Jimmy conducted his weary little companion to Grecian Lane. It was poor hospitality, that bleak doorway, but he had no better to offer, and, in one respect it could scarcely be improved upon. The lane bore such a desperate character that policemen always walked in the middle of the road at night, so occupants of the doorways and entries generally escaped observation.

Next day Jimmy's fortune was no worse than usual, but he had two mouths to feed now, and the doorway in Grecian Lane was again their resting place. This was the case for rather more than a week.

"It can't go on much longer," Jimmy said one night. "I've had lots of pals, but they've all been took. Policeman, or School Board or children's home or summat's had 'em all. I've been lucky, I have; but I know I'll be had some day, then we'll be parted Al's."

The child nestled closer to him, and rested her touzled little head on his ragged shoulder.

"I'd die if I was took from you, Jimmy," she said. "Nob'dy could part us if we was married. Mother used to tell father so when he said he'd run away. How does you get married, Jimmy?"

"Easy 'nough," Jimmy answered with all the confidence of superior knowledge. There's a church by Trafalgar Square where folks get married 'most every day. I've sneaked in once or twice. They stand in front of some railin's, and a man in a long white shirt reads summat out of a book. He's the marryer, he is."

"D'ye think he'd marry us?"

"Not for nuffink. I've only got tuppence; an' we'll want that for breakfast."

"I'm used to goin' without breakfast," said Al's. I'd rather be married."

"If we was ter sneak in when the marryer was marryin' some'dy else," said Jimmy, thoughtfully, "we might get married for nuffink. Rats! Here's a cop. Lay close, Al's!"

* *

Soon after ten o'clock next morning Jimmy and Al's might have been seen hanging about St. Martin's church. Toward eleven a string of carriages drew up in front of the church.

"Come on, Al's!" Jimmy cried. "A marryin's jest goin' ter begin!"

And in the crowd, unnoticed by any of the officials, they stole into the church and toward the chancel, and, concealed by a pillar, waited hand-in-hand for the ceremony to begin.

Neither could understand the clergyman's opening words; but he had no more reverent listeners than those two pathetic little figures. When he asked the question beginning, "Wilt thou have this woman —" and the bridegroom answered, "I will," Jimmy was caught napping, or perhaps he did not understand; but when came the bride's turn to answer, "I will," he was ready to prompt Al's."

"Say 'I will,' " he whispered.

"I will," faltered Al's.

"Nob'dy can part us now," said Al's as they descended the church steps, the ceremony over.

Twelve hours later Dr. Barnett, the well-known philanthropist, passed through Grecian Lane, accompanied by the superintendent of one of his homes and a police sergeant, and followed at a little distance by a closed carriage. They were engaged in rescue work. From time to time the officer flashed his bull's-eye on a doorway or entry.

Suddenly he stopped. It was before Jimmy's temporary home.

"Here are two, doctor!" he exclaimed.

Dr. Barnett approached noiselessly and stood looking down at the ragged waifs nestling in their corner.

"Poor babies!" he murmured.

"Hi, there!" cried the officer, stooping over them. "Wake—up—wake up!"

Jimmy started and half-opened his eyes. Al's murmured in her sleep.

"What does she say?" asked the superintendent.

"Nobody can part us!" the sergeant answered. "Come, now then, wake up!"

The boy opened his eyes, saw the dreaded uniform, and scrambled to his feet.

"Run, Al's—run!" he cried. "Here's a bobby!"

He did not attempt to escape himself, but stood perfectly still while the officer took hold of his ragged cuff. Al's sat up and began to cry.

"Please, sir, don't hurt Jimmy! He ain't done nuffink!"

"Nobody's going go hurt him," said the superintendent. "Where do you live?"

"Along with Jimmy," she sobbed.

"Where does Jimmy live? He's your brother, I suppose?"

"No sir," said the mite. "We're married. You can't part us."

Dr. Barnett looked at the sergeant, who in his turn looked at the superintendent. No one laughed. Presently the doctor coughed. The superintendent blew his nose.

"I'm blest!" exclaimed the officer.

The carriage drew up at the curb while the children told their story.

"You ain't going to part us?" Al's cried. She allowed the superintendent to lift her into the carriage without a struggle. But Jimmy kicked and fought 'ike a little Turk.

He was "had" at last.

* * *

More than fourteen years had passed. A burly young backwoodsman, sunburnt, hard as nails, to judge by his appearance, was walking down Montcalm Street, Quebec, studying the numbers and tradesmen's names as he went. Presently he pulled out a letter and read it. It was dated from London:

"My dear James,—I have much pleasure in informing you that Alice Graham went to Canada, with twenty-four other girls, in May last. Her address is care of Mr. Le Croix, 101 Montcalm Street, Quebec. I am very glad to learn that you are doing so well, and I hope you will continue to prosper. Your sincere friend,

Robert Barnett."

This was at least the hundredth time that Jimmy had read Dr. Barnett's communication, as its ragged state testified.

"I wonder if she'll know me? It isn't hardly to be expected. I shall know her, though—no fear that I shan't."

No. 101 appeared to be a private house of considerable size. Jimmy rang. A neat maid opened the door.

"Can I see Alice Graham?" he asked.

"Miss Graham is with the children," was the answer. "If you step this way, I will tell her. What name shall I give her?"

"I had rather not send in my name," said Jimmy.

His reflections in the room into which he was shown were interrupted by the entrance of a young lady. A puzzled expression was on her oval, dimpled face, and in her big black eyes.

"I think there's some mistake," he faltered. "I've called to see Alice Graham."

"I am Alice Graham."

Jimmy looked hard at her. She was very pretty and well dressed. Al's, as he remembered, had been pretty, but the picture in his hand had little resemblance to the beauty who now stood before him.

"You must be another," he said, sadly. "The Alice Graham I want to see came from London."

"I came from London."

"From Dr. Barnett's home?"

"Yes."

Then I'm afraid the doctor has made an awful mistake. He sent me this letter, but there's something wrong somewhere."

The girl glanced at the address. Next instant her arms were round Jimmy's neck, the red rose in her hair was resting on his shoulder.

"You're Jimmy Steer!" she cried. "Jimmy, who married me in St. Martin's church years and years ago! And I didn't know you," she went on, laughing and almost crying by turns. "Whatever have you been thinking?"

And then she pushed him away at arm's length and looked him up and down. "Why, Jimmy, how you've grown. It's not surprising that I did not know you. You're quite a big man!" And then she—kissed him.

About a year afterwards Mrs. Le Croix lost her nursery governess. Jimmy made another journey up from Hamilton. This time he did not return alone.

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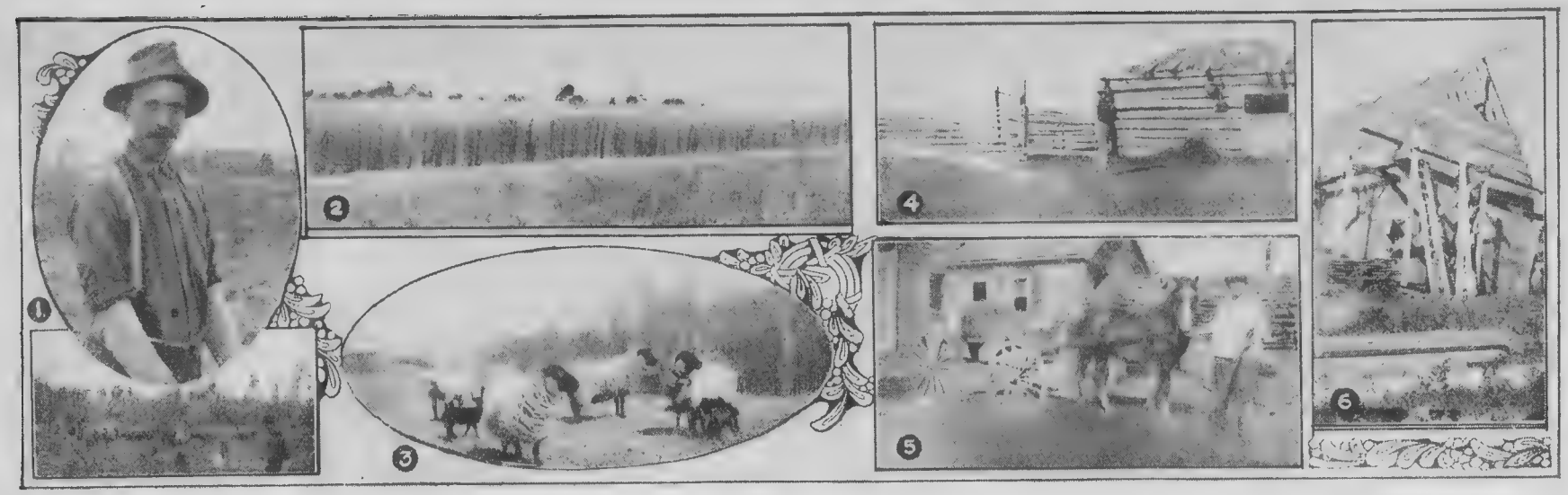
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



1. C. W. Whetmore, a veteran of the Great War, harvesting a crop of carrots. He put in ten acres almost within the city limits of Edmonton, and cleared about $3,000.00.
2. A field of fall rye on a settler's farm in Peace River Country.
3. Most of the farmers go in for mixed farming. Some Suffolk ewes.
4. A settler's first barn and cattle corral on his homestead.
5. Grouse shooting in between times. Note the sod cellar in the background.
6. Hurrying to get the roof on. In the meantime the family live in a tent.

Soldiers' Settlement

By Miriam Green Ellis

SUCH proportions has soldier settlement assumed in Western Canada, that it is due to become an extraordinary force in economic conditions in the future. Even this year, the number of acres under cultivation by these settlers will add much to the year's production and as the work is only well under way now, there will be a lot more land taken up, much of the raw land taken over by the soldiers last year and this will be gradually brought under cultivation, live stock added, and thus will the prosperity of the world be advanced; and this quite apart from the ethical value of settling soldiers on the land.

When the people of Canada began to think seriously of the re-habilitation of their returning soldiers, it was immediately decided that so many as wished, should be given generous opportunities to settle on the land. It was considered that men who had been living out of doors for one,two, four or five years, would do well in such occupation as would keep them outside, and it was also believed that such normal healthful occupation would be good for many who were returning with nerves more or less shattered, bodies needing rebuilding, and souls needing re-quickening.

So in accordance with this, a survey was made of the soldiers, then overseas, and it was found that a large percentage wished to go farming when they returned. Many of these had been farmers before they went overseas, and others could not bear the thought of going back to the offices after the days and nights of living in the open, and working with their hands.

The great empty spaces of western lands needed the settler, and the soldier needed settlement. So what more fitting than that special opportunities be given for this arrangement.

It was a big undertaking, and after the Canadian Parliament had set apart $25,000,000 for this purpose, a special department was organized to take the work in hand. So fast has the work developed, and so much greater has been the demand than was expected, that it has been necessary to augment this staff again and again. To date, $57,000,000 has been voted by Parliament for this specific department, and the loans approved to October meant $78,285,000 of this. The loans have averaged slightly over $4,000 to each settler.

There have been many mistakes, but that was natural in a new and untried venture; there have been many and varied efforts to get the better of the government, for it is a fact, that many a man who would keep faith with another man, thinks it is perfectly right to defraud the government or a corporation; but with experience, the scheme is being put on a better basis, wherever possible, local men with knowledge of local conditions, are being put in as advisers, and soldier settlement on the land is working out with better satisfaction to settler and government alike.

The arrangements for settling the soldier on the land are carried on as a business proposition, pure and simple, only the terms of the agreement are easier than would be the case with the ordinary business firm. The government is paternally willing to take a chance on his boys.

A returned soldier making application for a loan, is himself supposed to decide on the district where he wants to locate, also to select his farm, get a price and a firm option and make all preliminary arrangements with the vendor. He then submits his application for a loan, and the Board sends out a field man who inspects the purchase and advises the Board and the settlers as to the desirability of making a loan on that security.

The maximum that the Board will advance on land, is $5,000, or in reality it is $4,500, for the settler must put up the other $500 in cash, to guarantee maintenance for his family till the next harvest, and to supply seed and feed. There are practically no exemptions to this rule now, although in the beginning there were.

The loan towards stock and equipment is also a very important item. The initial loan for stock and equipment is ordinarily about $1,600, and the maximum is $2,000, with another thousand for permanent improvements. None of this is paid in cash to the settler, but all is arranged on warrant. There must also be a certificate from the Board's field man, that the sale was made. No second hand equipment is bought without the inspection of the supervisor.

All the field men employed, must have had successful practical experience in the locality in which they are working, or been trained in agriculture. Expert checkers weigh up the main circumstances, and local conditions are taken into consideration when making these loans for equipment. For instance, where a man has taken up bush land, full equipment is not bought, but if his farm has eighty or one hundred acres broken, he will require pretty nearly everything.

Five per cent interest is charged on all moneys advanced under the scheme, and six per cent on arrears.

Some 20,000 soldiers have already received loans under the settlement scheme to assist them in opening up farms: of these, Alberta has received the greatest number, or as in October, 5,625. It will readily be understood that these figures are changing every day: but in October the relative number of settlers was, Alberta, 5,625; Saskatchewan, 4,765; Manitoba, 3,253; British Columbia,2,991; Ontario, 1,374; New Brunswick, 491; Quebec, 454; Nova Scotia, 392; Prince Edward Island,291.

Altogether, some 57,000 have made application for loans, and of them, 41,161 are qualified for the privileges. The total amount of loans approved up to October 2nd, was $78,285,752, and this amount was distributed as follows:-

To purchase land	$42,531,096
To remove encumbrances	2,169,466
For permanent improvements	8,991,015
For stock and equipment	24,494,175

There are in addition to those who have bought land, about 8,000 who have taken up homesteads, and thus obtained free Dominion lands. Many of these have received loans for equipment. These free grants average 240 acres each, or a total of almost 2,000,000 acres of Dominion free lands.

Estimated roughly, there are 23,000 soldier settlers on the land, including the homesteaders, and the approximate area taken up is 4,600,000 acres. In the prairie provinces the settlers have averaged about 240 acres, and in the Eastern provinces,80.

In addition to the regular homestead lands, the Dominion government threw open a number of Indian reserves for soldier settlement, and some Hudson's Bay and Doukhobor lands were also made available.

The soldiers settling in a province are not necessarily native to that province. They may have come from any part of Canada or the British Islands, but each man who has not been a farmer in the particular province where he is settling, must spend a farming novitiate there. He is required to put in a season on a farm in that province, or must have taken one of the special courses provided at the Agricultural College, before being considered for a loan. This is to insure a knowledge of agricultural conditions.

Then further, the board requires to get the details of the life history of the applicant, especially his agricultural experience, and to verify this, he must submit the names of three successful farmers who can testify to his ability to handle a farming proposition. It is almost as technical as getting into a hospital, only he does not need to submit the color of his religion.

The men have naturally drifted to the countries where the land was cheap, and they could get a farming proposition without putting themselves too far in debt. According to the maps of the Board, there are about seven hundred men settled now North of Slave Lake, there are also close to one hundred in Pouce Coupe in the Peace River Block, one hundred miles from the present end of steel; but the soldiers are built of the stuff that have a spice of adventure and of pioneering, and they are satisfied to wait, whether gracefully or not, for the coming of the rail to their district. In the meantime they have their cattle as well as their grain, and the cattle can be marketed on the hoof. The grain has to be hauled out in the wintertime.

A few of these settlers have left their lands and are classed as failures under the scheme, but the percentage is so small that considered with any other big colonization scheme, it has more than justified its existence as a commercial venture.

Some of these men are found to be failures, others are keen to make a success, and already the files show that some of the soldiers are self-supporting on their farms.

Two seasons are allowed before the first re-payment becomes due. Land purchase and improvement loans are repayable in twenty-five annual instalments with interest amortized. The stock and equipment loan is repayable in six equal annual instalments.

Most of the settlers have gone into the business with a determination to win out, and it was noted that in choosing their cattle, they usually get dairy or dual purpose breeds, having in mind that the cream cheques start at once, and make a very satisfactory barter for the purchase of groceries. Many of the settlers are earning money, threshing, harvesting and in other ways bridging over the seasons until the returns come in from their own farms.

It is also a pertinent feature that in the Edmonton district alone, where there were good crops this year: ninety per cent of the settlers are going to be in a position to pay all instalments due on their loans this year. Some will indeed clear off the whole stock equipment loan.

Of course all these men are not new farmers on the land, many of them having been farmers before they went overseas. But it will have been a great thing to have brought those men back to the farms and given them equipment to start operations on a bigger scale and also to have added the big percentage of new farmers.

With 20,000 soldier settlers already back on the land—and the work of settlement is only at its height now—and these all making homes—homes instinct with loyalty to community and Empire—Canada should have in these an asset that will help to hold a level balance in development and power for years to come.

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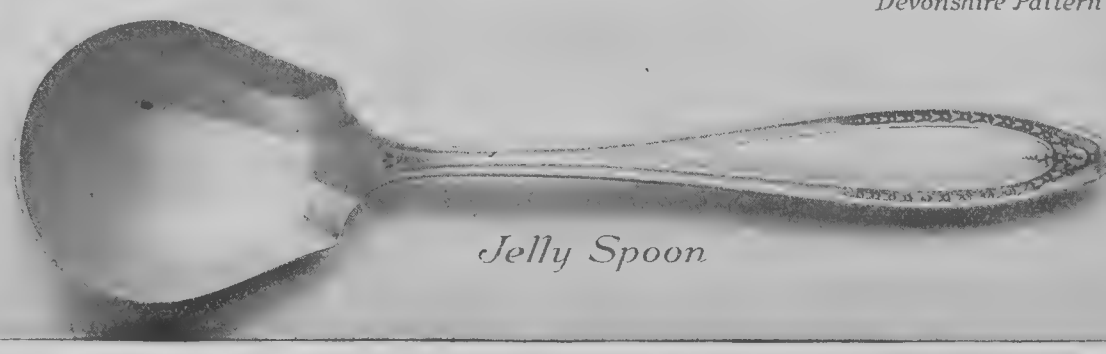

Jelly Spoon

The Pilot of Silver Trail

By R. B. Forsyth

IN the Charity Ward the night nurse had just begun her rounds, straightening out a coverlet here and there, or smoothing a pillow until it brought ease to its sufferer.

In the cot second from the door Tommy Haynes, hunch-backed and diseased of spine, tossed feverishly to and fro, his eyes alight with the flame of the fever which was consuming his frail body.

"Ain't the Pilot comin'?' He promised to tell me another story to-day, and I've laid here awaitin' fer him the hull day. Say, Nurse, ain't he comin'?" he persisted, his fingers gripping hard the coverlet.

"He's coming, I guess, Tommy. Is he your friend?"

Tommy sniffled incredulously at the new arrival. "Well I should guess he's my friend. Just ask any kid down Thirty-seventh Street way, and I guess there's not a one as won't speak well of my Pilot. You bet he's my friend."

"He's gone on a vacation," the Nurse replied, finding it difficult to tell a whole untruth, but not knowing how to break the news.

"Gone,—he ain't gone," the sufferer whispered. "Tell me, Nurse, why did he go—?" forgetting his own ailments in the loss of his beloved "Pilot."

"And you'll promise to be brave—as brave as the Pilot?"

"Honest to goodness."

The nurse silently took his hand in hers. "He's coming back sometime—we hope. But his lungs are giving out, Tommy, and Doctor Brown, the New York specialist, has ordered him out into the woods—away from the city, and people and work, just to grow strong, don't you see?"

Tommy's eyes closed tightly. "My!" a vision of the north woods swam before him.

"Nothing but mountains, and woods and lakes and rest, Tommy—but these will make him well."

"And these will make him well, Nurse, and he'll be a comin' back. Well, I guess if it makes my Pilot well, I kin wait. See, and he gritted his teeth until the tears stood in his eyes.

"Yes, I kin wait. Good night — Pilot," and with sheer weariness he drifted off to sleep while the Nurse, pausing to smooth out the coverings could not but wonder at the great hold that the Pilot, Reginald Holland, had on the affections of Tommy Haynes and other waifs of the slums.

Meanwhile the North Bound express which was carrying Reginald Holland to the bracing air of the mountains sped onward into the night. His work in the city slums had become the absorbing passion of his life. Each day had seemed to discover unlooked for leads in this great work of child saving, and what richer vein of ore could one hope for.

Ten years before, on the completion of his Arts Course at Hobkirk University, he had halted, undecided as to what course to follow. His aunt, Mrs. Willoughby Granville-Spencer, had recommended law. She was the sole remaining scion of an almost extinct English family, who had married the uncle of Reginald, wealthy but it must be confessed, plebeian in his tastes and pursuits. Hence the law as offering the best of oportunities to the ambitious young man, was her predilection, nay, her choice.

With the matter still unsettled he had accompanied a divinity student to the Water Street Mission. At once he recognized his destiny. Aunt Granville-Spencer stormed, refused to listen to argument or reason, and finally when he declared his intention of completing his theological course, she had dismissed him briefly and tersely. "You have disappointed all my hopes. You will live to regret this choice." Then sweeping grandly from the room with every nerve of English dignity alert and taut, she had left Reginald Holland at leisure to follow out the consequences of his rashness, his stupidity as she was pleased to term it.

What unexpected turnings this trail of life held, he mused, as he watched the train slip off through green fields fragrant with clover and new-mown hay! Then the great still forest with its fresh sweet odor of pine woods greeted him with all the pleasure of an unexpected friend. He drank deep draughts, then settled back among the cushions prepared to sleep. He was too tired to talk. He dozed lazily among the cushions, vague plans for his beloved Mission flitting through his mind.

Thud! the jarring of wheels, a confused picture of passengers thrown violently from their seats. On his own part a sense of being hurled roughly against the sides of the car, then a lapse into unconsciousness, dim and confused, broken incoherently by the murmur of voices.

He stammered his surprise as a moist cloth applied to his forehead restored him to sensibility.

"Am I much hurt?" he managed to interject.

The laughter of a girl, clear and sweet and musical in his ear caused him to look upward. A strand of wavy brown hair which seemed to reflect the hazel tints of the owner's eyes blew across his face.

"You must be very brave," Margery Henderson replied. "The doctor was here but a moment ago, and fortunately none are seriously hurt in this wreck."

A twinge of pain in his ankle sent her flying for cloths and bandages. "A broken ankle is serious, but not usually fatal," she remarked mischievously. The obvious absurdity of the remark caused both to laugh, and they became fast friends at once.

Upon examining the fractured bone more closely the doctor however declared it unwise for Reginald Holland to proceed further, and with that queer juggling of Fate's cards which that mischievous personage doth ever now and then deal, Reginald was conveyed with what comfort they could, to the Henderson cottage a mile or so away.

For the invalid the weeks passed all too slowly, but the health-giving, bracing air of the mountains did its work and soon Reginald was at liberty to explore with Margery the trails of the wood ways and the ever new water chains of the North Land. He told her much of his work. Every phase seemed more interesting than the last. Days slipped past into weeks—then into months.

For Reginald Holland it was a new experience, so full of pleasure and returning strength that he did not stop to analyse his feelings. Margery Henderson, it seemed to him, was a natural part of the surroundings in which she lived, a true child of nature in every respect. She knew all the secrets of the shy wood folk, and he proved himself no inapt pupil in the learning of their ways and moods.

In the evenings, after the days spent on lake or searching the mysteries of the wood paths, they would sit out on the verandah, Margery, her father Abner and himself, watching the sun slip out of sight behind the hills, leaving its streamers of gold on the bosom of silver waters which lay down the trail before them. Or as the evenings grew cooler, they set the big rough fireplace aroaring with pine knots, while Margery with her violin awakened memories of a life which he had been forced to leave. For several years she had been fortunate in securing the tuition of a New York professor of music, who was summering near her northern home. Attracted by her ability, he had given lavishly of his time and developed in her, if not a highly finished musician, at least a nature which was keenly sensitive to the best in music, and which responded readily to his master tuition.

Dvorak's Humoresque was their favorite, and it perhaps has never been played under more unusual surroundings. With its plaintive sweetness, its symphony of laughter and tears, it made an appeal simple and direct to the heart of each. To Reginald in particular a hope newly born impelled him to seek further in Margery's companionship the boon which his heart craved.

In Manitoba Waters Where Angling is Good.

Thus summer gave place to autumn with its stirring of bird life in the thickets. The blood-red tints of the Sumac covered the hillside with a thousand flaming banners, while the pines strewed the great cathedral aisles of the forest with the brown wilted needles of last season's growth.

It was the final week of Reginald's stay. Already the tan of his summer's outing had covered his face as with the seal of health. Even Abner Henderson, the bush-ranger, who had taken his guest on occasional trips through the wilderness, was quick to perceive the difference.

"It doesn't seem right, preacher, fer you ter go back to the city. What with good air and good livin' its made a new man o' ye every inch. Ain't that the truth?"

Reginald himself realized the difference in his appearance, and was not slow to attribute it to the excellent care which he had received, but in answer to their repeated invitations to tarry longer, he pressed home the point of duty, for with each day's absence the call of the city slums became more and more insistent.

Only two days of his stay remained. Already he had begun to form plans for his winter's work in the city.

"Let us go down to Silver Waters," he suggested to Margery. "I want one good long paddle before I am quits."

Slowly the canoe drifted out upon the lake. It was his farewell to these newly familiar scenes, but it would be a protracted one. Afternoon gave place to evening. The moon climbed the crest of a distant hill, then in sheer wantonness of spend-thrifting emptied her pot of silver upon the lake, leaving behind trails of wonderful fairy-like brightness and beauty on the scarcely ruffled bosom of the waters. Everything stood out with the distinctness of a cameo; coves and headlands, the shimmering lake waters, and over all the face of the Goddess of Night, benign and peaceful.

Attracted by the witchery of the scene Reginald headed the canoe toward shore, then scrambling upon a ledge of rock, assisted Margery to a place beside him.

The spell of the hour was over everything. "Isn't it wonderful " she whispered. "Too wonderful for words — quite," he replied. "Only the poet who feels intensely what mortals scarce dream can do justice to this." He paused to thrill with the sweet womanliness of the companion by his side. She seemed as if stepping from a picture painted by some world-famous artist, yet quite unconscious of herself in the beauty around her.

"I can never thank you enough for all—all that the summer has meant to me," he said.

The water rippled playfully at their feet, crooning its low-voiced song. A partridge flew whirring from the nearby thicket to its mate.

"Over there lies the city. If only I could take this back with me—to them," he whispered with a sweep of his hand. "This and yourself — to them."

She struggled inarticulately with words that refused to be spoken.

"You do not want me to leave these hills, Reginald" she faltered.

She felt the pressure of his hand. It was like a last good-bye.

"It is you who must decide for me, little girl, you who are so wise."

"To-morrow, perhaps," she faltered. "You have made me very happy, but I must think of it all. It is wonderful, and love is—wonderful."

So came the eventide of the next day.

"You must see Silver Trail once more before you go. It will help you when you are tired," she remarked, as they strolled down to the lake. At the turn of the path she halted.

"I have been thinking of you—of you all day—" she began.

"And you will come with me?" he asked eagerly.

She spoke evenly, her voice failing to betray the agitation within.

"Your work Reginald, lies over there, mine here." He made a motion as if to interrupt her. "Think of those children of the slums who are looking for you day by day. You could not leave them now," she hurried on. Then, too, my father needs me. I was only a child of three or four when he brought me out here, they said, to die. I was so thin, so weak. I can still remember as in a dream the long starry nights and the crooning of the winds among the pines as I lay where he had placed me, gazing at the stars while he smoked over the camp fire within sight and sound of me. I used to wonder if the stars were God's eyes. God who saw everywhere——"

The stillness of a great out-of-doors sanctuary was about them. Her voice fell to a whisper. "He was father and mother to me then when I needed him. My mother was dead," she continued simply. "I cannot leave him now, when he needs me, even for your slum children." She smiled into his face. "We must both be brave—and

(Continued on Page 10)

$5000.00 PRIZE CONTEST

You can enter this Contest - $5000.00 in Prizes will be awarded for best Letters on Handy Uses of the Perfection Oil Heater.

HERE is your chance to win a worth-while prize by devoting a little of your spare time to writing a letter.

Over 4,000,000 homes have Perfection Heaters. Thousands of these Heaters are being used in ways we've never heard of. So, to learn more about the ways in which the Perfection is used, and especially to learn *new uses* for it, we are offering $5,000.00 in prizes. First prize is $1,000.00 in cash. And there are 999 other worth-while prizes.

It's Easy to Write a Perfection Contest Letter

Of course everyone is familiar with the common uses of the Perfection Heater. Chasing chills from any room during cool fall nights and mornings. Helping the furnace or base burner in winter. Bringing cozy comfort into dining room, bedroom, bath, living room and sick room. Reducing fuel bills, and conserving the health of young and old. It's a portable radiator that gives "heat by the roomful."

But there are hundreds of unusual and handy ways to use this Heater, such as drying clothes indoors, or taking the place of the evening fire at the summer camp. It's the unusual or different *ways of using the Perfection Heater* that we want you to tell us about. Uses that you are familiar with may be entirely new to us.

How to Enter Contest

To enter the Contest it isn't even necessary that you own a Perfection Heater, although experience with it would undoubtedly give you many valuable ideas. This Contest does not close until December 10th, so that you have time, if you wish, to get personally acquainted with the handy Perfection.

It costs you nothing to enter the contest. Simply call on the nearest Perfection dealer (*Hardware, House Furnishing or Department Store*) and get a copy of the Perfection Heater $5,000.00 Contest Folder, or write direct to Contest Department, The Perfection Stove Company Limited, Sarnia, Ontario, for it. Read the few simple rules given in the folder, then write your letter.

Three competent and disinterested Judges will decide the prize winners. The Judges are:

ALLARD SMITH, *Vice President, The Union Trust Co.; President, The Cleveland Advertising Club.*

FRANK G. PHEGLEY, *President, Ohio Chapter, American Society of Heating & Ventilating Engineers.*

HAZEL BLAIR DODD, *Home Economics Editor, The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Sixth Prize - $90.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Seventh Prize - $75.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Eighth Prize - $50.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils

5 Prizes, Each a $25.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
12 Prizes, Each a $10.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils

75 Aladdin Aluminum Percolators, 6 Cup Size
100 Aladdin Aluminum Steam Cookers (5 Qts.)
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1000 Prizes - Total Value $5000.00

NOTE.—Winners of the $90, $75, $50, $25 and the $10 outfits of Aladdin Utensils may choose either Aladdin Aluminum, Aladdin Enameled Steel, or a combination of both.

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Aladdin Utensils are members of the famous family of CMP Household Products. The sterling quality, the beauty and the many conveniences that have made Aladdin Utensils immensely popular, also make them desirable prizes.

Get your copy of the Contest Folder from the Perfection dealer near you or write direct to us. It gives rules of the Contest, tells how prizes will be awarded, and describes Contest fully.

See Your Dealer To-day and Write Your Letter Tonight

Do you discriminate at the dining table—or are you thoughtless?

In thousands of homes, a "line" is drawn at the breakfast table. Tea or coffee is served for "grown-ups" and Postum for children. But some parents do not discriminate. Tannin and caffeine, the injurious contents of tea and coffee, seriously retard the development of the delicate nerve tissues in children.

Consequently, instead of rich, satisfying Postum, children are over stimulated by the drugs in tea and coffee; and so may grow up irritable and nervous. Any doctor can tell you that this is a great evil and should be corrected.

Although some parents feel a certain justification for the personal indulgence in tea or coffee, yet the harm to them may be equally serious. It may take a little while longer for the drugs in tea and coffee to affect an older person, but in many cases the nervous system and allied bodily functions will become weakened. The surest way to avoid such possibilities is to quit tea and coffee entirely and drink Postum instead. The change permits you to get sound, restful sleep.

Postum is the well-known, meal-time beverage. Like thousands of others you will like it because, in flavor it is rich and satisfying.

Do away with the distinction at the table. Serve delicious Postum, piping hot, to all the family. One week's trial and it is likely that you'll never return to tea or coffee.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health
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MUSIC LOVERS Questions pertaining to Music will be gladly answered through these columns. If you wish a personal reply, enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Address: MUSIC LOVER, THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

(Continued from Page 8)

wait," she at length concluded, "you in your small corner and I in mine." But in the pain of that moment was born the greatness of spirits strengthened by sacrifice.

"Until we meet," he whispered, as he said farewell to her, and to Silver Trail with the lake and the hills beyond.

CHAPTER II.

The next week saw Reginald Holland once more at work at the Mission, and before long he was making the usual round of visits to the Charity Ward where Tommy Haynes, jubilant beyond words at his return, begged for still one story more.

Through it all however, he could not forget the forest girl whom he had left. Life seemed to have lost something of its charm which old associations were powerless to replace. More than once he was on the point of writing to her to reconsider her decision. but his better nature asserted itself. He would be true to her ideals. And then an unexpected thing happened.

It was at the end of a dull drab day——the worst ever. He had never felt so dispirited with his work or with the vagaries of life as when one evening he sank into an easy chair in his humble surroundings.

The telephone at his elbow called him quickly to his feet. A voice from the hospital was speaking in short excited tones.

"Rev. Reginald Holland?"

"That is my name."

"There's been a terrible accident. Lady carried to the hospital—brain concussion likely. Insists on seeing you. Can you come?" Then by an afterthought the orderly added, "Says she something to you in kin."

"I'm coming," he shouted back, then dashed at top speed through the doorway.

His arrival however, hurried as it had been, did not permit of his extending to Aunt Willoughby Granville-Spencer the comfort which is usually extended in such cases. Truth to tell the good lady, beset with divers ills of mind and body, having found the cable of life slipping all to hurriedly from its moorings, in the presence of her lawyer and attendant physicians penned the words which made him heir to her by no means meagre estates.

"He isn't what I should have wished of a Willoughby Granville-Spencer," she said, addressing her bespectacled lawyer, "but the Bishop tells me his work is splendid," she conceded, as she subsided among the pillows, a frail, over-proud, over-tired little body, and was gone.

For Reginald there followed long conferences with the family lawyer, but little by little there dawned upon him the fact that he was rich, with an income drawn from divers sources, each representing the best investment of which Aunt Willoughby Spencer was capable of making in the heyday of her powers.

It remained, however, for Tommy Haynes to indicate the exact bent that Reginald; should follow in the disposal of his new-found wealth. It came at the end of a sultry summer afternoon, when even the Pilot's tales of the North Land seemed powerless to check the misery of aching bones and fevered limbs in the little sufferers.

"Say, Pilot," he began, "that must be corkin' up there—just to be able to live out in all of that there you've been tellin' about. Honest Injun fer keeps, ain't it?" Whereupon, as an answer to Tommy's question the Pilot was set to thinking harder than ever.

The arrival of Abner Henderson brought the vexing question of caring for the Mission children still nearer a solution. He followed solemn-eyed, solemn-faced the Pilot on his rounds. and on his return despatched the following characteristic letter to Reginald:

"Dear Pilot,—

"I reckon it's 'bout time I was heftin' some of yer ad. Ain't never been a prefessor of church creeds to any extent in my day, or any great shakes on testifyin' in public, but I reckon I'd kinda like to lend a hand in pervidin' a stoppin place temprary like fer some of yer waifs fer two or three, or as many weeks as yer say.

"Yours truly,

"Abner Henderson."

"The very thing," shouted Reginald wildly, as he penned his acceptance of Abner's offer. And thus with accommodation provided for a few of the Mission children there grew in the "Pilot" mind a greater scheme of airy rest homes in the far land to which he might bring the Tommy Hayneses of the slums for recreation and health. And to this end Aunt Willoughby-Spencer's money was spent lavishly, but at the same time wisely.

Reginald's time was thus divided between the work of the slums and the supervision of the northern home. In the latter work both Abner and Margery contributed valuable service, the former in providing a safe escort for city youths through unfamiliar wood and water ways, the latter in caring for the weaker and less active members of the "Holland Rest Homes," and all things followed the proverbially even tenor of a happy course.

And if Rumor err not, there is another soon to share Reginald's lot in this wonderful plan of life saving—a Canadian girl of the North woods, already known to the reader, and together these twain with interests undivided, will walk down Silver Trail to Shining Waters, as they did before.

AN ALBERTA CURIOSITY

Best minds of the American Museum of Natural History agree that the gorgosaurus, a gigantic beast which lived way back in paleozoic times, ran when in a hurry on its hind legs.

Nobody ever saw a gorgosaurus, but scientists snooping around his ancient habitats have found enlightening footprints and other evidence that he once lived in what is now the Canadian province of Alberta. They show that this carnivorous dinosaur used all fours in ordinary travelling, but being spurred to high speed the big fellow got up on his hind legs. Accordingly, a gorgosaurus skeleton recently acquired by the museum from the Red Deer River beds of Alberta has just been mounted in his running pose.

In explaining the probable habits of the gorgosaurus Dr. W. D. Matthew, curator of the museum's department of vertebrate palaeontology, pictures the prehistoric monster in chase of a couple of unwary duck billed dinosaurs that have carelessly wandered from the banks of rivers and lagoons which served them as refuge from landlubbers like the gorgosaurus.

The gorgosaurus was long on speed but short on brains, Dr. Matthew said. In fact, he was a real lowbrow among the ancient animals. Intellectually he would have been a good companion for crocodiles, which are put at the foot of the class in most zoos.

So, Dr. Matthew said, this enormous but rather stupid beast would rely on his speed to catch the frightened duck billed dinosaurs. Standing upon his rear legs and using his massive tail to balance the body he would pursue his prey. Catching them, he would attack ferociously with claw and tooth. The duck billed dinosaurs had no means of defence if caught and they were promptly consigned to a place on the gorgosaurus's menu.

Comparative Values

A German peasant had lost his faithful cow. His wife became so grieved over the loss that her heart was broken and she, too, died. Scarcely was she buried when one of the neighbors came and offered his daughter, another his sister, and a third his niece, for a wife, whereupon the farmer remarked:

"Well, I can easily see that it is better to lose a wife than a cow in this town. As soon as my wife is dead a choice of half a dozen wives is offered me, but when my cow died, they didn't offer me a single one."

"Prince Daddy"

By Winifred F. Perry

IT seemed as if all the world were asleep. There was not the slightest sound to echo in the calm silence of the night, nor the tiniest breeze to make one leaf quiver in all that magnificently laid out garden. In that moonlit garden the shadows were quite still—save one which moved rapidly and stealthily along the winding gravel walks towards the house, yet once the crunch of a heel attested to the shadow's substantiality.

"Bud" Ridge was there for reasons of his own, and had any one of the menservants been taking a stroll at that hour they would in all probability have detained him for reasons of their own.

He started suddenly on hearing a sound as of footsteps, but the height of the bushes and shrubs prevented him from seeing round the bend. He debated a moment whether to seek cover or to advance. He decided to redouble his caution and advance. Just as he reached the bend he came out of the shadow into a veritable pool of moonlight, and caught a glimpse of something white coming rapidly nearer, but before he could decide whether he believed in the moon's propensity for playing tricks or in unearthly visitants of lonely gardens, he heard a little cry of delight.

"Oh Mr. Shuteyes, so you have really come this time!" and the lace on a little sleeve brushed his hand.

He was so taken aback that he hardly realized that a little soft hand had slipped confidingly into his own, and that he was being led towards the house. "Nursie said if I lay still she would come out and find you, but she's so long I'se tired with waiting!" So she prattled on until they reached the verandah, when he pulled up, suddenly remembering his errand.

"Run along back to bed, Kiddie," he said kindly, patting her curly head.

"Mr. Shuteyes comes in quietly like the moon. He shuts both eyes ever so tight, and then the moon she looks if he does it properly. Nursie said so," she affirmed confidently.

He knew it was not the wisest place for a child clad only in a thin silk "nightie," and little satin bedroom slippers to linger at that hour. At first he thought to disillusion her, but he feared tears, so he suffered her to lead him across the spacious hall and up two flights of stairs to the nursery.

He lifted her up tenderly, put her into the little white bed and tucked her up. Then bent over her to shut each little bright eye with a kiss; but suddenly two little arms shot out from beneath the little lace and satin coverlet, and two little hands locked themselves tightly at the back of his neck. "Mr. Shuteyes, my prisoner!" she laughed in glee. "Come, Kiddie, let me go," he asked persuasively, endeavoring to free himself. "Tell a little story then," she said, "so I can forget this big room. Lots of little boys and girls ought to be here. Please Mr. Shuteyes, do!"

He was touched by the loneliness of the child, and somehow could not refuse to comply with her request.

Just as he was working the story up to a climax, however, footsteps along the corridor quickened his senses of the complications that might arise if he were discovered.

He rose from the little chair by the bedside. "Good-bye Kiddie," he said, crossing the room hurriedly, for the footsteps had stopped outside the door. He gained the wide window seat all padded with cushions just as the door handle was turned, and as he let himself down from the window he caught sight of the nurse who had just returned. He travelled inch by inch along a precariously narrow ledge of projecting masonry, until he came to a railing built out in a semi-circle before a large window. Now that he had gained a surer footing he paused to glance at the occupants of the space on the other side of the window. A manservant stood holding a silk hat, a gentleman's great coat and stick. There were three other people in the room, two ladies and an elderly gentleman, who was on the point of taking his leave. A cry of mingled horror and astonishment escaped him. The windows stood half open, and he heard the gentleman say, "Farewell Madame Rochfort. We shall return for your decision to-morrow evening at 9 o'clock precisely, and you know the alternative?"

"Vickerstein himself," muttered Ridge between his teeth. "To-morrow night at 9 o'clock precisely then." He took advantage of the friendly creeper which covered that part of the house, and descended rapidly rather than cautiously. He left the grounds with all possible speed, and in a few minutes was communicating the events of the evening over the telephone.

The next evening Bud Ridge took up the position he had occupied on the previous night. He vaulted the railing, and crept close to the open windows. On this occasion, however, the heavy plush curtains were drawn, and he could not see into the room. Very carefully he moved one of them aside, keeping his other hand on the revolver in his hip pocket.

An exceedingly beautiful woman reclined rather than sat in a low easy chair, turning the leaves of some illustrated magazine. In spite of the seeming repose of her slender frame, the nervous manner in which she repeatedly glanced at the clock and then at the watch she wore on her wrist, the occasional twitching of her face betokened the fact that she was ill at ease.

It was with difficulty that he resisted the temptation to enter the room and snatch her away from the impending scene, but the clock was even then chiming, and just on the ninth stroke the doors were thrown open and Vickerstein and two companions, one the female Ridge had seen the night before and with her a tall, dark foreigner, were ushered in.

The lady they greeted as "Madame Rochefort" rose to greet them, and then all four seated themselves at the table, she with her back to Ridge, Vickerstein facing the window and the others on either side.

Vickerstein rose. "Madame Rochefort," he said, bowing, "before hearing your final decision may I place the situation once more briefly and clearly before you?" As she did not reply he continued, "I have here" (takes out a bundle of small papers and lays them on the table), "I.O.U.'s" from you to the value of 750,000 dollars!"

"It is false," she cried vehemently. "You know I have only received 7,500 dollars from you in all. How dare you try to. . . . .

"Madame Rochefort, pray calm yourself and refrain from interrupting until I have finished." She remained standing, however, as he went on, "I am forced by circumstances to require the immediate discharge of your debts to me and know that you are not in a position at present to comply. Last night you gave me this in pledge of good faith. He placed a jewel case on the table, and opening it revealed a magnificent pearl necklace. Your one chance of redeeming it and discharging your debt to me is by signing this paper. He passed the paper to her and waited for her to obey. She made one stroke with the pen the foreigner had given her, and said carelessly, "I'm afraid I cannot write with this pen, will you wait while I get one from the inkstand?"

Vickerstein, fearing treachery, signed to his companion to get it for her. She picked up the document and came swiftly round to him and asked him to show her exactly where she was to sign. He took it from her and signed to the woman on his left to ascertain that the doors were fastened. In a few seconds they were all seated again. As she was apparently preparing to write however she purposely dropped her pen, and as she attempted to re-

(Continued on Page 13)

A War on Film

On the film that ruins teeth

Dental science has declared a war on film. Millions of people, half the world over, have joined it. And leading dentists everywhere are securing new recruits.

This ten-day test will show you the results. Make it and note the change that comes in cleaner, prettier teeth.

Makes teeth dingy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It makes white teeth look dingy. And most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious troubles are now traced to them.

Failed to end it

Old teeth cleaning methods have failed to end film. Much was left to night and day threaten serious damage. That's why well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed.

Dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found, and able authorities have well proved their efficiency.

Now those methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on modern dental knowledge. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five effects twice daily

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Every application brings these five desired effects. All of them are deemed essential. But old methods never brought them.

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week the results will surprise and delight you. And your home, we believe, will adopt this new method. Don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

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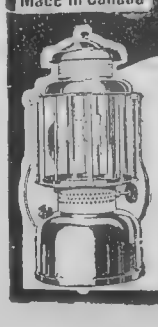

Poultrymen everywhere are getting more eggs by placing a Quick-Lite Lantern in hen houses a few hours each morning and night. Longer feeding hours increase egg yield.

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Lights any size hen house with 800 candle power brilliancy. Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline. Lights with matches. Safe, Clean. Economical—costs but little more than a cent to burn for 8 hours.

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But an irritable disposition, frequent attacks of indigestion, and a languid depression, indicate your system is not in correct working order.

Probably you are not eating the proper food. Probably the nutritious elements are not being supplied to your system in the proper way.

Grape-Nuts is the wholesome, delicious cereal that promotes normal digestion, absorption and elimination, whereby nourishment is accomplished without auto-intoxication. A mixture of energy-giving wheat and malted barley comprise the chief elements of Grape-Nuts. A dish at breakfast or lunch is an excellent, wholesome rule to follow.

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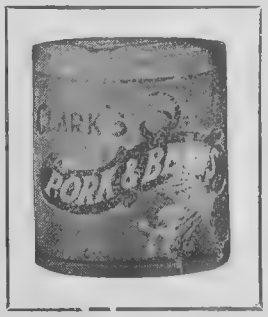

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The Sevres Mirror

By Leslie Grant Scott

LUCY TRAVIS gazed into the old Sevres mirror on her dressing table. It was an heirloom and stood upon a canopied table de toilette of long ago. Its dainty wreaths and cupids were a fitting frame for her piquante face.

Her evening gown was in the very latest fashion, and her dark hair was dressed with elaborate care. She was about to unclasp from her smooth neck a string of diamonds, the gift of her future husband.

The whole house slept. She felt that she, alone, was awake in the world—she and her reflection which gazed back at her intently from the ancient mirror. Her full lips, a trifle too red, were parted and her eyes, in which were topaz lights, looked back at her with a strange questioning in their depths.

She knew her world well. She knew that money and position were power. In a few days she would have within her slender, much manicured hands, the acme of both. The man who had given her the diamonds would also give her that.

She was content. Her mouth curved triumphantly, and yet the eyes that looked back at her from the Sevres mirror held a question in them. She felt angry, angry with her own eyes reflected there, for she felt that she would never be at peace until their question was answerd. She gazed back as if she dared them to speak. Their query was, after all, very simple. It had come down the years. Do you love him?

She was startled at the old, old question. Then she laughed scornfully. Love! What is love?" she asked.

The mirror grew suddenly dim and she could see nothing in its beclouded surface. Then it grew clear again as the pure water of a brook and a face looked back at her—a face not her own. It was a face of long ago, framed in unpowdered curls which shone like burnished gold and whose wide blue eyes looked into hers with wondering tenderness.

The scene lengthened into a stately salon in whose dim light shone priceless treasures. There were rare tapestries, woven with infinite skill and love, miniatures of ivory and blue Sevres with the crown of the Tuilleries. In the midst, seemingly a part of it, stood a little figure in rose brocade—a living treasure. She might have been a figure of precious porcelain as she stood there in her flowered gown and fine lace petticoat. She waited motionless; she scarcely seemed to breathe in her expectancy.

At the far end of the room a portiere parted and a man entered. He was tall and slight and dressed in blue satin with frills of creamy lace. At his side was a sword with a knot of gold upon the hilt. His hair was powdered, and near his left eye was a black patch.

The little figure that might have been porcelain at once became animate. Her two small hands went out towards him. "Phillipe!" she cried, and in her voice was all the joy of youth and love.

The figure in blue satin advanced quickly and took both soft, little hands in his. "Beloved playmate," he said, as he kissed each one in turn, "I have returned."

"You are only just in time, Phillipe, for in a few days all will be changed. I shall have my hair powdered and be a grande dame, very stately and dignified. Your little playmate will live then only in my heart. That is why I begged to see you to-night quite alone and grandmere allowed it in spite of my parents and the covenances. Grandmere is still beautiful. She has never forgotten what it is to be young."

An expression of pain came into the young man's face. "Jeannette, my Jeannette!" he cried. "What are you saying? My playmate can never die. She shall live forever."

"Have you not heard, Phillipe, that a marriage has been arranged for me of great advantage to the prestige and honor of my family? It is to take place in a few days. Ah, how I have prayed that your mission for the king might end in time to bring you back before, for after that I feel that all will be different."

"I shall never be different, Jeannette. Tell me, do you love him—this man you are to marry?"

"Love, Phillipe? How can I say that? I shall try to reverence and respect my husband. That, surely, is what a wife must do."

"And me, Jeannette? Do you love me?" He took her little hands in his again and looked down at her with eyes that smouldered.

She looked up at him with wondering tenderness. "Love you, Phillipe? Of course I do. I have always loved you, always since the day you left the eggs in the nest because I cried."

"Then, Jeannette, give up this marriage. You will never be happy with this man; Iknow of what I speak. Your family would not consider me, but I am young and no man is better known for his honor or the gallantry of his sword. Leave them all and marry me." He put his arm about her. "I love you Jeannette, little Jeannette."

"You forget my family, Phillipe. You know one cannot be selfish. One must always consider the honor of one's name first. Otherwise all would go to pieces. It is only the bourgeoisie who can consult their own wishes. I must not fail in my duty, Phillipe."

"But love, Jeannette? Have you no duty to love? Listen to your own heart. Let it speak. What does it say to you? Tell me, ma mie, what does it say to you?"

Jeannette's soft cheeks grew pale and she trembled.

He drew her closer to him.

"Do not tempt me," she whispered. "I have given my word. You would not have me break it. If you love me help me to be brave."

He straightened up at once, his hand on his heart. "As you will, now and always. I am yours forever to command." He kissed her forehead and was gone. He dared not look back, and so did not see her arms outstretched to him as if in recall.

When she was left alone she was torn with sobs. "What is this thing," she asked, "which has been born within me and which threatens to destroy me with its exquisite sweetness and sorrow?" From somewhere, deep in her heart, came the answer: "C'est l' amour."

The antique mirror again drew dim and then became clear as the pure water of a brook. Once more wide, blue eyes looked out from its depths, but now the golden curls were elaborately dressed and powdered, and the face and toilette were those of a grande dame.

She was seated at her dressing table in a boudoir of exquisite elegance. Her maid was assisting her to make ready for the night. When the elaborate gown had been replaced by a negligee, and her hair arranged for the night, she said: "You may leave me, now, Louise; I wish to be alone."

When the little maid had gone she sighed deeply, and, for a time, was silent. Then she spoke as if to herself. "I am tired," she said, "so tired that it seems as if I could not continue with my life. I feel that I do not wish to sleep for fear of facing another day, and yet I know that when tomorrow comes I shall have to go on just as before."

There was a soft sound on the balcony outside, and then a gentle tap on her window. She went to it at once and opened it. A man stood there.

(Continued on Page 13)

PRINCE DADDY (Continued from Page 11)

cover it she tore asunder a small bundle of crisp papers.

Ha! ha! ha! laughed Vickerstein harshly and maliciously, "what an unwarrantable waste of a packet of clean papers! Why did you not take these?" he laughed, waving a second similar packet he had produced from a leather wallet. But he stopped suddenly, his arm stiffened, and his right arm went up to match. The woman accomplice did likewise as she perceived two revolvers pointed by someone, or perhaps more than one person unseen behind the curtains. She raised her eyebrows twice in rapid succession, indicating at the same time the electric light above them. The foreigner who had not yet seen the revolvers, and in fact did not choose to see them, suddenly whipped out a small automatic and discharged it at the light. The room was instantly plunged into complete darkness, and in the confusion that followed Madame Rochefort in an endeavor to reach the bell and summon aid tripped and fell.

According to plan the international spy together with his accomplices escaped via the open window, and were secured by the detectives awaiting them at various points in the grounds.

As soon as they had gone, Ridge somewhat breathlessly, by the dim light afforded by the small flash lamp he carried, began to restore the room to some kind of order after lifting up the unconscious Madame Rochefort and arranging her comfortably on the couch. He then placed the bundle of I.O.U.'s in the girdle of her gown, dashed some water from the flower bowl on the table, on her face, and as soon as he saw the first flickering of returning consciousness, rang the bell for a servant and took his departure with all speed.

Several days later Ridge sat perusing a newspaper in the lounge of the Hotel-de-Luxe, some thirty miles south of the scene of his last activities described above. It was the only accommodation of which the little country town of Shellcreek could boast.

Suddenly a small hand patted his arm to attract his attention, then a little tearful voice said, "P-p-please I want to go and find mummy."

He looked up from his newspaper and saw a little girl standing beside him. There was something vaguely familiar about the curly dark brown hair, but he did not recognize the child until she exclaimed, "Mr. Shuteyes had one like that!" She referred to his tie-pin, which was unusual in size and design, and set with an enormous ruby. "Why you must be my nice Mr. Shuteyes?"

Then he remembered. He called a page who was crossing the room and asked him to make enquiries concerning the whereabouts of the child's mother. He replied that the nurse in charge of her had gone out, and that the mother had just arrived and was anxious to see her.

Ridge endeavored to persuade her to accept the page's escort, but she insisted that he himself should accompany her. As she was so persistent, and he himself so desirous of not attracting attention, he gave in.

He stood hesitating at the door of the sitting-room, while the child with a little cry of delight ran to her mother's outstretched arms.

Just as he was turning on his heel and contemplating catching the noon "up" train he heard the child say "Oh, mummy, I forgot Mr. Shuteyes is here. Come and see, mummy, Mr. Shuteyes."

He wavered a second, and then turned back, and came face to face with "Madame Rochefort."

"Alec!" she exclaimed in amazement.

"Mr. Shuteyes," corrected her small daughter, slipping her hand into his in a friendly way.

"Er—come in Mr. Shuteyes," said her mother flushing.

"Edith," he said, taking her outstretched hand and holding it fast.

They sat down on the low couch, and Joan, for that was the child's name, said: "Mr. Shuteyes, tell us the end of the story you did not finish. You got to where the princess ran away from the prince because he was angry with her for playing too many games; what came next?"

He glanced at his wife, for it was none other, and then drawing Joan nearer he said: "The prince was sad because he was left alone, and decided to work for his country, hoping to forget. He had to find out and capture a terrible monster who made princesses and beautiful ladies work for him. He nearly caught the monster several times, and then one day he found the monster trying to make his own princess promise to work for him and help him to destroy her country."

"When she saw him did they live happy ever after, and did the prince capture the monster?" asked Joan eagerly.

"The princess did not see him because it was dark, but the monster and his friends were captured by the prince's men," he replied.

"Did they live happy ever after?" he repeated, turning to his wife. She met his twinkling eyes for an instant, and then said laughingly, "Why, of course, they did, and the princess promised never to run away again, even if the prince was ever so cross.

"Mummy, I didn't know you knew all about Mr. Shuteyes' story," Joan said, with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Would you like to see the prince and princess, Joan?" he asked.

"Please Mr. Shuteyes," she said excitedly, "Run and hide in the corner and don't look till I clap my hands."

"Darling," he whispered, "if only I had known all these years that you still cared!"

"Can you forgive me?" she began, but just then Joan crept out of the corner and saw Mr. Shuteyes, as she afterwards told her teddy bear, "holding mummy tight in both his arms, and kissing her lips and cheeks and eyes and hair, calling her, "Princess of my heart," and do you know, Ted, old boy, my daddy is a real live prince. He must be, mustn't he?"

THE SEVRES MIRROR (Continued from Page 12)

"Phillipe!" she cried.

"Yes, Jeannette, I had to come. I saw you in the distance at the soiree to-night and the look on your face broke my heart. Don't send me away. Let me talk to you for a few moments."

"Come in, mon ami," she answered. "I will not send you away. There is the weariness of death upon me to-night. I feel I can endure no longer. Every day is a living torment. Ah, Phillipe, you were right; I did not know what this marriage would be without love and with a man whom it is impossible to respect—a man whom the whole world knows as a consummate roue.—You do not know how I suffer. Never have I spoken of it until now."

"Jeannette, my Jeannette, I do not know what a delicate nature like yours must feel, and it drives me mad to stand by and see your pain—you, my little playmate, whose sorrows and wounds I was ever able to heal."

"Do not speak of those days, Phillipe; I cannot bear it. I was so happy then. All was joy and sunshine with an occasional tear, which was turned into joy because you wiped it away. Now the pain in my heart is more than I can support.

"My husband is coming back to-morrow, and I feel that to take up life with him again is impossible. I am not a coward, Phillipe; I have the courage of my race, and yet to-night I have been tempted to take my life rather than face to-morrow."

He knelt before her and took her little, cold hand in his. "My beloved," he said, "my life is yours. Let me take you away. My love shall be your guard and shield. You trust me, do you not, Jeannette?"

She looked down at him with tender eyes, "Unto death, Phillipe."

"Then come with me; let us realize our love at last." A flame leapt into his dark eyes, and his arms went out to surround her.

A melting loveliness swept across her face, and she leaned toward him.

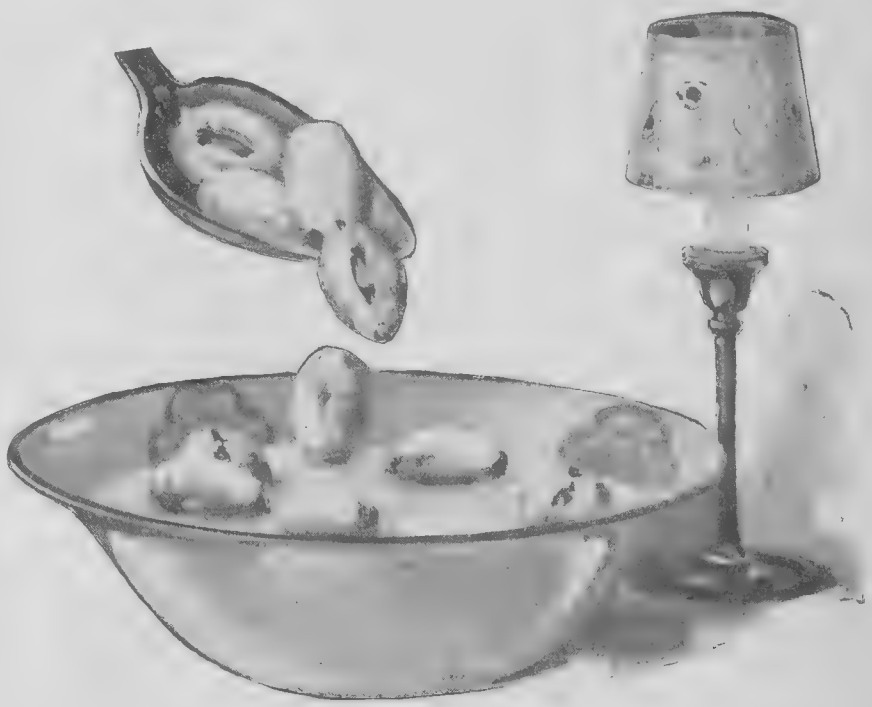
(Continued on Page 14)

Do They Get This?

Your children—do they get Puffed Rice in the mornings, as millions do today?

If not, they miss the supreme cereal dainty. These are rice bubbles—rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size.

Flimsy as snowflakes, crisp and toasted — almond-like in taste Every morsel is a food confection. Breakfast never brought to children a more delightful dish.



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Do they get Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk?

Think what it means—whole wheat with every food cell blasted. Over 100 million steam explosions caused in every kernel.

Crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread. And so fitted for digestion that every granule feeds.

This Prof. Anderson method is the only way to bring you whole wheat in this hygienic, in this fascinating form. You know that children need it. Serve it as they love it—as flaky, flavory tidbits.

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For Soft Blankets!

Keep your blankets soft, woolly and comfortable! Guard them carefully in the wash and they will repay you with a doubled life. The safest of all blanket baths is with the rich, creamy, cleansing LUX suds.

The best way to wash blankets.—Use two tablespoonsful of LUX to a gallon of water. Whisk into a thick lather in very hot water. Add cold water until suds are lukewarm. Work your blankets up and down in the suds and squeeze the suds repeatedly through the soiled spots. Do not rub.

Rinse the blankets in three lukewarm waters. Pass through a loose wringer or squeeze the water out. Do not twist. Dry in the shade in a moderate temperature.

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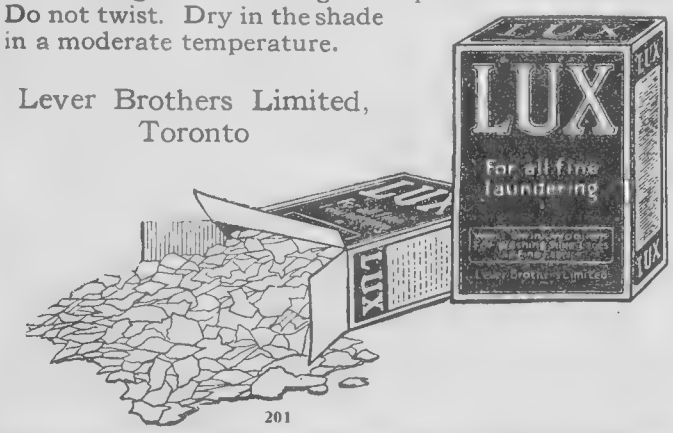

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Suddenly a queer little sound broke the stillness.

She drew back startled. "Sh!" she said. "Do you know what that was, Phillipe?"

"No," he answered. "The cry of a night bird, perhaps?"

"It was the cry of my daughter, Phillipe. She is just a little thing now with scarcely any expression on her tiny, soft face, only a bit of red, gold fuzz where, sometime, there will be curls. Some day she will be someone's little playmate, and, if I am not here to fight for her, perhaps she, too, will miss love and wish to take her own life, as I wished it to-night. Can I leave her, Phillipe? Her fingers curl about my hand like the tendrills of a vine. Tell me, mon ami, can I go?"

The man's face grew white and stony despair replaced the fire in his eyes. Then he rose and very gently kissed her. "Good-night, Jeannette. It shall be your wish. You will live now for the little playmate; she will still the pain in your heart."

"You will be my friend always Phillipe? I could not live without that."

"I am yours forever, Jeannette."

The dawn was breaking, and there came the song of a bird. It seemed to say: "C'est l'amour. C'est l'amour."

Again the mirror became clouded and again became clear as limpid water. And now it reflected once more a stately salon in whose dim light shone many treasures. In its midst, seeming a part of it, stood a little figure in brocade and lace. Her soft hair needed no powder, so white it was. Her skin was like a rose leaf, although there were some who called her "Grandmere." Her wide, blue eyes looked out with tender wisdom. She might have been of porcelain as she stood there motionless—expectant.

At the far end of the room a portiere parted, and a man entered. He was tall and of aristocratic appearance. His hair, also, needed no powder, but in his dark eyes was the fire of youth. He advanced toward the little figure that might have been of porcelain, and took the two small hands in his.

"Phillipe!" she said. "What it is to have a friend. You have never failed to dine with me, this day, in all the years."

"How lovely you are to-night — even lovelier than you were a week ago."

"I am an old woman now, Phillipe. I am a grandmother."

"You are the most beautiful woman in all the world, Jeannette," he answered.

She looked up into his youthful eyes and knew he meant it. She laughed softly. "C'est l'amour," she said.

Lucy Travis came to herself with a start. In the mirror her own eyes looked back at her, but now the question in their depths was gone. It had been answered.

Every Hunter's Invaluable Ally.

THE PRAIRIE DRAMA

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

Oh, I love the virgin prairie,
Sweet and pure as maiden Mary,
As it lies in snowy whiteness,
Moon and stars above in brightness
When it's winter in the land.

And I love it in the spring days,
When the birds are lilting love lays,
And the crocuses are decking,
All the prairie's bosom flecking
With their purple, oh, so grand.

But the lovely summer prairie,
Golden sunshine, breezes airy,
With a thousand, thousand roses
And a million other posies
Wreathing grain-fields in a band!

And then, at autumn's coming
With the thresher's ceaseless humming,
Frost begins rich scenes a-tinting,
Wind is busy old ones shifting,
And another year's at hand.

SAFETY PINS OF LANGUAGE.

There are girls and women who pin nearly every expression with safety pins.

One whose clothes are fastened with safety pins is slovenly.

She who fastens expressed ideas with incorrect language, coarse slang and words pronounced indistinctly must have an untidy mind.

Our English language is beautiful and we profane it when we abuse the use of it.

MAKING THE RAILROADS PAY

Henry Ford has once again demonstrated his ability as an organizer by taking hold of a bankrupt railway and transforming it into a paying proposition within a few months. This information will be particularly interesting to those who wonder why freight rates reached such heights in Canada during the past year. How did Mr. Ford accomplish this? First of all he dismissed all the higher up employees except one, as soon as he took charge of the road. He then turned the operation of the road over to men taken from the Ford organization whose main claim for recognition was their ability to produce results. They knew little about railroad operation in detail but they knew a whole lot about handling men and machinery. The Ford spirit took hold of the railway and it had to go.

Henry Ford has set out to give both his employees and the public a square deal and has already reduced freight rates 20%. The secret of his success seems to be closely allied with his ability to get more work out of his employees than other organizations can get out of theirs. He is putting the eight hour day into force as rapidly as conditions will permit and has already established the rule that no employee shall work more than 208 hours each month. But eight hours' work means exactly what it says on Henry Ford's railway and when a man enters the service of the road he enters as a workman to do whatever work he is capable of, as and when he is required to do it. He may be a machinist but if his services are required for the time being in sweeping floors and cleaning windows he is expected to do what he is asked to do. The bugbear of our modern industrial system is thus shattered at one blow, no job is too small for the Ford employee if it is for the good of the railroad that he should handle that job for the time being. Every employee works a full eight hours; if there is not enough of the work that he is particularly adapted to, for him to do, then he does something else—but the main thing is he works full time at one task or another for the whole eight hours.

With our knowledge of some of the freak regulations in force in connection with the employment of railroad employees in Canada and the costly and vexatious restrictions placed upon the railroad companies by the railroad employees' unions it seems strange that Mr. Ford can get his men to be "handy men" in the fullest meaning of the term. So far he has had no trouble. He pays his employees a minimum wage of $6.00 per day, is giving them an eight hour day and hopes to give them a six day week within a reasonable time, a marked improvement on the treatment these railroad men formerly received, so they are not complaining.

As a result of all these changes, the railroad staff has been reduced from 2,700 to 1,650; the road is doing more business than it ever did before; it has reduced its freight rates by 20% and is making a profit for its shareholders.

RURAL CREDITS

Alberta has been rather slow to develop its rural credit scheme but this year the provincial government secured the active co-operation of the chartered banks and commenced to create new interest in the movement. Seven societies are in existence and during the past year have advanced $250,000.

Manitoba has made further headway and there are today 73 rural credit societies operating. Advances for the year total approximately $1,770,000 as compared with $2,066,000 loaned in 1920. The dearease in the amount of loans is due to falling prices and the general decline in values.

IS LIFE INSURANCE NECESSARY?

Interetsing figures relating to the uncertainty of life are available in the 1920 life insurance statistics for Canada. Out of 11,450 policies which were in force less than twelve months last year 850 became claims. That means that 850 persons who were able to pass the required tests to secure insurance were dead or permanently disabled before one year had elapsed. How many of these 850 persons, physically fit, realised how close they were to death, we wonder? 1,050 policies in force less than two years became claims last year and 2,100 policies which had been in force less than from three to five years became payable. These figures plainly reveal that in the "midst of life we are in death".

The value of life insurance as a nation builder has never been given proper recognition. To-day, Canadians are insured for over two and one half-billion dollars, a sum which would provide for 350,000 widows and orphans for a period of twenty years.

KEEP CLEAR OF THE "BIG-PROFITS MAN".

At this time of the year there are always a number of men travelling through Western Canada whose sole object in life seems to be to make a fortune for those with whom they come in contact. They have something to sell, of course, and you are told that it will be a red-letter event in your life if you take advantage of the wonderful opportunity to make money they are offering you. Those residents of Western Canada who have money to invest at this time should be more than ordinarily careful. Stocks, shares and bonds can be bought at a low price, but there are some securities which would not be cheap even though they were given away. As a guide to the prospective investor we suggest the following "DON'TS.":

1. Don't fall for the man who tells you that this is the only opportunity you will have of buying the shares he has for sale on the terms he is offering. Reliable securities can always be bought at a reasonable price from responsible stock and bond dealers and no sound financial concern would send its salesman out to sell bonds or shares on this basis.

2. Don't look for chances to get rich overnight, because as a general rule, it is the other fellow gets rich at your expense when you invest in a proposition which seems to be what you are looking for.

3. Don't let a stock or bond salesman stampede you into buying securities. Just because he will not be able to call again. Many sellers of "fake" stocks have been able to sell their valueless offerings by persistently reminding the prospective purchaser that they will be unable to call back and so forth. It will always pay to think any salesman's proposition over carefully, after he has gone away, and if your business is worth while he will come back for it.

4. Many salesmen have a remarkable ability for making a prospective purchaser believe that profits to be derived from future plans are just as real as profits already earned. Beware of the salesman who has nothing but future profits to promise you.

5. Remember that your banker or any reliable firm of bond or stock dealers will be glad to give you advice free of charge relative to any investment you are thinking of making.

6. Don't buy any kind of security from people you don't know. Remember every dollar you have is worth one hundred cents and use every endeavour to see that you place your money in safe hands when you hand it out. Be satisfied with small profits and in the long run you will gain more than the fellow who is always looking for a "get-rich-quick" proposition.

(Continued on page 47)

Every Man

Assigns the bread and butter of his children, their education and support, the shelter of his wife, her fuel and clothing, by neglect of Life Insurance.

Is it wise to have these duties subject to foreclosure by death ?

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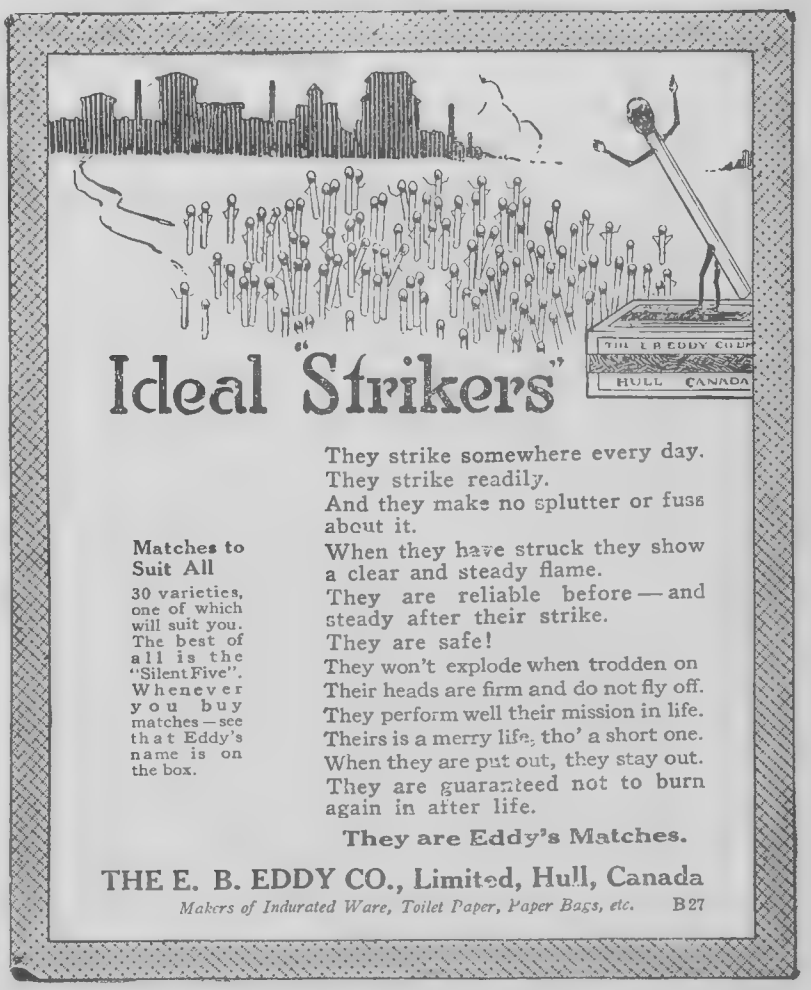

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Educating the Profiteer's Daughter

By Edith G. Bayne

"YOU can spot them at a glance, almost," declared our young college-bound cousin. "We had only a few last term, but this term there are dozens."

"I never fully realized the meaning of the term 'purse-proud' till I met a profiteer's daughter," said a soph, who accompanied us over the campus, screwing up her young nose in disgust. "And oh! the boasting about 'our cars' and 'our maids' and 'our silver coffee service' and 'our home in Florida' and 'our Turkish rugs' and so on!"

"When they first appear they look rather outlandish," the first speaker went on, "but by dint of copying the other girls they soon learn how to put on their clothes, and how not to dress. Last term we had a girl whose dad had jumped into the millionaire class overnight, and she came to us strung with diamonds and rubies, and all the glory of Sheba in the way of wearing apparel. It was a real blow to her to discover that we wore a uniform! The principal herself took all the jewelry off and had it sent to a safe-deposit vault and poor Isabel—who began her name with a Y by the way!—cried for days! Poor kid! It really wasn't her fault she was so silly! Her mother was a perfect freak. She had a car painted deep orange, and she used to drive at a fearful rate. The girls called it 'The Yellow Peril.' Then poor dad used to show up in evening clothes in the middle of a Saturday afternoon to take Ysabel out. He always carried a cane and a monocle, and the whole family used the English accent intermittently."

"But remember Perle?" queried the soph with a chuckle. "Perle had awful table manners—the worst possible kind! She'd spear a piece of bread from the plate with her fork, leave her spoon in the cup, masticate with open mouth and even at times throw things across at one of the other girls! She'd interrupt you in the very middle of a sentence, put her feet up on your chair and put her two fingers in her mouth and whistle shrilly for the maid, instead of ringing. When the principal shut her in her room to punish her she dressed up in the janitor's clothes—bribed the maid to fetch them—and let herself down by a ladder made of bed sheets to the lawn. Then she went down town and had some adventures, getting back by ten via the same route. Oh, there was nothing slow about Perle! She's to be back this term, I believe, so our dear old alma mater won't lack jazz and pep!"

"Then there was Flossie!" said the other soph reminiscently. "Flossie was big and overgrown and loud-voiced and rough-mannered, and everything else that belied her name! She used to climb our fence and play with the fourth-form boys of the Blank Street Collegiate, and one day she went joy-riding with one of them in her gymnasium suit. The principal suspended her, but she returned next term, penitent and subdued and gradually became semi-civilized."

When the girls had gone into their classes the assistant mistress in science and mathematics touched on the same topic, confidentially.

"We are a democratic school here, of course," she explained. "Yet occasionally snobbishness crops up and class distinctions force themselves on the attention. The refined young girl instinctively herds with her kind, and little cliques are formed, which mean nothing outside of school life, but make sore hearts sometimes. The profiteer's daughter isn't necessarily always ill-bred and while she is kow-towed to by some she is shunned by others and being only human and often sensitive to a degree she resents this. One of them used to cry her heart out every night on my shoulder because, as she used to say, the other girls told her she was being educated on blood-money—the blood of our soldiers! Young girls can be very cruel.

"On the other hand, some really funny things occur in the course of a girl's education—one of these new-rich girls I mean. The new-riches start right in to cultivate 'the best families,' by making friends among the leading girls. Last term there was a Miss Jones, who was perhaps our most popular girl, and who belonged to one of Canada's best families. Not her real name, of course. But there was another Jones girl, and little Miss New-Rich started to chum with the latter by mistake. The other girls got wise as the saying is, and kept the farce going. Every week the profiteer's daughter wrote home to tell about the wonderful friendship between dear Gladys and herself, and at Easter she carried the beloved Gladys home on a visit. Then and then only did the bubble burst—for the new friend over whom she had gushed turned out to be an obscure lawyer's daughter, though a very nice girl.

"Yes, I think you can spot Miss New-Rich without much trouble. She may be a dear sweet child, or a wild hoyden, but usually money has so turned her head she can talk of nothing but her possessions. We don't guarantee to kill or cure, but we do try to treat all alike, and generally one term suffices to rub off the worst of the rough corners. Above all else we never lose sight of the fact that in Canada we must have a united people, and that snobbery must be nipped in the bud! This, I believe, the most of our pupils realize, without our having to impress it upon them by painful methods. We have one of the largest roll-calls in Canada, which would indicate that our school is fairly popular, and we never pose as a 'select young ladies boarding-school,' choosing rather to assume that all our girls are equally 'select,' and that in their turn they will be loyal and trustworthy and of good report."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

By Grace Isabel Colbron

What have we fought for?
Given of our best
And spilled the precious blood of youth
The future's heritage?

Is it for this?—
Merely that one great nation,
Mistaking its true greatness
And seeking power through lust of gain
And brutal force, shall be put down
And in its place another reared?
Perpetuating all the wrong,
The age-old tyranny by armed force upheld
Big with the seeds of future wars?

Is it for this They died
Who gave their lives when life is sweetest?

Think well, my country.

Is it not better we shall know they died
That Liberty might live?
Freedom and Justice and the Natural Law
That peace shall reign
Secured by mutual understanding?
That human rights be guaranteed to Each and All?
That all the peoples, setting first
Each its own house in order, shall unite
In bonds of brotherhood?
The Sword be turned to ploughshare,
And that man's law, by sorrow taught,
Shall nearer semblance bear
To Law Divine?

Think well, my country.
The parting of the ways will come.
Already there are voices raised
That would belittle all thy high ideals,
Make of Democracy a cloak for gain,
And launch thee on imperial seas of power
By armed force upheld!

Think well my country.
Remember Them that died.

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The SPIRIT of MUSIC

By W. A. McINTYRE, L.L.D.

THE great spiritual triumphs of the race have followed in the wake of strong emotion rather than clear intelligence. In a particular way has the emotion of beauty roused the souls of men to deeds of glory and mercy. The holiness of beauty has prepared for the beauty of holiness.

Every man who would be an honor to his nation, should add to his knowledge the high element of pure and noble feeling so that he may be capable not only of ignoble drudgery but exalted spiritual service.

Of all the arts there is none so internal as Music, for it expresses feeling in its pure form. It cannot express definite ideas, but it suggests longings, ambitions, conflicts, victories, and all the myriad feelings of the soul. He who has learned to hear Music, he who when Music is being rendered still continues to hear it, is living above the fog and above the clouds; he who can express his thought in Music is not hampered in any way, for he is in a region where space counts for nothing—time is the one condition of expression.

Now, musical appreciation and musical expression may be fostered in four of the great institutions of humanity. First of all, it belongs to the family. Nothing binds the child to the hearth like the songs of home—the lullaby and the nursery-rhyme; nothing so arouses the patriotic impulse as the songs of noble deeds—the ballad and the war-poem. It is when the members of a family or a neighborhood meet to sing, on a Sunday evening, it may be in the crudest way, that heart goes forth to heart and a feeling of communion is established. For it is the function of Music to make hearts receptive. It does not convey truth, but it makes the mind of the listener hospitable to truth. Therefore into every home good Music should be introduced, and if all children cannot learn to play and sing they can at least learn to appreciate. And here it might be urged that learning Music does not necessarily and chiefly mean learning to play an instrument. There has been too much execution and too little appreciation. A parent would be justified in sending his pupil to a great artist not to receive lessons in the art of playing, but to listen and listen until his soul was stirred to harmony. Music can also reach the national life through the school. When as in Winnipeg, as many as 30 nationalities meet in one building, it is no small thing that they unite in all the exercises of the day, and sink the differences of race, creed and language in order to become Canadians. And next to the common games, there is nothing which unites men more closely than the common songs—songs of home and country, of land and sea, of past and present, of joy and sorrow. Living together in an atmosphere of right emotion, the children grow up with generous love one for the other. As their voices join, so join their hearts. They become brothers all. It is no small matter then that the right Music be selected and that it be rendered in the right spirit. It is a cause for congratulation that the teaching of Music is receiving such attention in the public schools.

Through the church also can the national life be influenced, just in proportion as those who attend become devout and reverent. I am not sure that much of the Music in our churches makes for devotion. More or less of it may be attractive and possibly well rendered, but unless it breathes the spirit of devotion it is worse than useless. It has failed in its mission. It would seem as if Burns had prophetic vision when he wrote:

They chant their artless notes in simple guise.
They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim,
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise
Or plaintive "martyrs," worthy of the name,
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenly flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these Italian trills are tame.
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise—
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

If our church choirs will seriously set themselves to the task of cultivating a devotional attitude rather than the task of entertaining, they will serve a real need in the church and the nation.

Lastly, the nation in the broad sense has a need of good Music. We have now as part of the empire an anthem which is the simplest, yet the best of national anthems. Yet as a young nation in ourselves we have nothing worthy of our history, our ambitions, or our destiny. Perhaps our national hopes and ideals are not yet crystallized sufficiently to inspire anything majestic, but it is hoped that not only in this but in musical composition generally, we shall, before long, give to the world what is distinctively Canadian. In the meantime we shall absorb the best from all sources, derive inspiration from all that is classic and truly musical, then some day we shall transfigure it all by breathing into it our own peculiar national spirit.

In order that satisfactory results be attained two things are particularly necessary—the right kind of Music must be put before children, and the right kind of practice must be insisted upon.

The right kind of Music for children is not always that which appeals to adults, but in no case need it be trashy or common. Jazz, ragtime and sentimental ballad are not good Music, and it is only because people have not been fed on worthy selections that they endure these monstrous productions that are dubbed "popular". Continued use will develop an appetite for almost anything, and it is only the continued singing and playing of catchy airs that has developed the low taste which is so common to-day. Good Music is not necessarily difficult, nor is it necessarily what is termed "high-brow" stuff. Among the best of good Music are the folk-songs. They are indeed the foundation of much that we value most highly, and every child has as much right to know these as the old nursery rhymes. It is the folk song and the folk tale that bind together all peoples and that link the present to the past. And (Continued on page 29)

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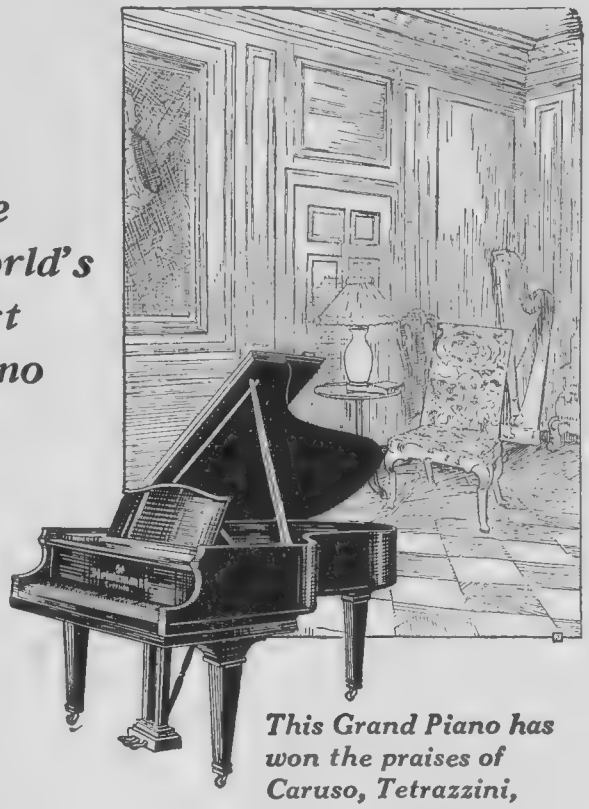

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THE NAME IS YOUR GUARANTEE

The Development of Music in the West

By Lillian Scarth

IT is a long thought musically from the days of the tom-tom and the Red River jig and an auspicious event—the arrival into the Red River settlement of the first piano of which Mrs. William Cowan, an interesting old lady who lives at 767 Mulvey Avenue, Winnipeg, had the joy of being an envied possessor. Her father bought it for her after it had already seen honorable service in a young ladies' school which had been started in the Settlement by the Rev. Mr. Jones. The piano was ordered from England for the school, for practising and teaching purposes. It arrived safely, an upright, sweet-toned English piano which thrilled the awaiting persons at the end of its journey. It came across the Atlantic in a Hudson's Bay ship, to York Factory and was sent up the river from there by way of Norway House across Lake Winnipeg. Chief Factor Bird, after whom, by the way, Bird's Hill is named, married the head mistress of the school who had come out from her home in England. After several years Mrs. Bird wanted a new instrument and Mrs. Cowan's father bought the old piano for his young daughter who later married Dr. Cowan. The piano afterwards went to the United States and in 1850, in transit from St. Louis to California by way of Cape Horn the ship was wrecked and the piano sunk in the depths of the Pacific Ocean.

Music meant much to the early settlers who made use of every means to keep up their cheer during the long, white winters. The first military band seems to have been the one that accompanied the 100th regiment of regulars which came up from the east in 1870 to quell the Riel rebellion. This was known as the Wolseley expedition. Many officers came too and after the uprising had been put down the regulars were sent to Lower Fort Garry and the Ontario officers who stayed to take up residence in what is now Winnipeg, bought the instruments from the regulars and in 1871 Winnipeg's first band was organized. With Harry Walker as its leader it was a source of great delight to the people.

Singing organizations flourished throughout the country. Winnipeg's musical life was stimulated by a Philharmonic Society started in 1880 by Capt., afterwards Col. W.N.Kennedy of the 90th, by a junior operatic society which, under J.G.McLagan put on Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance and Iolanthe, and by the zeal of the church choirs which vied with each other in giving good concerts. Knox Church got a new organ, the pipes and other parts of which were brought in by team freight from St. Paul, Minnesota. In the early 80's Victoria Hall, now the Winnipeg Theatre and for 20 years the centre of all music, theatrical and other entertainments, was built. The present Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg, the city's oldest musical organization, is the outgrowth of the Junior Women's Musical Club which was founded in 1893.

The development of music in the west has been unforced and steady. One of the earliest signs of prosperity in the home is the advent of the piano and music lessons and day school generally start hand in hand for the little folks. Western music teachers, most of whom instruct in pianoforte, are a busy lot. As a rule they take their vocation seriously.

The west has little to show in the way of the conservatories that are a point of pride in the east, but it has the nearest approximation, their examination systems. The London Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, London College, Toronto Conservatory, Canadian Academy of Music, etc., rival each other in sending examiners all over Canada and every year thousands of students go up before these examining field agents. Obtaining a certificate means ability and hard work for teacher and pupil.

A very definite step for the progress of music in Manitoba, and the project is being considered by the Saskatchewan and British Columbia governments, was the adoption by the Department of Education of a system for granting credits for music. violin or piano, taken by high school students under private tuition outside school, and the holding of yearly examinations on the course prescribed in the syllabus. Last June more than 20 towns sent candidates to the nine centres selected by the Department for the second annual examinations.

What about the music taught in the public schools? The children begin learning little songs when they start school to develop their sense of rhythm and train the ear to listen for time and tone. Then come do, re, mi, etc., and music intervals, ear training tests, the notes of the staff and key signatures. Part singing begins in grade five. Musical terms, exercises for the

(Continued on page 23)

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN EDUCATIONAL SCHEME

It is no longer a question whether music shall enter the educational scheme. The important problem before educators now is the basis upon which it shall enter and the place which it shall occupy in education. It is not even a question as to the type of professional training which the music student should undergo or any of the important matters entering into the education and exploiting of performers and leaders. It is a complex problem and in it are involved the nature of music and its part in the life of the common citizen as well as the best method of giving to the common citizen the training which he should have.

A blind soprano, Marguerite Carney by name, has been creating a furore in the West and at Pacific Coast points.

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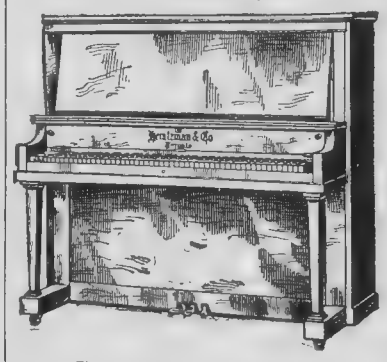

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JIMMY—A WAIF

By Bertha C. Foster

PART I.

HE stood with his small legs wide apart, hands in pockets, peering in through the half open door.

"My!" he exclaimed, in an awe-struck voice,"I'd like to sleep in a white bed like that!"

The occupant of the room turned round. He had been standing before his mirror, busy with a refractory tie and had not noticed the small intruder.

"Hello, who are you?" he asked, sharply, perhaps on account of the tie.

"Jimmy," answered the unabashed trespasser, edging a little way inside the room.

The two regarded each other solemnly, and over the face of the big man crept a slow smile.

"Oh, so you are Jimmy, eh? Well, funny thing, but that's my name too. Only they call me Jim now," with a regretful sigh.

The small boy grinned.

"That's all right. I guess I'll be Jim too when I'm a man."

"Jimmy!" A horrified female voice exclaimed, with an unmistakably Cockney accent, while a thin arm was extended and bony fingers grasped his collar from the rear.

"Come 'ere you bad boy. What do you mean by goin' into the gentleman's room? Didn't I tell yer——?"

But her expostulations were cut short by the big man's good-natured laugh.

"It's all right, Mrs. Robinson, I spoke to him—we were getting acquainted."

Jimmy wriggled himself free.

"His name's same as mine, ain't it, Jim?" he said.

His mother gasped, helplessly, and the big man laughed.

"Sure it is, son! But, maybe, it would be better for you to call me Mr. Jim, eh?"

"All right," responded Jimmy, cheerfully.

"Sir?" interposed his mother, with a little admonitory push.

"Say, Mr. Jim, do you always sleep in a white bed like that?" asked Jimmy, returning to the original topic of their conversation and ignoring his mother's remark with supreme contempt.

"Well, yes, I generally do," admitted Mr. Jim, as gravely as the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Gee!" It must be bully!"

The unconscious wistfulness removed every inclination that the big man might have had to laugh. He did not know what to say.

"Have you had your breakfast, Jimmy?" he enquired .

Jimmy nodded.

"Yes, sir, thank you," his mother whispered.

"The lady downstairs give me bread and milk, and jam," Jimmy volunteered.

"Well, then, suppose you go and help to get mine ready, eh?"

Jimmy acquiesced with sparkling eyes. Already he recognized that true friendship is service. With an air of great importance he accompanied his mother downstairs.

This is how the friendship started.

For some time little Jimmy's mother had been working for big Jimmy's mother, but this was the first occasion the child had accompanied her. The poor woman was profusely apologetic, but the neighbour who looked after Jimmy was sick and there was nobody to mind him while she was away. Big Jimmy's mother, a lady with grey hair and gentle face, had no objection to the child. She liked children, but Mrs. Robinson must understand the boy must not annoy her son, "Mr. Jim is very particular!"

But Mr. Jim upset the calculations of both mothers by making friends with the child on the very first occasion of their meeting.

For two or three days he accompanied his mother to her work, "then the neighbour" recovered sufficiently to look after him again, and Jimmy was seen no more.

For some weeks Mrs. Robinson continued her daily work, going about with noiseless tread and capable hands, which made her services so valuable, though daily her thin face grew more careworn, her eyes more anxious. One night when Mrs. Harrington went into the kitchen to pay her, she found her household help in tears.

"It's because of Jimmy, ma'am! I don't know what to do about 'im. 'E's all I 'ave, an' I can't bear to see 'im goin' to ruin because there isn't anyone to look after 'im. I guess I'll have to leave you and go where I can take Jimmy along with me."

Mrs. Harrington's kind face was full of sympathy. She too was a widow. She too had one only son.

"You mean you want to take a position where you can live in the house, and Jimmy with you?" she questioned.

"Yes. You know, ma'am, ther's ladies who doesn't mind one kid," the woman answered, wistfully.

Mrs. Harrington thought of her own immaculate home, of the peaceful quiet which had always reigned there, of the very particular son whose lightest wish had been her law for many years, and she shook her head. Then the quaint little figure of Jimmy, with his large, appealing grey eyes, his cheerful friendliness, loomed up even more clearly.

"Mrs. Robinson, don't get another place before Monday," she said, impulsively. "I'm going to talk to my son. If he makes no objection, perhaps you might bring Jimmy here to live."

"Here! Oh!" The poor woman's face lit up with sudden hope, which as rapidly died down. Life had been so full of disappointment for her—this surely was too good to be true."

"But Jimmy's such a stirring child." she said, timidly, "I guess he'd worry you and Mr. Jim, though I'd keep 'im as quiet as I could."

The mother-heart in the older woman was stirred.

"Poor little lad. If he comes I should wish him to be happy, not always under restraint. Anyway, I will see what Mr. Jim thinks about it."

That night at dinner the mother rather timidly broached the subject.

"Mrs. Robinson is such an excellent servant, I shall be sorry to lose her," she added, as an afterthought, as her son made no reply.

"Why, mother, do as you like about it. If the youngster will not get in your way by all means have him here. I am away so much—you, who are in the house will be the one to be bothered with him."

"I am fond of children. Besides he will be at school part of the day, he must be old enough for the kindergarten."

Jim Harrington gave an odd little smile, and got up rather hastily.

"As you please, mother," he said. "For my part I'm willing to play big brother to Jimmy, and I like to see the little chap around."

So it came to pass that little Jimmy and his mother were duly installed at the big house, and Jimmy slept in "a real white bed" in supreme content.

But as Mr. Jim remarked, of course, "It wasn't all jam!"

Jimmy's education had been sorely neglected, and almost the only lessons he had learned during his brief five years had been picked up on the streets.

The first morning he went out to play in the highly respectable and prosperous neighbourhood he knocked down a small boy he met by way of greeting. The youngster was too astonished to cry, but simply lay on his back and stared at his assailant.

"Get up," commanded Jimmy, "or I'll give you a biff in the eye!"

But at that moment the enraged parent of the hapless victim appeared, hav-

(Continued on page 20)

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The scientific side of music, which you desire me to deal with, is a large enough subject to fill a good sized book, rather than a single magazine column. Music is rhythmic sound, air pulses occurring at regular intervals and at a rate of not less than sixteen vibrations per second and not more than about sixteen thousand vibrations per second, which, in a fair way, represents the limits within which an average musical ear can differentiate between two tones having different rates of vibrations or different pitch

When several musical tones of different pitch sound together, their vibrations or waves overlap, and form compound waves, so that at one instant a fraction of one set of waves predominates, in the next instant a fraction of another set. As these different fractions follow one another at a very rapid rate, between sixteen and say, sixteen thousand per second, we receive the sensation of a chord, or also of a single mass of sound, either of harmony or disharmony.

This is similar to the manner in which the eye receives a motion picture, by the rapid projection of several progressive photographs of a moving object. Even if we listen to a whole orchestra, with or without the addition of singing, the ear at one instant only takes notice of that fraction of the performance which happens at that moment to predominate.

The Phonautograph

To prove that this is the case we can let sound write itself down by means of the phonautograph, invented by the Frenchman, Leon Scott, about 1856.

One of these instruments is in the United States National Museum. It consists of a large cylinder, covered with paper, the surface of which is covered with soot from a smoky flame. A sound box, having a diaphram and a receiving horn, is provided with a slender bristle stylus, fastened to the centre of the diaphram, and which is so adjusted that the stylus just touches the surface of the cylinder sideways. When the cylinder is rotated and passes the stylus in screw fashion the latter traces a spiral line around the cylinder.

If now, sound is emitted into the horn the spiral line becomes waves and each wave represents a fraction of the sound that causes the diaphram to vibrate.

It will then be found that the higher pitched the sound is the more rapidly do these waves follow one another, and as the pitch is lower the fewer are the waves in a given time. In the case of an orchestra playing, the wave line becomes more complicated, yet there is discernible a certain regularity, as sets of waves repeat themselves when a more or less sustained chord is recorded.

Jazz instruments will record themselves in waves of striking or irregular forms and so will all mere noises which in themselves are not considered musical.

If we should try to analyze the wave lines of articulate speech by means of a phonautograph we shall discern sets of complicated waves which represent the vowel sounds, but most consonants are merely short, irregular and very shallow wave lines preceding or following the vowel waves and difficult to analyze. Exceptions are the consonants r, s, sh, c and z, which are very minute waves repeating themselves rapidly.

The tune of melody is due to the inspiration of the composer, but the harmony to accompany the tune follows strict laws, which, while capable of a great variety of modulations, have to be kept within certain limits, prescribed by the science of harmony. The highest musical art is expressed by proper orchestration, and the finest compositions are those in which the inspiration of a lovely or artistic melody proceeds and stands out against the background of perfect harmony, expressed by skilful orchestration. Such is the case for instance in so-called grand opera. Besides, however, we have the works of orchestral music itself, with an infinite variety of leading melodies, as well as the masterpieces of dramatic effects giving the musical background by means of which stage action is illuminated or by which emotions are expressed. Then there are the immortal creations of piano and organ music, instrumental and vocal duets, trios, quartettes and sextettes, and the superb compositions for the violin and other solo instruments. Songs of all kinds from the simple folk melodies to the great church masses and oratories form a rich heritage bestowed on us by past geniuses, and which are added to without end by living creations of contemporaneous songs and harmonies.

All these treasures of musical science have during the past twenty years been made more accessible to the great public by the talking machines, phonograph, graphophone and gramophone. In these instruments the record is not merely a wave line drawn on paper, but is a groove of soundwaves indented, engraved or etched into solid material. The soundwaves are either represented by the varying depths of a straight groove as in the phonograph and graphophone, or by a groove looking like the old phonautographic record, of even depth, and showing the sound waves as an undulating groove writing. The latter system is that of the Gramophone or Victrola and is the more perfect of the two, so that the great singers and performers prefer that their art be recorded by that system.

Sound is reproduced in talking machines because the sound grooves move the stylus connected with the centre of the diaphram and the latter is vibrated by the sound waves that are embodied in the grooves caused by the original sound waves.

Like engravings for printing, sound records can be duplicated without limit by pressing, electrotyped reverse engravings, called matrices, into a proper material under heat and pressure. The material usually employed is a special kind of hard black sealing wax, so that a disc sound record might often be properly called the seal of a human voice.—Washington Times.

JIMMY—A WAIF

(Continued from page 19)

ing witnessed the scene from the window, and seized Jimmy by the arm.

"Where do you live?" she asked, threateningly.

"Over there," and Jimmy jerked his thumb in the direction of the big house, vainly trying to wriggle free.

"You are a naughty, untruthful little boy! Mrs. Harrington lives in that house, you know quite well that is not your home."

"Tell you it are! I live there along with Mr. Jim," responded Jimmy, hotly.

At that moment Mr. Jim's motor hove in sight, and that gentleman, who was placidly returning home for lunch, was not a little embarrassed by the scene which greeted him. Jimmy, hot, excited, was shrieking at the pitch of his shrill little voice.

"Mr. Jim—Mr. Jim! She says I don't live along with you. It's a lie, ain't it, eh? Tell 'er I do, tell 'er I do!"

It was some moments before he could grasp what had happened. Then Mr. Jim took Jimmy sternly by the hand, and after profuse apologies led him away.

For the first time in his life a sense of real responsibility stole over the careless young man of the world.

"Jimmy, why did you do that?" he asked, sternly.

"What?" 'asked Jimmy, in innocent surprise.

"Knock down a little boy whom you had never seen before."

"He'd a knocked me down," responded Jimmy, as if stating a very obvious fact.

Mr. Jim looked at the sturdy little figure in the shabby clothes, and somehow he understood. Jimmy had been obliged to fight his own battles ever since he could walk. His aggressiveness was assumed in self-protection. As carefully as possible Mr. Jim explained that in his part of the city little boys did not knock each other down for no reason at all. Jimmy listened, but without conviction, and Mr. Jim had several more apologies to make before the lesson was learned.

Then Jimmy had no conception regarding the sacredness of other people's property. Anything he saw other children playing with, if he took a fancy to that particular thing, and could get it, he appropriated promptly as his own. He was perfectly willing to give away his own things, but he had no hesitation about helping himself to other people's things.

It became a common occurrence for the front door to ring, and an angry voice to demand the sleigh, or the kiddie car, or some other toy which "that naughty boy has stolen."

But Jimmy had no intention of stealing. In fact, nobody had ever explained to him what stealing was. He was quite ready to go up to the house where the owner of the toy lived, when directed to do so by Mr. Jim, or somebody whose authority he recognized, ring the bell and return the absconded article.

"Here's your sleigh," he would say, cheerfully, with his own peculiarly disarming smile.

However as the weeks passed Jimmy gradually adjusted himself to his new surroundings, and settled down to enjoy the good fortune which had suddenly befallen him.

He went regularly to school in the mornings and the kindergarten teacher became another of his most cherished friends.

"Miss Langton's got the most beautifulest hair," he confided to Mr. Jim one morning, during the sacred ten minutes he was allowed to spend in that gentleman's dressing-room before breakfast. It was Jimmy's great privilege to carry up a jug of hot water for Mr. Jim's shaving and to turn on the taps for his bath.

"Who is Miss Langton?" asked Mr. Jim, in a curious tone, which Jimmy had never heard before.

"She's my teacher. She's awful nice too," Jimmy nodded. "I've told her about you," he added as an afterthought.

"Indeed! I hope she was interested?" Mr. Jim's voice still sounded strange.

The child looked at him with his large, serious eyes, wonderingly.

"She asked where I lived, an' I told her with you, Mr. Jim, an' she said, "Mr. Jim-who?' an' I said 'well, just Mr. Jim, but your mother lived there too, an' her name was Mrs. Harrington."

Mr. Jim grinned.

"After which lucid explanation I hope her curiosity was duly gratified," he remarked drily.

"I don't know what a lucid 'splanation is, but she said she knew a Mr. Jim Harrington, but she guessed it could'nt be you. Are there two Mr. Jim's?"

"No—yes—I guess there must be, Jimmy! Now run off, it is time for school."

PART II.

THE RECONCILIATION

Christmas came, and went, a perfectly wonderful time for Jimmy, and as spring advanced he seemed to become more and more a real part of the Harrington household.

One day the child came home from school full of the exciting news that to-morrow was Miss Langton's birth-

(Continued on page 22)

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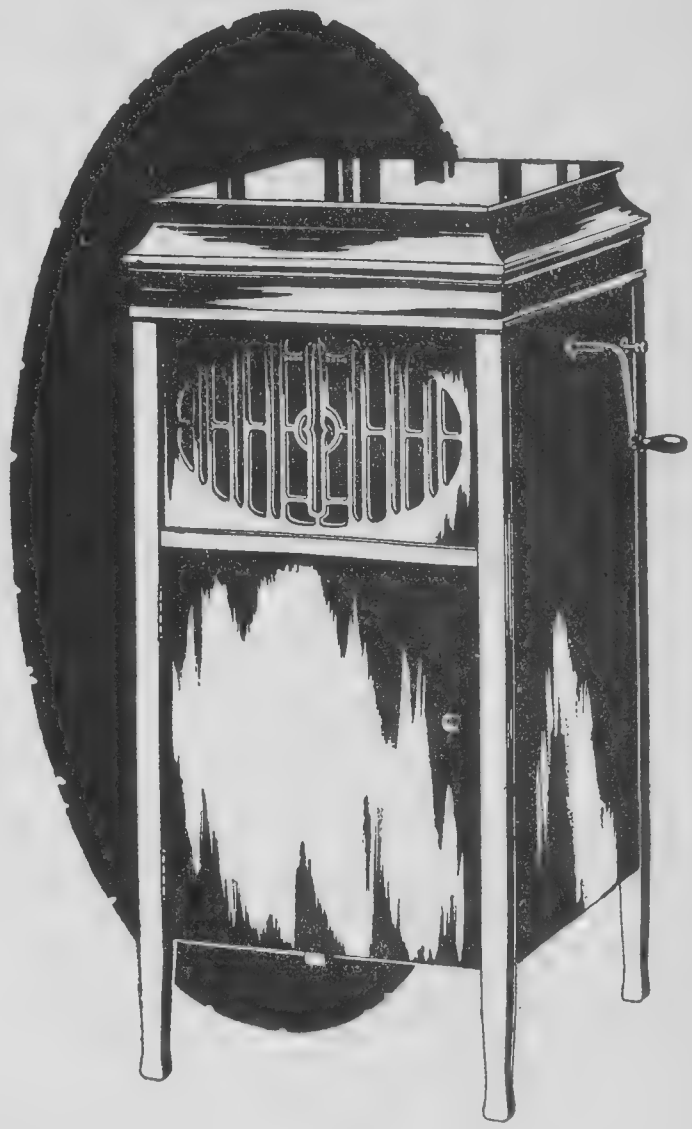

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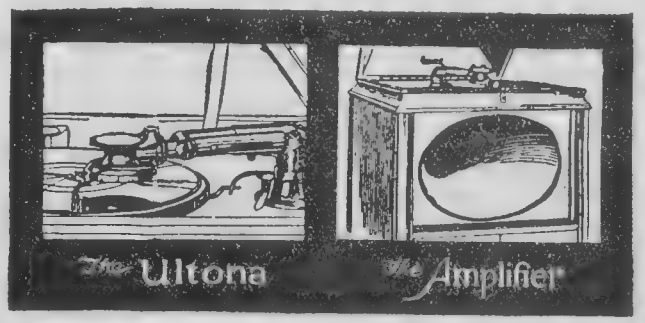

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How a Music Memory Contest was Used in New York Public Schools

Each School Selected a Team of Pupils.

There is a growing feeling in Canada that, while few school children can, even with a good course in music, become real musicians, fully ninety-nine per cent. of them can come to appreciate music in a way that is indispensable to a good general education and to a real living. With this in mind it is interesting to read of how they are meeting the situation in the New York schools. Mr. George H. Gartlan, Director of Music in that city's public schools, himself outlines their plan of procedure.

"If we are to teach appreciation of music in the elementary grades the question naturally presents itself as to how far it is safe for us to go in taxing the mental capacity of children," Mr. Gartlan says. "To teach them to recognize and name the compositions of the great masters is a simple and worthy deed. When and how shall it be done? The class room period does not always lend itself to this type of instruction; the time allowed for instruction in music throughout the country is approximately sixty minutes per week. If we are to teach reading of music, naturally very little time is left for the teaching of musical appreciation. So we turn to the assembly period as the proper time for this instruction. Under the direction of a teacher properly trained, the assembly period can be used to greater advantage than one might suspect. For example, in place of the old type of formality including the perfunctory singing of songs (mostly in unison) and the usual stereotyped recitations this time could be better employed by making it possible for children to be informed concerning the lives of the great composers and to hear a performance of their works by means of the phonograph, player piano, or, better still, by the first hand rendition of artists.

"Convinced that the teaching of musical appreciation was a necessity, and confronted with the fact that the course of study in music did not provide sufficient time for the teaching of musical appreciation "per se," it became necessary for us to use a small portion of our assembly period time for this teaching, and to supplement this work by intensive application after school hours. The work was done by the class teachers in the school building, under the immediate direction of the special teachers of music assigned to each school district. The committee in charge selected eighty compositions, including standard songs and choruses, instrumental works of the great masters, and selections from opera, oratorio and symphony. During the daily lessons a complete composition would be played for the children, then the leading motives would be analyzed and explained. and after these had been studied the entire composiion would again be played. In this manner it forcibly impressed itself on the musical memory of the child.

"This method of instruction was carried on for a period of three months. Approximately 250,000 children in the seventh and eighth grades of our elementary schools enrolled for this instruction. Upon investigation it was discovered that very little music of any kind was provided for in the home of these children, but the enthusiasm.... with which they responded impressed the educational authorities with the sincerity of the great value of this purpose.

"During the early stage of this course of instruction the music was presented either through personal performance on the piano, the player piano or on the phonograph. Gradually we were able to enlist the services of local artists who volunteered to come into our school buildings and perform for the children. This was a very valuable means of bringing school work into closer association with outside musical activities.

"To encourage a spirit of friendly rivalry through competition we decided to have a music memory contest. Each school selected a team of five pupils. These teams competed in a district contest and the winning team had the privilege of representing that school in the final city contest. There are forty-eight school districts in New York City, and 240 children represented the forty eight districts met to prove the value of their training. Twenty numbers of the original eighty were chosen for this competition. The whole competition was not played for them, but only certain portions of it. In very few instances was the initial. motive played. This insured the fact that the children had been trained to know the whole composition and not merely the introductory phrase. They were marked on a basis of points, given first for the name of the composition second, the name of the composer, and, third, the correct spelling of both. Credits were deducted for the misspelling of words, wrong capitalization, etc., and the results as far as the musical instruction was concerned, were perfect, the contest being won on a basis of correct spelling, capitalization and punctuation.

'The winning team was awarded a silver cup which was presented by Otto H. Kahn, director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The following is a list of the compositions used in the final contest:

"Yankee Doodle," "Ave Maria," "Scots Whae Hae," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Wedding March," "Cavatina," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Men of Harlech," "Au Clair De La Lune," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Miserere," "Rule Britannia," Andante-fifth symphony, "Pizzicato" (Sylvia ballet), "Narcissus" "Angel's Serenade," Amaryllis Gavotte, Sextet ("Lucia,") Theme, New World Symphony, Quartet—"Rigoletto."

"While New York City was not the pioneer in this work it is safe to say this colossal venture has done more than any other single experiment to develop musical appreciation and to encourage the pupils to better accomplishments. The teams which came first, second and third rerpesented schools from what are commonly referred to as the poorer neighbourhoods of our city. In fact these pupils from the winning team, stated there was no musical instrument of any character in their homes, clearly indicating that the schools had been able to take the place of the home.

"It may be encouraging to supervisors to know that this experiment was accomplished against the most trying conditions. It was able to establish itself as a permanent feature of musical instruction in our elementary and high schools. Because it was all new, the compositions were selected with a view to simplicity. We are proud of our record and sincerely hope that others may be encouraged to carry on in their own way the worthy object of making the lives of children happier through appreciation of the beautiful."

(Continued from page 20)

day, and several of the children were going to buy her a present. He wanted to give her something too. Mr. Jim, who had just come in to lunch, paused, in the hall to listen to the shrill little voice in the kitchen explaining things to his mother. Before he left for his office he called the boy.

"Jimmy, I am coming home early this afternoon; suppose I take you for the motor ride I promised, eh?"

The child's face beamed.

"Oh, Mr. Jim! An' can we go to the store so that I can buy a present for Miss Langton?"

"Have you any money, Jimmy?" the man asked gravely.

The boy nodded.

"I've ten cents," he said, proudly.

That afternoon, in one of the largest departmental stores, a very big man and a very small boy might have been seen, gazing rather helplessly at the different articles which a pert young clerk declared entirely suitable for a birthday gift for a lady. Jimmy's ten cents was clasped tightly in his hot little hand, his face was full of importance. The birthday card Mr. Jim had suggested buying had seemed to him utterly unworthy. A card was not a present. Mr. Jim had not the heart to explain the limited purchasing value of the cents.

Suddenly, among the glittering array of articles for a lady's dressing table, Jimmy's eye was struck by a small, hand-painted trinket box. He pointed it out to Mr. Jim.

"That's not very big, an' it's awful pretty. I guess my ten cents would buy that," he said, eagerly.

Mr. Jim took up the box. Even his inexperienced eyes recognized that it was good. He looked at the price, and for just a moment he hesitated. Then he handed it to the clerk.

"We will take that," he said.

Very gravely Jimmy held out his ten cents. The sales lady was beginning to protest, but with a shake of his head Mr. Jim stopped her, and, unseen by Jimmy, slipped a bill into her hand.

As they waited for the parcel an old friend of Jim Harrington's appeared and stopped for a chat. For the moment their attention wandered from Jimmy, and neither of them noticed the child leave the counter. Lured by the countless attractions of the big store, and growing tired of waiting, Jimmy wandered away on an exploring expedition of his own. He intended to go right back, but when he turned to retrace his steps he did not know the way, and Mr. Jim was nowhere to be seen. Jimmy was not at all frightened, his faith in Mr. Jim was so complete, but it was all rather bewildering and he wished he had waited for the parcel.

He went on, aimlessly, a dejected, little figure, until a tall man in uniform laid a hand on his shoulder. Immediately almost forgotten memories of his slums life returned. Tales of "the cop," who locked up small boys in dreadful dungeons returned to his mind with terrifying vividness. But Jimmy was no coward. He looked up defiantly into the man's face.

"I ain't done nothin'," he said, adopting unconsciously the language of the streets again.

The man, one of the store porters, tightened his grasp. He had rightly supposed the child lost, now he looked at him with suspicion.

"What's your name?" he asked, gruffly, "and what are you doing here?"

"Jimmy and I came along with Mr. Jim?"

"Who is Mr. Jim?"

"Why, Mr. Jim," the child stammered.

The man was now firmly convinced that the boy had been getting into mischief.

"Come now," he said, roughly, with a little shake to emphasize his words, "you just tell the truth, or off you go to jail."

(Continued on page 24)

Manitoba Boys and Girls Clubs, team demonstrations in front of Agricultural College

The Fiddle in Scotland

By John Smith

The early history and development of the Violin is involved in much obscurity and attempts to work out its ancestry have never proved themselves worth the candle consumed. Like almost all valuable inventions—musical and mechanical—the Fiddle, as we now know it, can be claimed by no single mind. In its present perfected form it is the elaborated invention of many minds, working through successive centuries of artistic effort and experience. Neither is the country of its nativity definitely known. Italian, French, and even German writers, have each claimed for their country the honour of its first inception. and with about equal futility. It is, however, no part of our purpose to follow out mere theory or conjecture on this point, even were it worth the type. Our object matter is strictly localised, and necessarily confines us to such data as tends to throw some light, however feeble, on the first inception of the Fiddle in Scotland.

The introduction of the Fiddle to Scotland, as will be readily conceded, is of comparatively modern date. As a musical instrument, in common use by the people, it was preceded by several musical instruments of less varied and refined expression and capability, and greatly less artistic design and construction. Regarding the nature and ancestry of the more Ancient Scottish Musical Instruments.

The subject is an interesting one, and invites research, but is in reality so much involved in the mists of mere conjecture, so far, at least, as details go, as to put anything more than a passing glance at it outside the scope of our present purpose. We may, therefore, briefly summarize the subject by noting that the early Danes, the Norwegians, the Saxons, and the Normans cultivated many rude musical instruments, which were no doubt carried with them into Scotland during the different epochs of invasion and conquest. In this connection, traces of various kinds and forms of primitive musical instruments have been found in the country, showing a diverse taste among the septs of the common people. But the three most common instruments as played on by the early Scots, seem to have been the Tabor (a drum-shaped instrument analogous to the modern Tambourine, and played by a single stick), the Harp, and the Bagpipes.

Dismissing the obsolete tabor as an instrument of no national interest whatever, we may first briefly notice the Harp as used in Scotland.

The Development of Music in the West

(Continued from page 18)

production and placing of the voice and breath control, are dealt with. In the senior grades and high schools, musical appreciation and history are being taught though there is no prescribed course for the latter. The phonograph has been introduced into the schools and is proving a great aid. The children's natural taste is being made discriminative.

The Manitoba Musical Competition Festival, in which the contest between rival school choirs is a conspicuous feature, has been a delightful revelation of what is being accomplished with school choruses. The Festival, which is managed by the Men's Musical Club of Winnipeg, has shown up other surprising things, chiefly the creditable level of musicianship of the instrumental students, individually, and the indifferent state of the vocalists, individually.

Canada is British in its fondness for choral music. Everywhere in the west as in the east, are the choruses, mixed, male and female, in varying degrees of perfection but all emanating enthusiasm. Much may be said of the aesthetic value of a big community choir studying some master work under the guidance of an intelligent, musicianly leader.

The expense of establishing and maintaining a symphony orchestra is an inconvenient obstacle in the way of having any. Meanwhile appreciation for all the other forms of music grows, among the most encouraging, that aristocratic form—instrumental chamber music.

Back of all the musical developments of the west are its conscientious music teachers. Many of the best of them are from the old country, and one often experiences the pleasure of coming across these well qualified persons in quiet little towns as well as bigger centres, using their talents for the benefit of the community. Far removed from the old world "atmosphere" they work in a new land, less romantic, more materialistic maybe, but appreciative withal and eager. It is cosmopolitan surely: black, white, yellow and red, Jews and Gentiles, dreamy, sad eyed Annie Wzankiwitszkis who feels Chopin before she learns to read, and sturdy little Jenny Waters who thumps F natural instead of F sharp, without a qualm. How much of art will come to the top in the melting pot of the races? We turn our eyes to the country to the south of us and home again, pondering our own future.

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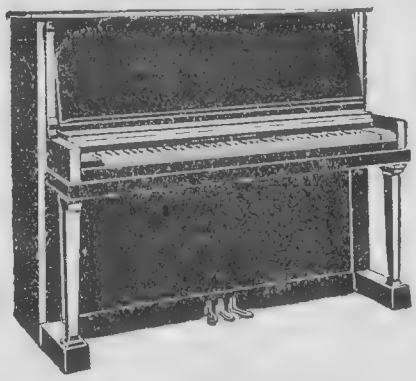

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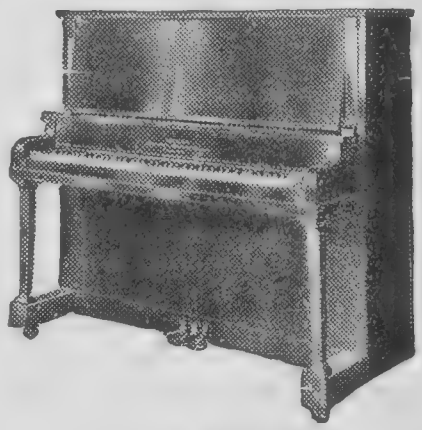

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Why is Music not Thoroughly Taught in every School in the Land

"Give us the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer."

If that statement of Carlyle's is sound—and surely no one will undertake to debate the point—then Plato was right when he said "Music is the finest education that a state can give its children." A musical education does make a child become a better citizen. Music on the school curriculum is a strong educational subject in itself. It cultivates more of the students' faculties from more angles than any other subject.

So thoroughly is this believed by prominent parties interested in educational advancement for the sake of our country's future, that they are speaking out in no uncertain terms. "If when it is shown that music has great power as education in and of itself—that it has more practical application in later life as well as in school life than almost any other branch of study—that it serves all other branches in the curriculum—that it is the friend and the helper of all that is uplifting and ennobling, and the foe of baseness, meanness and trickery, then why in the name of reason is it not taught systematically and thoroughly in every school in the land?" asked a speaker addressing a recent conference of Federated Women's Clubs.

"Why should there be one child in all the country deprived of the joys and benefits that come with the study and use of music? Why is there a single city or town without a supervisor of music, trained for the wide field of teaching music itself in all its beauty, rather than the merest alphabet of the language? Why, indeed, save that most of the school officials and many superintendents, suffering from our early Puritan training in not hearing music in their own youth, are now making the fatal blunder of denying it also to the children—even in the light of modern valuation of the great power of music when rightly used Music should be taught in every high school on exactly the same basis as is language or science, and the same credits given for equal work. Orchestras and bands should be organized in every school, and the instruments furnished, just exactly as are the tools for normal training, or the food and clothes in domestic science. If especially talented boys or girls wish to pursue their music and also the high school course, let the proper credits be given for supervised study of the piano, voice or violin under competent outside teachers until such time as this special teaching shall be offered within the school.

Famous Composers Who Struggled with Poverty

A search of the biographies of the great composers, players, singers and teachers shows that the parents of most of them were poor and that they had to struggle against adverse conditions in the days of their youth. Beethoven and Brahms, who are counted among fortunate composers, were no exception. At Bonn, where he spent his early youth, Beethoven had to help along by playing in a band and by teaching, and the teaching was continued in Vienna for years. No doubt poverty spurred him on to early efforts: but his genius alone would have carried him along. As for Brahms who left a fortune of$80,000 we must not forget that he began his career by doing musical drudgery and that he but slowly came into his own. As for Schumann, everybody who knows the romantic story of his courtship and marriage knows that Wieck refused him his daughter's hand for years because he wanted her to be an artist and not a wife and doubted her lover's ability to support her. For a long time Schumann's compositions were a drugon the market. In his case no doubt, poverty, together with eagerness to succeed for his Clara's sake, acted as a powerful stimulant on his creative capacity.

Richard Wagner's father was a police official and he died when the boy was only six months old, leaving a poor widow with seven children, the oldest of whom was only fourteen. Fortunately she did not remain a widow, Ludwig Geyer married her: but he also was not rich, having to use his combined gifts as actor, playwright, tenor and portrait painter to make ends meet. He too, died when Richard was only eight. As soon as he could stand on his own feet, Wagner earned a living—a very scanty one as conductor in minor opera houses. His days of greatest hardship came in Paris. There he lived three years doing all sorts of musical drudgery, often without knowing where to get bread for his next meal. It came to pass that more than once his wife begged the streets. Poverty did him much more harm than good. The years of starvation in Paris so impaired his stomach that for years his creative power was greatly diminished: often he could compose only an hour or two a day.

NOVEL UNIVERSITY COURSE FOR CITY MUSIC LEADERS

Demand For Trained Men at Good Salaries Exceeds Supply

Special courses are being offered by the University of Wisconsin for the training of community musical leaders, for whom, according to Prof. P. W. Dykema of the school of music, there is now a great demand.

He declared the financial remuneration offered to such leaders is worthy of more consideration and that the war has given a great impetus to community singing.

"Teaching school children to sing is only a part of the work," the professor said. "Community singing is a vital phase. Cincinnati recently appropriated $5,000 for the salary of a municipal music director and $2,000 for his office help. Other cities are preparing to follow this step, but men for positions like this are difficult to find.

"With the increase in juvenile bands and Boy Scout Bands, the need for training leaders in this field also is rapidly growing.

"It is not necessary that a community music leadershould be able to doall kinds of work, but he should have a general knowledge of them and then specialize in one branch."

TO AVOID NERVOUSNESS CULTIVATE RIGHT THINKING

Nervousness, whatever may be the particular form it may take, has come into being in most cases as the result of wrong thinking which has accumulated in a wrong brain pattern. The sufferer has lost that self control which is so entirely essential and is now at the mercy of his own disorganized forces. Fear thoughts one by one have accumulated into a dominant idea or brain picture which determinates the state of mind. Nervousness could no more be gathered from strong and brave thinking than could figs from thistles. The nights we stayed awake indulging in an orgy of doubt about the coming ordeal, the thoughts of possible failure, the questionings and heart searchings have all been infallibly recorded, and we pay the penalty of our mis-thinkings by our distress. Incidentally this is Nature's way of drawing our attention to our own shortcomings, and if we heed her warnings and strengthen up this obviously weak spot in our mental armor then the trouble ceases. But if we neglect the warning, then the trouble comes upon us crescendo accelerando, culminating probably in a climax of distress that calls us to our senses and makes us think, in spite of ourselves.

MUSIC AND MEDITATION

In the course of some remarks anent the value of music addressed to an audience which had assembled at his church to hear an oratorio performance, the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, one of New York's best known clergymen, suggested an experiment. He said a musico-medico friend, an enthusiast of the therapeutic uses of music, had told him of the effectiveness of meditation, while music was being played or sung, that those things on which persons fixed their minds and desires during meditation to music are very likely to come about. He suggested that the audience try the experiment during the remainder of the oratorio.

JIMMY—A WAIF

(Continued from page 22)

Jimmy's big eyes widened. He looked round helplessly. If only Mr. Jim would come!

"I ain't done nothin'," he repeated.

The little scene had attracted the attention of the passers by, and the man began to bluster. Suddenly, from out the crowd a fair face, with shining golden hair stepped into the foreground. Jimmy's little heart almost stood still with gladness.

"Miss Langton," he cried, and then, quite suddenly his courage failed, and wrenching himself free he ran towards her and buried his face against her skirts.

"Jimmy—why, Jimmy dear, what is the matter?" she cried.

The porter began to wish he had left the child alone.

"I was trying to find out where he belonged, lady," he said, apologetically, conscious that he cut a sorry figure in the girl's clear, honest eyes.

"He wanted to take me to jail" Jimmy panted.

Miss Langton gave the man just one look.

"Was the child doing anything wrong?" she asked, sternly.

The man made some stammering excuse, and Miss Langton, holding Jimmy firmly by the hand, turned away.

Then the most wonderful thing of all happened, for at that moment Mr. Jim, hot and worried, came suddenly face to face with the pair.

"Jimmy," he gasped, "where have you been?" Then his eyes met Miss Langton's and he stopped, turning very red. For a moment they looked at each other, then the girl slowly extended her hand.

"I was bringing Jimmy back to you, Mr. Jim," she said, in so low a voice that Jimmy's sharp little ears could scarcely hear.

Mr. Jim bent towards her, holding the small hand very tight. "You!" he said, "you!"

* * *

A few minutes later they were all three sitting in the motor car, Jimmy with supreme content in the middle. With childish impatience he opened the parcel and presented the precious gift which Mr. Jim had placed in his hand. Miss Langton looked over the child's head at her silent companion, whose face was aglow with a great joy.

"It was dear of you, Jimmy," she said.

Then a still more surprising thing happened which filled Jimmy's cup of happiness to the brim, for Mr. Jim, who had driven the car away from the crowded streets into the quiet shade of the park, bent and kissed him, and Miss Langton did the same.

Jimmy was dimly conscious that his two companions were talking very earnestly, but he was too happy to notice what they said until he heard his own name mentioned.

"And we'll forget all that miserable misunderstanding," Mr. Jim was saying, "and be happy, shall we?"

"Thanks to dear little Jimmy," agreed Miss Langton, laughing. "Oh, Jim! You've no idea the hero I have discovered you to be!"

But Mr. Jim didn't laugh—he bent down and kissed Jimmy again.

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THE same men who make Canada's Greatest Piano also build the Gerhard Heintzman Phonograph—the greatest achievement in the art of reproducing music. The only Canadian-made phonograph awarded a Gold medal in open competition. The only phonograph expressly designed to play every make of record as it should be played. Like the sounding board of the Gerhard Heintzman piano, the singing throat of this fine phonograph is fashioned from genuine spruce—the same as is used in violins of the old masters. No investment in your whole life will bring such pleasure and happiness as a Gerhard Heintzman phonograph —for it cheers sad moments, brings constant happiness, makes entertaining delightfully simple.

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The Next-of-Kin Home

By Charlotte Gordon.

Impulses to patriotism are renewed in glancing over the inspiring chronicle of women's achievement in Canada. Edmonton, Alberta, now an "Inpost of Empire," not long since an "outpost of Canada," claims through the efforts of its women, the establishment of the first home in the British Empire for the care of soldiers' children. It was accomplished through the persistent efforts of Mrs. H. M. Evans of that city, who inaugurated the movement which resulted in the opening of the "Next-of-Kin" home.

"We found so many pathetic cases of children left suddenly without mothers, their fathers overseas and no relatives in this country," stated Mrs Evans, "we felt that to do our duty by the men at the Front, we must care for their children. This way of helping our soldiers made a strong appeal to the public and there was enthusiastic response to our efforts for the establishment of a home."

Next-of-Kin Home, Edmonton, Alta.

Considerations from the Provincial Government, from the city of Edmonton, from various societies and individual donations has enabled them to carry on their work. The house, formerly used by the warden of the penitentiary, was obtained at a nominal rent from the Federal Government. With its large grounds, it has made a satisfactory home.

Miss Garrard, an English nurse and teacher, with twelve years' experience in this country is in charge of the home assisted by a staff of four. There is an average of forty children who are sent to the public school while Miss Garrard conducts a Kindergarten and teaches music.

The first idea was to mother the children till their fathers returned, but so many came back broken in spirit and body and unable to make homes for themselves, that it has been continued and is now more or less of a permanent institution. There are several families in the care of the home who are war orphans. Many of them have been adopted into homes where they are happy and well cared for, but it usually means the breaking of family ties—the brothers and sisters are thus scattered. The authorities have taken the same sympathetic view as the ladies interested and whereever possible encourage the families being kept together in "The Next-of-Kin" Home.

"We have a keen appreciation of the value of keeping families together," stated Mrs.Evans, "and the relationships are made much of in the Home. We look forward to the time when these children will leave our care and go out into the world, when it will mean much to each one to have members of their own family to depend on throughout life." Thus the children are grounded in the elementals of human life and relations; their lives are softened and sweetened by being brought up with their very own. This is one of the most important reasons why such an institution as the "Next-of-Kin" Home should receive every recognition in our Dominion.

It is a hard and fast rule that each child must be paid for, which gives them a certain spirit of independence. The idea is impressed that they are not in any way living on charity. "We are teaching them to hold up their heads and thus remain true to what their fathers fought for," was Miss Garrard's contention. If fathers or relatives cannot pay for them a chapter of the I.O.D.E. is asked to adopt a child, or some private person is asked to do so. All contributions are wisely and carefully handled and there is a determination not to have anything of an institutional nature, but a real home atmosphere about the life of the children. They are not dressed alike and the promoters take a real mother-bird pride in the plumage of their children.

The ladies interested in the Home do not encourage tag days or any form of receiving money that will lead the children to think that they are being brought up on charity. Thus the real kinship of humanity seems to be understood as never before. In guiding the children of the men who fought for us, the spirit and aspirations of the institution are emphasised. Education is interwoven more and more with the pulsating life of the world and with the simple things and acts of everyday life and the idea of "The Next-of-Kin"Home is one of real and active service. The prominent characteristic of these thoughful women is their determination to render each one as competent as may be to play his or her part on the world's stage. The home atmosphere that is being developed brings into the lives of these children a new spirit of discipline. They are being taught to look everyone straight in the eye, to hold their heads high, to obey, to use self control.

The returned soldiers had heard of "The Next-of-Kin"Home in France; while a British officer called at the Edmonton Home, having heard of it in the House of Commons, London, England. An English traveller from Australia visited the Home after hearing of it across the Pacific. Thus the movement has been of world wide interest

Many fathers have been encouraged to make a fresh start after seeing their boys and girls plump, rosy-cheeked and well-cared for. One father suffering from shell-shock and much broken in body and spirit by the loss of his wife, gave two delicate little girls into the care of the Home. After a time he sent a sum of money which was promptly invested in clothing and shoes for his children. When he came to see them he was greeted by a plump and rosy daughter who at once asked him to view the boots he had purchased for her. Mrs.Evans declares that tears are close to smiles when she remembers the pathetic joy of that father in his two bonnie little girls and it has proved an impetus to effort for him.

Betty and Tom, who have been in the Next-of-Kin Home since it began.

Thus a right atmosphere is being created for these children of Canada which is a great step towards the new day. The secret of the success of the Home is that the children are being "mothered" and that implies much that stands for good citizenship and training in a right attitude towards life.

This work of a finely practical, patriotic nature is serving as a means of inciting our kith and kin at home and abroad, to better efforts in the consolidation of our heritage. It is coming to serve as a national defender. There is radiant pride in the development of good Canadians through mental and moral means by the educational route. Thus are our finest women endeavoring to make orderly progress towards the realization of Canadian ideals.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF MUSIC'S WAR SERVICE

Camp Music Division of War Department Issues Informative Booklet.

An interesting book, which gives the official record of what music did to help win the war, is the report recently issued by the Camp Music Division of the U.S. War Department. The book gives a comprehensive story of the universal use of music in the camps and tells of its effects upon the army which went to France, as follows:

"Our allies' first impression of our marching troops was that of serious faces and determined tread, but later, even the most casual reports rarely ever failed to mention the 'singing doughboy.' What the doughboy sang troubled him little. The joy of singing possessed him. He knew instinctively that his singing voice had been released along with his other powers to be used against the need of the hour, and he left it for the people at home to discover that the quality was in the spirit of his singing, and not in the song.

"It was an heroic test of the community-music ideal that music must first be used to serve human needs if a people is ever to express itself through music. And so music went to war in the spirit of service to the doughboy—simple, democratic adaptable to all his moods. How well he understood these qualities was proved by the armistice. November 11, 1918, was the burial day of all so-called 'Kaiser Karols.' 'Pep' songs were instantly replaced by old favorites, especially songs of sentiment: more ambitious music was demanded: quartettes and glee clubs aspired to excellence of performance. Consciously or unconsciously the doughboy commenced a return service to the art that had served him so practically in the most terrific test of his ideals."

The work of the Commission of Training Camp Activities, which did so much to bring music into the camps, is referred to as follows:

"Almost everyone was skeptical of the Commission activities at first and the hesitation of commanding officers to make a place for them is only evidence of how much we all had to learn. The significant aspect of the history of singing is just that —the advance from skepticism and reluctance to conviction and enthusiasm. We of the National Committee were enthusiastic and confident of our own specialty, the power of music to inspire and exalt as well as to dicipline in rhythm, and make the fusion of widely varying individuals easier and more secure."

ANOTHER ECHO FROM THE WAR

The Voice That Inspired Great Deeds

In one of the wards near the battle front in the recent war, where the sick and wounded lay, there was suddenly heard a beautiful tenor voice singing a folk-song of Brittany. In the doorway stood a weather-beaten poilu, the source of the melodious stream that filled and thrilled the whole atmosphere.

A woman war correspondent who was visiting the ward, and had been gathering her notes calmly and efficiently, was first startled, then completely shaken out of her poise by the music. She was case hardened, and supposed by many to be impervious to the sensations of the ordinary mortal in the firing zone. Yet she yielded as helplessly to the influence of that voice as did the pale figures about her to whom the singing brought relaxation and a respite from suffering.

Asking a wounded man in a nearby cot about the strange Poilu with the Voice, she received the reply: "Ah, Madame, that is the most beloved man in the French army. He has won more battles for us than all the generals. He is no longer young, but he asked to be allowed to take his place in the trenches. Mon Dieu! but he sings day and night! He is never tired. When the boys are way down in spirits, depressed, he sings—sings—and then the boys have but one thought—France and Victory! The enemy never sings now, and they fear our friend's voice for he gives us courage."

Evidently the Voice and its Music had been as powerful in their inspiration to deeds of valor as in their aid and comfort to the heroic wounded.

New Phonograph Can Be Heard and Not Seen

An English inventor after twenty years of research work has brought out in England a new Phonograph based on his discovery that two sound boxes instead of one were required to satisfactorily and artistically recreate the music embodied in the record.

These two boxes are of special diaphragmic construction and are placed in a certain relative position to each other, one with a short stylus and the other with a long one.

The waves of sound recreated by the needle passing over the record are taken up by sound boxes, the short stylus bar automatically attracting those of highest vibration or the treble, and the longer bars those of the bass. The two volumes of sound amplified in each case by the sound box pass through the sectional tone and are simultaneously thrown onto the sound board, which radiates the music equally to all parts of the room. There the harmonic as well as the melodic effects of the music are secured, and the megaphone horn and sound chamber supplanted by natural means that give more clearly the timbre of the voice or instrument, immeasurably increasing the pleasure of the listener and winning the approbation of the musician.

This new phonograph can be put into a china cabinet, table or other article of furniture with no outward sign that a musical instrument is contained therein.

A Menace to Music

The greatest menace to the musical profession is the anti-musician who has absolutely no appreciation for music, nor any musical understanding, but who persists in excluding music from every gathering, thus discouraging many from studying music. It is evident that some people dislike music and can not see the necessity for musical evolution, but simply because a certain person dislikes music that is no reason why others should be induced to waste musical ambition; but such is frequently the case, particularly with some parents, who consider music an idle diversion and money expended for musical instruction an absolute waste.

If non-musical parents were instructed along musical lines and were taught the true value of musical development, there would be many more greater musicians existing to-day. While music is studied more exclusively at the present time than ever before and most homes are supplied with musical instruments, it is nevertheless true that music is the least understood of any branch of learning.

ABOUT BRASS INSTRUMENTS

Brass instruments having no keys are able to produce only those tones which exist in their natural harmonics. Keys are used on brass instruments for the purpose of lengthening the tube, thereby producing lower notes. The pitch of a note, in brass instruments, depends upon the length of the tube: long tubes giving low notes, short tubes giving high notes. In addition to keyed brass instruments, there are sliding tubes (such as the slide trombone) which lengthens or shortens the tube, with a similar result.

THE LOST HAMMER

A relief light-boat was built at New London thirteen years ago. While the workmen were busy over it, one man lost his hammer. Whether he knew it or not, it was nailed up in the bottom of the boat. Perhaps if he found it out, he thought the only harm done was the loss of one hammer. But the boat was put to service, and every time it rocked on the waves that hammer was tossed to and fro. Little by little it wore for itself a track, until it had worn through plating and heel, down to the very copper plating, before it was found out. Only that plate of copper kept the vessel from sinking. It seemed a very little thing in the start, but see what mischief it wrought. So it is with a little sin in the heart. It may break through all the restraints that surround us, and but for God's great mercy, sink our souls in endless ruin.

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For over fifty years we have been continously improving the Mason & Risch Piano, until now it is truly a musical masterpiece.

This is why the Mason & Risch more than holds its own against other pianos. Its important details of construction are exclusively its own — patented only for the Mason & Risch.

Hard wear and atmospheric conditions do not change its tone. It is built to give years of enjoyment. There isn't a more up-to-date piano obtainable.

Some of the world's greatest pianists have praised its beautiful richness of tone. You will be equally delighted with its distinctive qualities.

Make yourself the proud owner of a Mason & Risch masterpiece, through our money-saving plan of selling from Factory-to-Home. Delivered to you from any one of our large chain of stores — the largest in North America.

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THE CHOICE OF MUSIC

Every one, within the limits of his natural possibilities, may make of himself just what he wishes to be, for it is open to him to choose his associates and the forces that really educate. Among these forces none is more potent than music, and in music there is every possibility of choice. There is the widest difference between the best and the worst. From one gallery in the Muse's parlor, a soul may slip into heaven, and from another he may readily find an approach to Hades.

The time to begin right choice is childhood. The tastes of youth are carried over into adolescence, and persist even in old age. It is next to impossible to graft upon a taste for the common, the crude, and the vulgar, a liking for the sublime, the uplifting—the truly musical. And so the selection of music for children is all-important.

Now there is in almost every home a gramophone, and it is possible in these days for any one, by studying carefully the handbooks of the firms that produce records, to make a safe choice. The special handbooks of the Victor and Columbia people are models of propriety. Really it does make a difference—an everlasting difference—to children whether they are brought up on jazz and ragtime or upon music with noble rhythm and pure joyous feeling. And no parent has a right to contaminate a young soul by exposing it to that which is coarse and commonplace, if it is just as easy to surround it with that which is sweet and beautiful.

Among the very best music for children are the folk-songs, the world lyrics, and the imitative music, which compels the imagination to complete the pictures suggested. These are in striking contrast to the loud, brazen band selections that suggest the midway and the circus tent.

In later life one who wishes to develop into beauty of life will be equally careful in his choice of music. Surely it is better to retire to the strains of "O, Rest in the Lord," than to jump into bed to the rhythm of a fox-trot. Surely a Sunday afternoon given to a study of the oratorios is better than one given to the enjoyment of low music-hall selections. Surely it is better to live with the great composers than with the lesser lights—whose light is darkness. Surely it is preferable to listen to great artists than to cheap vaudeville performers.

One has an opportunity to pass through life but once, and why should the opportunity be lost? "Every choice," said Goethe "is for Eternity." The time to begin the future life-building is not in the next world, but here and now. The cheapest and best teacher is a good gramophone, wisely used.

It is a strange thing, but everlastingly true, that if a man will listen every day for a month to the very best in music he will become so attuned to it that he can never again enjoy the commonplace. And when a family or a community takes good music to itself it becomes transformed. We all must love the highest when we hear it. This is not ruling out of life the old songs and ditties that the world has always loved and will always love. They are truly classic, because they are rich in fine feeling. Nor are the joyous and the purely rhythmic to be shut out of life. There is, however, something beyond all this—that which sings to our hearts of the sublime and the altogether beautiful. The highest music not only pleases, but it lifts the soul to the Gates of Heaven. Have you yet felt the thrill? If not, get the best. Hear it over and over until it grows into you and possesses your very soul. Then will you begin to dream great dreams and plan great undertakings. The music in your soul will lift you out of the sordid and the mean, and place you in touch with the heavenlies. Is it worth while? Isn't it well, even on earth to enjoy something of the best that the soul of man has ever conceived? Everybody can appreciate good music. In this field alone the highest education is possible for rich and poor alike. Why not enter the beautiful gate?

EACH HAVING HIS OWN

Family music cannot reach that point of development which its importance requires it should, as long as the family piano is the only source of music. The family orchestra is not a new institution by any means, but it is too rare an institution. When there are members of the home playing the violin, 'cello, cornet, flute, clarinet, banjo, etc., as well as the piano then one is sure to see a musical atmosphere created in that home that will make it a centre of pleasure and enjoyment where friends are never wanting and where good-fellowship reigns.

In a home the writer knows of a little girl of twelve has been making good progress with her piano music. Her brother of fourteen has received a good grounding on the piano, and now his father is going to buy the son a violin, it being one of his chief longings to see his son and daughter playing the piano and violin together. Doubtless the result will be a stimulation in the interest of the children themselves in music. The little girl will be anxious to play brother's accompaniments well. The boy will work hard to keep up his end in being able to play violin solos acceptably.

Each member of the family having his or her own instrument is a splendid policy.

RECREATIVE VALUE OF MUSIC

A well-known writer puts forward some apt reflections concerning an attempt to harness music to the wheel of industrialism to speed up factory output.

It seems that the Federation of British Music Industries has issued a booklet addressed to its employees. In this, special stress is laid on the recreative value of music among the employees of large firms. Another end in view is suggested by the remark that because music goes to the source of things—the state of mind of the worker—it has the happy faculty of hindering the tendency to grouch and grumble. Messrs. Crossley Bros. Co., Ltd., the well known gas engine and motor car manufacturers, tell about their band which performs for the workers. When the band plays, a liveliness is apparent among the workmen, and one can hear them whistling and singing the tunes played over by the band, whilst carrying on their work. If the company's statistical department has any time on its hands there is an opportunity here for furnishing interesting statistics.

THE WORLD'S FIRST PEACE ARCH

On September 6th, 1921, this simple Arch was declared open for passage from Canada to the United States and dedicated to Everlasting Friendship between the peoples of the two countries from now until this world shall be no more. It has been erected to commemorate the One Hundred Years Peace between Canada and the United States of America, along a boundary 2,500 miles long, on which were neither forts, battlements nor sentries. This Peace Arch was in building when war was waging in Europe. Mr. Samuel Hill was given the inspiration to build such a memorial, and the arch was designed by Mr. H. W. Corbett, of Boston, Mass. This picture was taken the day on which the scaffolding was removed, and, for a short time, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were unfurled above "to see how they looked".

Over the Canadian portal are inscribed the words,
"Brethren Dwelling Together in Unity".

A brass plaque insert on the Canadian side shows the Side-Wheeler "Beaver," the historic boat of British Columbia, and on the United States border is the "May Flower" in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.
The arch is erected at Blaine, Washington, adjoining the B. C. boundary.

STUDY OF MUSIC STRENGTHENS CHARACTER

Music is all things to all men—a fillip for the moment, an entertainment for otherwise empty days, a comfort for the grieving, a purpose and a labor of love for the serious student. And for that infrequent and happy mortal whom we call the "genius" music is a religion, for which he would sacrifice everything that other men prize in the world.

You cannot know what you personally will get out of music, until you put something into it—to wit, earnest and wholehearted effort. And whether your particular trend and degree of talent will entitle you to receive from the goddess of harmony a great gift or a little one, from her vast and enticing store, you may always be sure of one thing. And this is that you will acquire character from your serious study of music, as you will acquire it in no other way. Put your best self into music and—like the bread cast on the water—it will return to you. And it will bear the stamp of a higher purpose and destiny.

HE DISLIKED MUSIC

There are actually a few people who are totally insensible to the charm of all music, good and bad alike, General Grant and Wendell Phillips being well known examples.

Charles Villers Sanford in his "Pages from an Unwritten Diary" tells of a wealthy man by the name of Latham who had a great dislike for music, but considered that a grand piano was an absolutely necessary piece of furniture for an elegant home. He dropped in at Broadwoods to purchase one, and said: "I should prefer one without works."

MUSICAL NOTES

According to the Peking, China, Daily News, the Peking Institute of Fine Arts has been given, through the generosity of Mr. Sellier, manager of the Banque Industrielle de China, a complete set of orchestral instruments containing over 60 pieces. This gift will enable the Institute to enlarge its already existing orchestra that meets twice a week for rehearsal and has thus far been handicapped by the lack of instruments.

The Police Department of New Rochelle, N. Y., is organizing a glee club, and the civic authorites there intend to promote general singing among the members of the force.

Some of the Catholic Churches across the line are promoting music in several ways spent from religious services. The male choir of St. Joseph's church, Troy, N. Y., recently offered a program of secular and sacred music at a big concert in that city. The League of Catholic Womem of Lowell, Mass., has formed a glee club and orchestra, and recently gave an operatic presentation.

To promote an interest in music among children and to create a demand for better music in the public schools of Ruston, La., an orchestra of children has been formed at that place.

A "Junior Orchestra" of youths, under 18 years of age, directed by Louis J. Conn, has been giving splendid concerts in Aeolian Hall, New York, during the past several months.

The Harp As Used In Scotland.

The Harp like the Violin, is a historic rather than a national instrument, being common to all civilized countries, and ante-dates, by a long way, even the national Bagpipes in Scotland. The Harp was freely cultivated both by the Scotch and Irish so early as the 12th century, and the common people of both countries seem, at that early date to have attained to considerable perfection in its use. So much was this the case, that competitions of skill and talent in its use were, in succeeding times, freely patronized by the nobility of the country and sometimes even by Royalty itself.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC

(*Continued from page 17*) there are also songs and instrumental selections which time and custom have endeared to all people. These are the real popular songs —the songs of all nations. They are the birthright of all children. Just as we revere the old poets and painters and keep their productions before us even to the exclusion of the modern, so the old, old songs and selections that time has rendered precious, should claim first place in the education of the young. And this applies to Music in the home, the school and the church. There was on the street-car to-day a young girl to whom nature had been most kind, for she had a beautiful face. Yet she spoiled her beauty with paint and powder. So there are all around us young people with capacity to appreciate and render good music but their talents have been wasted on the mediocre and the tawdry. And all this is regrettable but the remedy is simple.

Not only must good Music be chosen but it should be played or sung in a meaningful way. it is not enough for young and old to meet on Sunday evenings and "hollar away to their heart's content". It is always possible for a hymn to be sung with meaning and a selection to be played with feeling, and without feeling Music becomes mere noise.

To put it in a word—Music rightly chosen and rightly rendered will lift us out of the commonplace and exalt us to the heavenlies. Therefore let us sing and play and listen until the beauty of harmony fills our souls and overflows in goodwill and kindliness and fullness of joy.

TWO CLASSES OF STUDENTS

Two classes of music students are found in the ordinary high school. The first consists of those few pupils who expect to devote their lives to music as a profession —the second class comprises the very much larger number who will become grocers, doctors, tradesmen, teachers, lawyers, farmers, milliners, clerks, housewives, etc. Music is necessary for pupils of the first class because if an adequate musical technique is to be built up one must start early and keep going—also because we are recognizing the fact that our embryo musician needs not merely to study the instrument in which he is especially interested, but ought to begin early in life a broad and carefully planned course in general musical culture, this involving theory, history of music etc. Music should be offered pupils of the second class for the same reason that it has been provided for them in the grades up to this time. Upon considering the matter upon its merits, it must seem somewhat short-sighted to require the child to work with music during eight years of his life and then suddenly to drop the subject at the very time in his career when his emotional susceptibilities are in the midst of their awakening. As has been noted, music is fundamentally emotional rather than intellectual in its nature, and if we are to influence the emotional life of the adolescent there is no doubt that music will prove one of our most useful tools in moulding it aright.

Just what kind of musical work shall be planned for the pupils in each of these classes it is a little difficult to determine, but the work in chorus practice and in the appreciation of music, together with the opportunity of belonging to a glee club or orchestra will perhaps be the most valuable types of activity for the pupil who is not planning to devote his life to music—while the pupil who is to be a musician will, of course, need to take practically all of the courses offered.

A SHOT IN TIME.

A certain sportsman went out for a day's rough shooting. He was not a particularly good shot, and so he got nothing; but since he was rather ashamed to return empty-handed, he bought a hare in the town on his way home.

He presented the hare to his wife, who, after responding with the usual congratulations, thoughtfully remarked:

"Do you know, it was a good thing you shot that hare when you did, John; it wouldn't have kept another day."

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Style D Grand	$1575	$1400
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Style G Grand	$1775	$1575

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Style L Upright	$ 550	$ 495
Style A Upright	$ 600	$ 510
Style 2 Upright	$ 600	$ 510
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The Philosopher

THE GODDESS OF FASHION

A woman, and no less a woman than an English peeress, has had the temerity to attack Fashion. This goddess, whose sway in feminine affairs has hitherto been all-powerful and unquestioned, is described as a tyrant whose wayward decrees empty the pockets, undermine the health, and mar the beauty of her devotees. For this, our peeress urges, let her altars be thrown down, and let a Standing National Committee suitable to a democratic age, be set up to make the laws of woman's dress. A mere man, able to approach this question without bias, might, with respect, submit that the impeached deity is not so black as she is painted. Has she not given our women-folk clothes that do no violence to Nature's handiwork and leave them free to use their limbs?—London Morning Post.

THE FEATHERED POPULATION

From the Dominion Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa comes to The Philosopher's table an extraordinarily interesting little package of leaflets, including a copy of the treaty which has just been made between Canada and the United States for the protection of migratory birds. Everybody interested in the preservation of bird life, which is of incalculable value to humanity not only for its beauty and interest but for the service birds do in destroying insect and other pests which are so destructive to agriculture, should write to Ottawa, asking to have these leaflets sent to him. They are sent free. Every boy and girl will find them as attractive as the most absorbing story book. One of the leaflets contains full directions for making bird houses of many kinds, with pictures showing them in process of being put together and showing them finished. Norman Criddle's seven-page pamphlet, The Birds of a Manitoba Garden, is as interesting and valuable outside Manitoba as it is within the limits of this Province. There is no greater pleasure than studying the birds and getting to know their ways and manners and personalities. The conservation of beneficial wild life in Canada has only just begun. Every Canadian with any appreciation of what it means to our country should join actively in the good work.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE

An eminent Canadian divine deplores what he terms a decadence in the art of public speaking. No longer, he says, is there the attention given to training the voice that used to be given in days gone by. Not only has public life lost by this, he goes on to say, but so has the pulpit suffered. It is true, of course, that a minister of the Gospel should be a trained speaker; but surely that is far from being his most important necessary qualification. Paul's personality speaks even from the printed page, because of his unquenchable love for men. Nor is it sufficient that a preacher shall have power to touch the conscience. One great object of preaching must be persuasion; and the final test is whether men act as the result of the spoken word they have heard. The power of eloquence to be truly moving requires the convincing eye to eye communication, the magnetism of direct appeal from the personality of the speaker to the personality of the hearer, the kindling contact of soul with soul. Such power is one of the greatest and most wonderful powers possessed by singularly gifted individuals.

SOCIALISM AND AGRICULTURE WILL NOT MIX

In all countries the farmers are opposed to Socialism. Farmers everywhere have always been opposed to Socialism. The farmers in Russia number a hundred millions, spread out over the vast area of that country. Out of the revolution and the destruction of the old regime they have got the one thing they wanted, namely, the land. The Bolshevik regime which has established itself in the cities of Russia and seized control of all communications and all power in the country, is based on the doctrines of Marxian Communism, by which private ownership is to be abolished in regard to land as in regard to factories and stores and everything else. The idea of Lenin and his associates in control is that the land of Russia has been nationalized and made common property, and the peasants do not own the holdings they have taken possession of, but are merely in temporary occupation of them, to work them under orders from Bolshevik headquarters. The peasants do not see it in that light at all. What they have they mean to hold. They have not the slightest idea in the world of giving up possession of their land holdings. This fact is a huge, solid, immovable Gibraltar against which the Bolshevik ship, with Lenin in command, is being carried by the current. Lenin is appealing in vain to the peasants to give up the idea of being property-owners. "We cannot do away with the system of capital and ownership," he says, "unless the people engaged in agriculture will consent to engage in production not as land-owners, but as proletarians." At the same time he is protesting to his followers in the cities against the peasants. "The most important thing," he says in one of his most recent utterances to them, "is the hastening of the proletarian world revolution. In all countries the class struggle must be carried to its finish. But until the peasants become reasonable, Socialism cannot be realized, for we cannot carry on the class struggle." Lenin's theme in all his recent utterances that have come to the knowledge of the world outside Russia is "labor discipline." He says: "Dictatorship, with even only a single Dictator, is not contradictory to Socialist democracy. Labor discipline is the foundation of the whole structure of Socialism." That is to say, forced labor, both in the cities and on the land, under the control of a small autocratic minority supported by bayonets, secret police, and a murderous tribunal copied from the bloodiest chapter of the French terror of more than a century ago, is what Lenin's "dictatorship of the proletariat" means

A SIGNIFICANT CHANGE.

There was a time not so long ago when workmen would meet together in the evening in a home or a store or the post-office and boast of all the work they had done in a day,— the number of loads of hay pitched, the number of acres ploughed, or the number of shingles laid. To-day they boast of how little they can do. Many of these are foreign born, and they have caught the new disease of loafing from English-speaking agitators. It takes only one or two agitators who know their work to infect an army of non-English. And so, laziness has become a habit or indeed a working principle. There are in every city of Canada hundreds of men who refuse to work even though the reward for honest work is adequate, and these men will be at the head of the bread-line next winter. The sad part in all this is not that because of laziness there is bound to be under-production and with it want and misery, but that because men have lost their pride in work they are at the same time losing their manhood. At no time is a man so great as when he is achieving something by good honest work.

Not only have men, because of the abominable heresies regarding work, refused to produce the same amount as formerly, but they no longer take an interest in doing their work well. The world is losing its soul because working men are ceasing to be artists.

The way to Canadian greatness is the way of work. And there is no other way, Russia has found that out to her cost. The striking workmen of Britain have admitted it. The people that suffer through non-production are not primarily the owners of plants, but the workmen themselves. We need make no mistake on that point.

If the people of Western Canada will be the first in the whole world to reawaken to the necessity of persistent and painstaking work as a means of soul-culture and as the solvent of all troubles, they will be the first to restore the happiness that existed before the outbreak of war.

As an incentive to all workers let it be known that a list of those who refuse to work is now being kept in every Canadian city, and when the bread-line forms as a result of non-production and consequent poverty, it is easy to say just who will be at the tail of the procession.

LEADERS AND OBJECTORS.

When recently Lloyd George branded the labour party in England as revolutionary, he excepted some of its leaders such as Mr. Thomas, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Clynes. These men he conceded had done much useful public service. But he insisted that if Labour should gain control in England it would not be these men that would be dominant. "In the new army" said the premier, "it is the Corporals who lead", and he could not have expressed it more pithily. Always behind the ostensible leaders in labour there are scheming individuals and powerful cliques who pass the word to the leaders. If the leaders do not follow instructions, more docile members are put in their place.

A good illustration of this is furnished by an article by Frank Hodges, the leader of the coal miners, who referred to some of the members of his party as willing "to sheathe a knife in a colleague's back," He singled out for special condemnation one man named Ablett who was constantly impugning the honesty of national leaders of the miners. Mr. Hodges affirmed that it was men of this style "who were responsible for prolonging the stoppage and for much of the misery which has been and is yet to be endured by our people." The miners had a fine chance for a good wage settlement long before it was effected, but the opportunity was lost because of the suspicion and jealousy of firebrands.

Such concrete cases should not be ignored by eager champions of "industrial democracy". It can never have a chance of even getting a fair trial without the help of labour leaders that are responsible and stand on their own feet. But if a fire is all the time to be directed at them from the rear by radicals and revolutionaries as it was directed at Mr. Hodges, the experiment becomes impossible and the outlook for organized labour darker than before.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

A writer in the New York Herald, lamenting the depravity of young people, makes a plea for the infliction of capital punishment by the state, when parents are negligent. Here is part of his argument:

So strongly do some people feel the defects in the body politic which they ascribe to relaxation of discipline in the home that they are inclined to urge the restoration of whipping posts and other obsolete forms of punishment for minor delinquency. As the State cannot compel a father to do his duty in this direction these moralists think the State should step in on occasion and administer the needed corporal punishment, the object being to effect what ought to be done by the parent—a respect for law and order.

"The State pays for the free education of children, and this is fine," said an officer of the children's court the other day in Brooklyn. "It also pays great sums for the reformation of young delinquents who have taken their first step in crime. Now, if it would adopt a preliminary measure and order a whipping for the child on the wrong road when his father refuses to perform that function a good many children would be saved from that first false step.

"I suppose such an entrance of an officer of the State into the house would be called paternalism, and for that reason it would be objected to. Unhappily, the truth in many cases of indulgence beyond reasonable limit of children in a home, coupled with sad lack of discipline, only comes to our notice when the consequences have gone as far as crime. But even at this stage a good sound 'licking' might not come amiss."

In all of this there is, of course, a failure to judge correctly. When parents fail to exercise authority it is not because they do not whip their children. Very often it is the whipped child who is resentful, obstinate, and law-defying. It is infinitely better to work at a child from within than from without. It is better to reach his heart than his hide. More than that, when children go away because of the negligence of the parents the first person to receive punishment should be the parents and not the children. Children who are reasonably dealt with will never go far wrong, Whipping will never take the place of kindly supervision and careful example.

THE REAL FINANCIERS.

Some time ago, America's great manufacturer Henry Ford, was in financial difficulties. He required seventy-five millions of dollars and required it at once. Immediately the bankers of Wall Street offered their services. Henry Ford had a business that should not suffer, and anyway he was a pretty good risk. What did Mr. Ford do? He turned down the whole lot, and put the responsibility of getting out of the difficulty upon his branch houses scattered all over the country. He had 125,000 automobiles which he sent without orders for them, to his agents all over the land. He told them to get busy and sell. Their continuance as agents depended upon their power to sell. Well, what happened? The agents sold the goods at considerable sacrifice, of course, but Mr. Ford met his liabilities. Even bankers are ready to concede that as a triumph in financing, it is the greatest that was ever won single handed by a business man.

The moral of this for public men is that—any government by going to its own people and putting matters plainly before them can accomplish anything. It does not need the help of money-kings. That, at least, is the doctrine of the new element in politics.

The world is losing much of its confidence in the wisdom of its financiers. Their predictions do not work out. They are just as biased in their judgments as ordinary mortals, and their wishes often father their thoughts and expression. As a rule, the more wealthy a man becomes the more selfish he is. As a matter of fact the moneyed corporations and professional money lenders are a pretty hard lot to deal with. For that reason our country was wise when it offered bonds to its own people. It will be wise to continue the practice. What Henry Ford could do, a country like Canada, rich in its resources, and rich in its hoarded wealth can also do.

THE PROBLEM OF ASSIMILATION

With regard to the description of the United States as the "melting pot"—a description which the title of Israel Zangwill's famous play helped greatly to bring into world wide use—it has become plain now that it was a description more striking than strictly accurate. Recognition of this fact has led to stringent revision of the immigration laws. Both Canada and the United States are now exercising a rigid scrutiny of all intending immigrants and admitting only those who are likely to prove desirable additions to the population. The new United States immigration law restricts within narrow limits, in comparison with the previous "open door" policy, the number of immigrants to be admitted hereafter in each year. Truly the times have changed. The present Government in Russia has forbidden immigration from the United States into that country—which fact illustrates remarkably another aspect of the effects of the World War upon world conditions. In regard to the great problem of the assimilation of immigrants from certain large areas of continental Europe, it is evident that the process of making such immigrants over into Canadian citizens, or United States citizens, cannot be any such process of rapid fusion as is indicated by the metaphor of "the melting pot". It can only be an educational process, which takes time.

David Harum had Good Horse Sense

HE knew horses as well as they know oats. He could handle a balky one, cure a sick one, raise a good one, or humour a bad one. He could "size 'em up for what they was wuth" and could deal with his eyes open. He made money. It paid him to know just as it pays hundreds of other David Harums throughout Western Canada — good hard-headed, big-hearted farmers who know the value of horse flesh and how to get results from proper care. Their experience as they have given it to us is boiled down and published in convenient form. And not only their experience with horses but with every farm problem. Practical common sense solutions of every day difficulties,—discovered through actual experience and gathered together during forty years by The Nor'-West Farmer — are offered here for your benefit. Every word written for Western Canada.

A Small Part of the Index

HORSES

Arabian
Balkiness
Balking Horse
Belgian
Blower, High
Breaking Colt
Breaking to Ride
Breeding Age
Breeding Suggestions
Chart of Horse
Cleaning Harness
Cleveland Bay
Clydesdale
Curb
Double Driving
Feeding and Care
Field Management
French Coach
German Coach
Grooming
Grunter
Hackney
Halter-breaker
Harness, Selecting
Kicking
Mare's Heat Period
Moon-Blindness
Morgan
Oiling Harness
Opthalmia
Percheron
Regions of Horse
Ring-Bone
Road Management
Roaring
Roughage, Dry
Service of Stallions
Shetland Ponies
Shire
Side Bone
Single Driving
Spavin, Bog
Spavin, Bone
Spavin, Jack
Stallions, Care of
Stallion, Natural State
Standard Bred
Straw
Stringhalt
Suffolk Punch
Thoroughbred
Thoroughpin
Throwing a Horse
Watering
Wearing Foal
Welsh Ponies
Wheezer
Whistler
Working Mares

This is only the Index of one Department, others are just as complete

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Legal Adviser
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Castor Oil
Charcoal
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Itching Legs
Joint Ill
Knuckling Over
Lancing Abscess
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Lice on Horses
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The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Men of Achievement.

When America's history is written, when the history of the last century in America is written a hundred years hence, the name of no multi-millionaire, who is nothing but a multi- millionaire, will appear in that history unless it appears in some foot-note to illustrate some queer vagary or extravagance. The men who will loom large in our history are the men of real achievement of the kind that counts. You can go over them—statesmen, soldiers, wise philanthropists--I wish to underscore the word "wise," for the philanthropist who is really worth calling such is the man who tries to make such use of his philanthropy as to provide against the need of philanthropy in the future, just as the real worker in charity is the worker who does his best to bring about conditions in which charity shall not be necessary. The statesman, the writer, the man of science, of letters, of art, these are the men who will leave their mark in history.

Just a Little Late.

I like to reach the station a few minutes early in the afternoon and watch the commuters running for the trains. I have been watching them now for almost two years, and I know a lot of them by sight.

There are the ladies and the old men, infrequent visitors to the city, unused to business, who arrive long before train time.

There are the regular business men, who arrive one minute ahead.

And--just as the gate is about to slam-- there come piling across the station, breathless, coattails flying, the members of the Just a Little Late Club.

I used to sympathize with them at first, supposing them to be unfortunates who had missed a car, or lost their watches.

But after almost two years of watching, I know different.

The membership of the Just a Little Late Club does not change appreciably from day to day. Night after night it is the very same crowd of men who have to run the last few blocks for the train.

Membership in the Just a Little Late Club is not a misfortune but a habit, and one of the most exasperating habits in the world.

A Mutual Understanding.

The president of the company chanced to hear a speech made by one of his workmen at a Sunday night labor meeting, in which he denounced the company for grinding the face of the poor in order to swell its ill gotten gains. On Monday morning, the president called the man to his office, and said "I heard your speech last night!"

The man smiled grimly, and said, "You needn't trouble to discharge me; I know that's what you are going to do!"

The president replied, "That's where you're wrong the second time. I didn't call you in here to discharge you, but to ask if you or any of your men, understand figures and accounts. If you don't, go and get a bookkeeper who does, and bring him here. Three of your men come with him."

Well, the books of the company were shown to those workmen, and they realized, to their chagrin, that the company was having quite a time to get along. The discontent received a body blow on that day. In both of these cases there was present an element of surprise which always gives added power to any action.

Obligations to Your City

Under the title of My City and I, an Edinburgh journal summarizes very pointedly the obligations of a citizen to his city, a point of view that is sometimes overlooked. We are so apt to question the obligations of a city to its citizens.

My city is the place where my home is founded, where my business is situated, where my vote is cast, where my children are educated, where my neighbors dwell, and where my life is chiefly lived.

It is the home spot for me.

My city has a right to my civic loyalty. It supports me and I must support it.

My city wants my citizenship, not partisanship; friendliness, not offishness; co-operation, not dissension; sympathy, not criticism; my intelligent support, not indifference.

My city supplies me with law and order, trade, friends, education, morals, recreation, and the rights of a free-born Briton. I should believe in my city and work for it, and I will.

Your Present Employer.

In a booklet dealing with the problem of disposing of one's services to the best advantages, John. L. Sinclair writes wisely of the tendency for young men to change their positions too frequently. For the average man, it is good, of course, and usually necessary during the early stages of a career, to change positions now and then as a means of gathering experience and discovering a congenial form of occupation; but, change of positions may occur too frequently.

"Why not," says Mr. Sinclair, "consider your present employer? Did you ever try to sell him your services? Have you been doing your best for him,or have you been regarding your present job merely as a stepping-stone to higher things? Perhaps the business where you are employed could be made into one that is big enough even for you. Don't consider it, however, unless it is the kind of business you want to be in for years to come; but if it is the right kind of business, even if it is a small one, why not see what your employer says about letting you take hold of it in earnest.?

You will have to ask yourself, of course, whether or not your employer is a man you could work with in a big way, whether or not the business is properly located for expansion in the future, and whether or not there are any inherent weaknesses that might develop later on."

When is Man a Failure?

Among the achievements of the Rotary clubs, now international in character, is the publication of a monthly magazine which chronicles the doings of all branches, In a recent issue, the Dallas club undertook to answer the question When is a Man a Failure, and supplied the following:

Man is a failure—

When he has no confidence in himself nor his fellowmen.

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity

When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot say that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable.

When he tries to get ahead in the world by climbing over the shoulders of others.

When he values wealth above health, self-respect and the good opinion of his fellows.

When he is so burdened by his business that he finds no time for rest and recreation.

When he enies others because they have more ability, talent or wealth than he has.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbor or to his friend so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy doing work that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.

It Pays

It is not easy--
To apologize.
To begin over.
To admit error.
To be unselfish.
To take advice.
To be charitable.
To be considerate.
To endure success.
To keep on trying.
To avoid mistakes.
To forgive and forget.
To keep out of the rut.
To make the most of a little.
To maintain a high standard.
To recognize the silver lining.
To shoulder a deserved blame.
But it always pays.

Another Formula for Success.

It's doing your job the best you can.
And being just to your fellow-men;
It's making money, but holding friends.
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how, and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat,
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above.
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrows and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest — that is Success.—
Berton Braley.

Mutual Obligations.

A busy corporation, in an endeaver to avoid many of the difficulties and misunderstandings that beset the paths of industrialism, has worked out, in co-operation with its employees, a set of mutual obligations that form a very interesting parallel.

The employee agrees—

To be punctual in all things, especially our working hours.

To eliminate all gossip and criticism from our daily work and to refer any complaints to headquarters —not to one another.

To be thorough in all our work and to avoid carelessness and distraction.

To learn all we can by not being afraid to ask questions.

To improve our work and methods by ideas and suggestions.

To remain faithful to our company at all times, knowing our company will, in return, remain faithful to us.

The company agrees——

To be fair with our employees at all times.

To co-operate with them by granting them interviews whenever the occasions warrant.

To answer all questions with fairness and to consider suggestions at all times.

To adjust all complaints without partiality.

To grant promotions according to the merit and loyalty displayed.

To encourage the success of our employees.

To co-operate harmoniously with our workers in all things and at all times.

Problems of Civic Life.

If we can manage to make our cities and municipalities places in which we can work together harmoniously and for the common good, our national problems will take care of themselves. In some places, an effort is being made to set community problems in their right light before the people.

Recently, in Oakland, California, a conference committee was called together, consisting of all the social studies teachers of five high schools, for the purpose of outlining a practical and inspirational course in civics. After considerable work, the committee outlined a course entitled Problems of Civic and Vocational Life. A brief outline of the course is as follows:

A. A consideration of the problems of the local community, having in view:

1. Better community health
2. A more attractive city.
3. Better opportunities for education.
4. Better recreational facilities.

B A consideration of the division and specialization of labor, stressing:

1. The difficulty of working for one's self in the old sense.
2. The dependence of man on man.
3. The need of capital in industry.
4. The use and abuses of organizations of capitalists and laborers.
5. Analysis of the service rendered to the community by certain vocations.

Wants and Progress.

The fact that wants are capable of indefinite expansion is of great importance, for it shows that there is no end to industrial progress so far as motive for work and effort is concerned. It suggests, also, the course that industrial progress is likely to take. Suppose the invention of a labor-saving machine enables seven men to produce as much of a certain kind of goods as ten men produced before. This does not mean that the three men thus thrown out of work will be idle. On the contrary, there will spring up in the community a demand for some other kind of goods, and these three men will give their work to the production of those goods which satisfy the new wants. This illustration shows how the growth of wants is related to industrial progress.——H. C. Adams.

A Course in Advertising.

There was a time in the history of advertising when merchants stopped advertising as soon as there were signs of business depression. Nowadays, the progressive mechant does not refrain from advertising as soon as unfavorable trade symptoms appear; rather, he tries to increase his advertising appropriation. He knows he is in business to stay and that sooner or later trade will again come his way, the more probable if he has kept his name, goods and services before the public.

Advertising still has its opponents, though they are much less than formerly, but whatever the merits of the case may be, it has been fairly well demonstrated that in Canada, advertising plays a part of great economic and social importance. The war, the Victory Loan, the Red Cross, the thrift campaign, and many other "incidents" of the last five years, have proved conclusively the tremendous power of advertising, especially in a country of vast distances.

The young man who proposes some day to engage in business on his own account, can hardly afford to overlook the possibilities of sound advertising and for that reason alone, I am glad to make mention of a new book from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, entitled "A Short Course in Advertising." The author, Mr. Alex F. Osborn is vice-president of a well-known advertising agency, and was formerly an instructor in advertising in Hutchinson high school, Buffalo.

The book contains an introduction by Mac Martin, who is regarded as one of the continent's authorities on advertising, and whom I heard before the Winnipeg Advertising Club some years ago. Mr. Mac Martin says: "The book which you are about to read analyzes and explains the secret of this great force. It shows what is being done. It takes up the things we now know one by one and explains the whys, so that the same things may be done again. It tells how this power may be captured, controlled and directed. Read it carefully, not only for the words but for the thoughts it makes you see between the lines. It is for you to direct the power you thus master. It is for you to find new uses. perhaps heretofore undreamed of."

The Short Course is bound substantially and attractively, and contains 248 very freely illustrated pages. Among the multitude of topics that it discusses are The Use of Bulletins, First Steps in an Advertising Campaign, The Creation of Demand, Illustrations, Choice of Type, Value of Trade Marks, Choice of Words, Danger of Exaggeration, National Advertising, and Window Displays.

If you are at all interested in the subject, or likely to be, and have not yet made a place for it in your library, Mr. Osborn's book will prove a worthy volume with which to begin.

You Can Shoe the Whole Family at a BIG SAVING

THE K. C. GEORGE SYSTEM OF SELLING SHOES FROM FACTORY TO WEARER—makes it possible for you to save big money on every pair of Shoes bought for the family.

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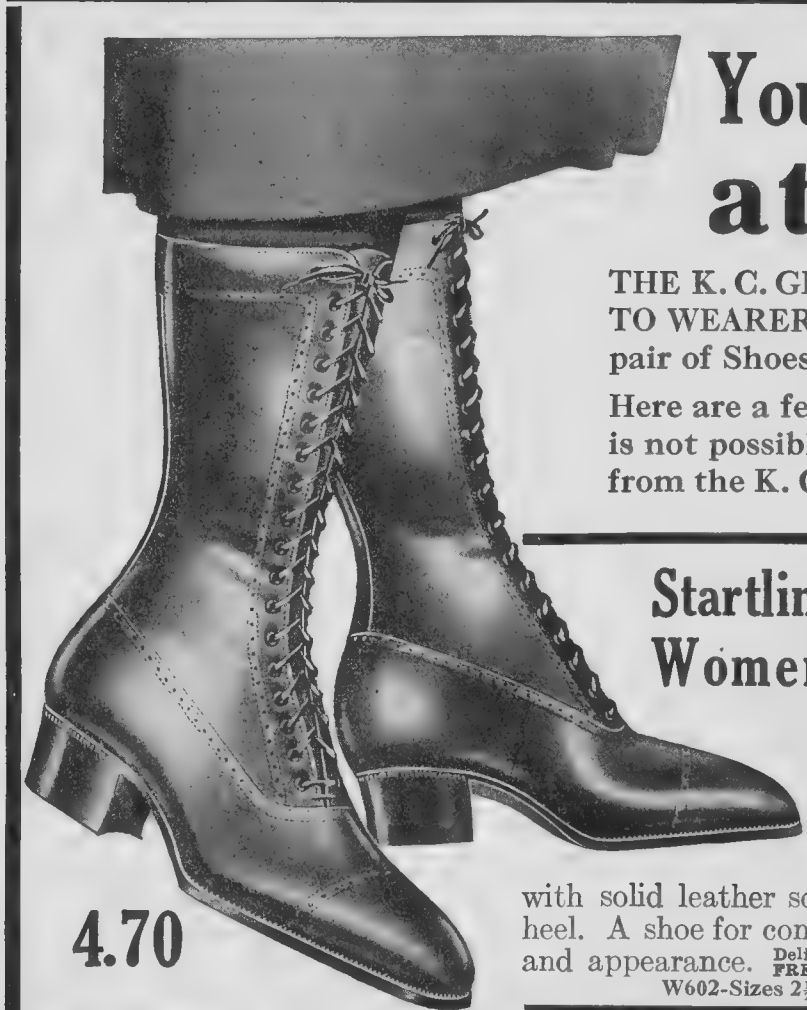

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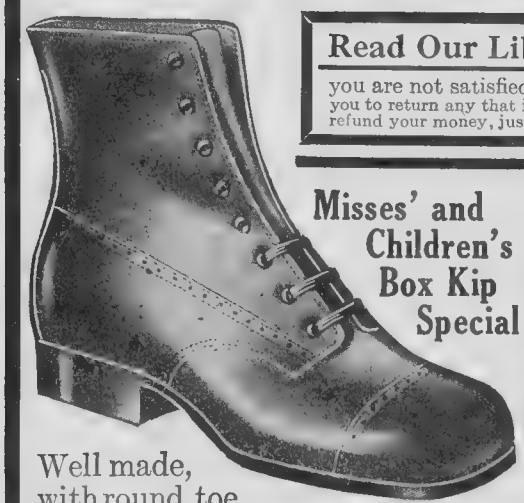

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W1403 Sizes 6 to 11.

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DID YOU get our 1921 Footwear Catalogue? If you didn't, please write us, and we will send you one by return mail. WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE.

The K. C. George Company

72 Princess St. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

6 MONTHS WEAR GUARANTEED

A LOVERS' QUARREL

With his hat on his head in token of his readiness to start for church, Mr. Eben Pearson had paced the floor for five minutes.

"Can't you move a little faster, mother?" he demanded.

"There's plenty of time," came a voice from another room.

"That's what you've been saying for going on fifty years, you know."

"It's always been true whenever I've said it," replied Mrs. Pearson.

"Here it is twenty minutes past nine."

"That clock is fast. You always keep it fast."

"It's a warm morning," Eben went on ignoring that point, "and I don't like to hurry the horse."

"Well play I am the horse and don't hurry me," she replied.

Eben waited while the discredited clock ticked away a few more minutes. "Mother I believe you're dillydallying just to spite me," he declared at last; and the charge was met with a silence that was worse than words. "I'll go out and get in," he continued "If you want to go with me, you'd better come along." He was very deliberate about unhitching, and he fussed needlessly with the harness, but at last he seated himself in the carriage. "Well, I'm off!" he called.

"Well good-by," came the reply.

In his exasperation, Eben jerked the reins and the horse moved off.

"Well, it serves her right!" Eben muttered.

The feeling of justification stayed with him as far as the turn of the road leading to the village. Beyond that point he knew well enough that it was stubborn pride that kept him on his way.

"I'll bet I haven't got a pocket handkerchief with me!" he said to himself suddenly owning that if that should prove to be the case he must go back. Hopefully feeling in one of his pockets, he found it empty. From another, however, he brought out the handkerchief, all smoothly folded and fragrant with sweet clover. Mother had looked out for that. His eye fell on his coat sleeve which he now remembered to have torn accidentally while getting out the carriage last Sunday. It was mended, and so neatly that you could hardly see where the torn place had been. That was mother again. She always got things done; and there were a lot of things for her to do. Perhaps that was one reason why she sometimes kept him waiting; and, after all, when had she ever failed to be round in time. Eben was now driving quite slowly. In fact, he had an eye out for a good place to turn round. But just then the Millers overtook him.

"Good morning! Where is Mrs. Pearson. Not sick I hope?" called out Mrs. Miller.

The question was embarrassing, but Eben managed to answer it. "No, not sick," he said, "but she didn't seem to be quite up to coming."

"Glad it's nothing serious," said Mrs. Miller as they drove past.

To Eben it did seem serious, for he felt fully committed to going to church without his wife. It was a charming morning, and the ride to church had long been one of the luxuries of life; but somehow in order to appreciate it, you wanted mother along to praise things up. Without her, daisies were only whiteweed, and even the song had a lonesome sound.

The old horse was having an easy time of it. Eben was all over his hurry, and for once in his life was willing to be late at church. He had no notion of walking up to the family pew alone. He would slip in quietly to a back seat, and get away as soon as possible after meeting.

Eben was late, but he had miscalculated in one respect. The minister had just given out the first hymn, and the congregation had risen and were facing the choir, who sang from the gallery in the rear. Thus Eben, as he entered was in a position to see and be seen, and everyone was that day. Even mother, hymn book in hand, was there in the family pew, showing no sign of having hurried in the least.

Before the last stanza of the hymn had been sung Eben had reached a plausible explanation of what had at first seemed a mystery. He had doubtless been helped by the fact that his grandson, who lived in Bloomfield, was in the pew by his wife's side. His conjecture was confirmed after service by his wife.

"It was my first ride in an automobile," he heard her saying as she came down the aisle. "Johnny came over on purpose this morning to surprise me. I've hardly got my breath yet. We got here in no time although we went way round by Bean's Corner because it's a smoother road."

"When I saw Sister Pearson come in with out you," said the minister as he shook Eben's hand, "I was afraid you were ill."

"He wasn't quite himself this morning interposed Mrs. Pearson, "but I guess he feels better now. Don't you father?"

"Yes, I'm all right now," said Eben. "I suppose, mother, you'll want to go back with Johnny?" he went on diffidently as they stood on the steps.

"Well, no," said she. "If Johnny does not mind, I believe that I'll let the trip one way in the auto do for a beginning. I guess I shall feel a little more comfortable riding home 'long of you."

Credit and Assistance For Live Stock Producers

THE break in cattle prices is producing a very critical situation alike for farmers, breeders, ranchers and the country as a whole. A living must be made; debts must be paid and the present low cattle values are producing much hardship and breaking up confidence in the future of the industry. Under the circumstances each farmer will do well to carefully analyze his own position, remembering the following facts:

(1) Sane thinking will steady the situation, a panic will only increase the difficulty.

(2) Heavy liquidation will produce a further slump in prices, careful marketing will greatly strengthen the producer's position.

(3) Finished bullocks of proper age and weight had better be marketed as they are ready.

(4) Thrifty stocker and feeder cattle which, by feeding, will qualify for the export or high class domestic trade will, if held, yield better returns when finished, but if sold now will only add to the congestion at the markets.

(5) High class breeding stock, should, if practicable at all, be held at all cost, preference always being given to the cows that will milk.

(6) Unthrifty individuals, stock of poor type or quality, animals of dairy breeding which are not required for breeding purposes, may as well be sold as soon as possible, as it will not pay to winter them, and no future outlet is in sight for stock of this description.

To assist farmers to hold all useful breeding and feeding stock and to facilitate the marketing of animals suitable for sale the Government has undertaken the following measures:

1. CREDITS. Sir Henry Drayton, Minister of Finance, and The Hon. Dr. Tolmie, Minister of Agriculture, have arranged with the Canadian Bankers' Association, that they instruct all their Branch Managers to meet to the limit requests for extension of loans by Live Stock men.

2. SHIPPING FACILITIES. Early in July, in co-operation with the trade, the Department secured a reduction of $10 per head in ocean freight rates.

The 25 per cent. reduction in railway rates secured by the producers' organizations will prove a much needed relief in connection with this fall's movement of live stock.

Arrangements have been completed, through the efforts of the Minister of Agriculture, for the provision of additional ocean freight space. This will greatly facilitate export transportation, relieve congestion at the stockyards, and assist in maintaining steadier market prices.

3. STIMULATING HOME CONSUMPTION. Efforts are being made to stimulate consumption of the common cuts of beef in order to create a better level of sales prices.

4. SPECIAL AID IN TRANSPORTATION. Special transportation officers have been appointed for both East and West, who will assist shippers of live stock in obtaining the best and quickest service possible. Write to your nearest office. Western Canada: Mr. S. H. Gandier, Union Stock Yards, St. Boniface, Manitoba. Eastern Canada: Mr. L. L. Cooke, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, Ontario.

5. MARKETS INFORMATION. The Live Stock Branch is in a position to render assistance to prospective shippers as regards information re shipping facilities, costs, organization, overseas connection and movement of prices.

The transportation and other officers of the Branch are at the service of producers, and all requests for information will receive prompt and courteous attention.

Dominion Live Stock Branch
Dept. of Agriculture
Ottawa

11

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

$100 In Cash And Thousands of Other Prizes.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

Grand New Features. Choose Your Own Prize.

All you have to do to enter this contest is to rearrange the figures in the above square in such a manner that they will count 15 every way, and send us the answer, together with your name and address, and if it is correct we will at once forward you an "Inkless Pen" for your trouble, and full particulars of one simple condition that you must fulfil, together with an Illustrated Prize List (from which you can choose your own prize). This condition is very easy and need not cost you one cent of your own money. Remember, the "Inkless Pen" will be sent FREE by RETURN MAIL, and you also have a chance to get the Prize you choose, and a CASH PRIZE as well. This splendid offer will only be good for a short time, so send your name right away—NOW—to

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LADY'S 7-STONE CLUSTER RING, equivalent of a $300 platinum and diamond creation, perfect reproduction, price $5, mailed on approval anywhere; send no money, enclose size. P.O. Box 63, Winnipeg. 10-21

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Mother's Section

THE CARE OF FOOD IN THE HOME.

By Helen Wetherell.

Every housekeeper has her trials with tainted and spoiled food.

But many a woman who is systematic enough to keep her kitchen utensils hung in orderly rows, and her floor neatly swept, is not really clean. This distinction may seem somewhat harsh, but when salted right down and "tried out" the difference between orderliness and cleanliness is the difference between good food and bad, sickness and health.

The women of to-day are quite as clean as were the women of a hundred and fifty years ago. How in the world a housekeeper who made her candles, bed and table linen, knit, sewed, cured her own ham and pork, cooked, and did hundreds of other things now provided through packing-houses and bakeries, besides attending divine service twice on Sundays, could find time to even approach cleanliness is a question as yet unanswered.

A homely phrase often gives the very pith of a situation and "A lick and a promise" sums up the general condition of those times beautifully.

To be sure the lives of the women of to-day are as fully occupied as were those of the women of the olden time, but that is not the subject in hand. There was an excuse for a lack of strictest cleanliness in those days—but at the present time, when time-saving devices are flooding the market there is no such excuse.

When food is tainted or spoiled it is bad. Nothing can bring it back to a healthy state. It is spoiled by minute living things called micro-organisms or bacteria, which pick it out as a suitable place to reside and multiply. And they *do* multiply. One bacterium will produce a million more in a day.

Any effort at warfare with what might literally be called these imps of darkness would seem hopeless were they all hurtful—but the great bulk of them are harmless and some of them are even beneficial, such as those which ripen milk. Like most evil things the harmful bacteria make known their presence by a bad taste and when quite rampant by a noxious odor.

The harmful bacteria most readily propagate in darkness. The absolutely essential conditions for the prevention of their growth are cleanliness, coolness, dryness, sunshine and fresh air. Sunshine is very important as it kills most varieties of bacteria in a few hours. The contents of storerooms should be sunned every once in a while and the rooms aired regularly.

Vinegar, spices, salt and wood-smoke kill or prevent the growth of germs and are used in pickles, spiced vegetables, fruits and smoked meats. A very heavy sugar solution, such as is used in the preserving of fruits, is efficacious. But care, cleanliness, and sunshine do far more than anything else to prevent decay.

When a kitchen or storeroom is swept, everything edible should be covered and left so for several hours until the air is cleared. The wooden and linoleum floors of modern storerooms and kitchens attract comparatively little dirt and can be easily swept with the aid of damp newspapers torn into little bits, or moist sawdust.

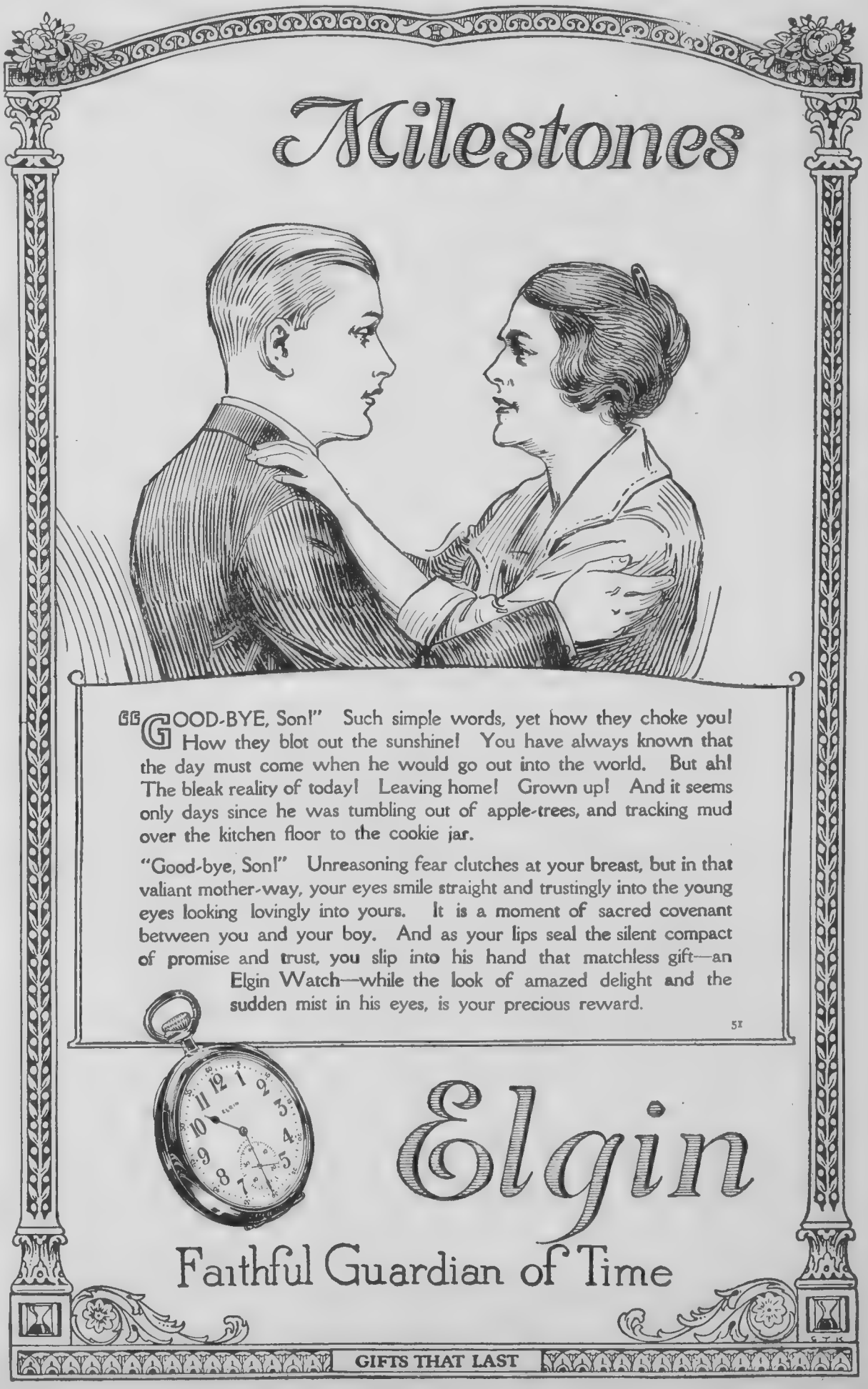
Foods to be free from bacteria should be in the freshest and best possible condition. Highly-organized edibles such as raw meat and meat products, fruits and milk, are especially susceptible to the tiny micro-organisms and should be consumed as soon as possible after being purchased. Meat should come from the market tied in a secure package or in two paper bags, one reversed over the other. On arrival it is best to wipe it with a cloth dipped in hot water and then scrape it with a knife. This does not take so very long; it is all a matter of habit. Just think what it may have been exposed to in the market. When the meat is lamb, the outer skin should be removed so there may be no disagreeable taste resulting from any contact with the hair of the animal. Also scrape the surface and rub with salad oil or cover with paraffine paper to prevent drying. When these preparations have been gone through it is ready for the ice-box.

In many of the smaller ice-boxes the ice is a close fit and can be lowered best into place by means of a piece of strong cloth, the ends of which can be folded across the top of the ice. This cloth keeps any bits of frozen dirt from settling in the box or drain as the ice melts. The cloth should be scalded after each using. A newspaper can be used in a similar way, but is apt to grow messy through the moisture.

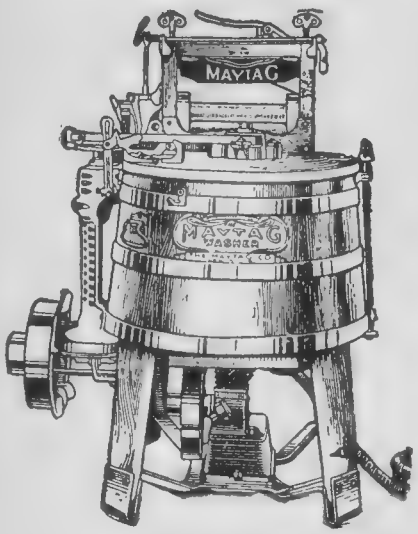
Water when evaporating draws heat from the objects surrounding it and can be used to cool food when ice is not available. This is the method adopted by one clever woman:

A wooden box with a sound bottom in one piece was inverted. A layer of cotton batting covered with coarse cloth was tacked over it. An aluminum can was next utilized with its bottom punched with half a dozen tiny holes, and when the pan was filled with water just enough dripped through to keep the cloth thoroughly saturated.

Every kitchen utensil coming in conjunction with food should be scalded after using. Paper is another thing that is frequently a source of contagion. Many cooks save the pieces that come around the groceries and meats and use it to absorb the fat from doughnuts and fritters. It is very easy and very inexpensive to have a roll of grocer's paper on a frame and there is very little danger of infection from it, as it has not been handled at all but rolled by machinery. And one last word– Do not be afraid of washing the hands. A little nail brush and a clean towel are within the reach of everyone. As soon as it is realized that human health, and to a large extent human morals, depend upon the efficiency of the housekeeper nothing will seem too trivial to receive intelligent care.



Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer



WE are showing here our latest machine, the one the farmers or others who do not have electricity, buy. This is an all metal washer and has its own power plant built right into the machine, being a half horse gas engine which is air cooled. This engine is equipped with a magneto system which does away with the battery and coil.

If you are thinking of buying a washing machine kindly drop us a card and we will send you some complete advertising matter which will give all particulars as well as the prices.

We have dealers in hundreds of towns in the West who have been handling our machines for years and we would like to have you call on your dealer before writing us. Some time you will own a good washing machine, so why delay?

We made a Pleasing, Substantial Reduction in the Price of all of the thirteen different styles of Washing Machines which we manufacture.

The Maytag Company Limited

WINNIPEG CALGARY

THE THOUGHTFUL BELL BOY

There is a glimpse of an amusing side of human nature in the following anecdote, which appears in Friends' Intelligencer. For four consecutive nights the hotel manager had watched a fair guest fill her pitcher at the water cooler.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring, that would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the manager.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why the boy told me it was the fire alarm, and that I was not to touch it on any account!"

ANOTHER REASON WHY THEY ARE UNPOPULAR

Little Robert, says the Argonaut, was calling at a neighbour's house, and he seemed very much interested in the family dog.

"Why, Bobby, haven't you a dog of your own?" asked his hostess.

"We have one in the summer, but we have to send it away in the winter," he replied.

"Why is that" she asked in surprise.

"Well," he answered, "it's a dachshund and my father says it takes him so long to go in and out of the door it cools off the whole house."

A NEW VARIETY OF SHIRT

She was a pretty little V.A.D. nurse, says Pearson's Weekly, and her special task at the big hospital was to look after the linen closet. One morning she was giving fresh clothes to the patients when one of them called out:

"I say, nurse, what are the cats without any tails called?"

"Why, Manx cats," the nurse replied.

"Well, then," came the retort, "do you know you've given me a Manx shirt."

STILL, IT FURNISHED THE PLACE.

Book education had small place in Phelan's hard life as a miner. When he was nearing forty, says Harper's Magazine, he made a strike in a certain claim he had taken up and became a millionaire several times over.

Having been obscure all his life, he was most susceptible to flattery, and his friends soon learned the trick of getting money from him. A miners' club was organized, and in consideration of having his name lettered over the entrance Phelan was enticed into paying for the furnishings. When everything was ready for the opening, he was invited to inspect the quarters.

"You fellows ought to feel pretty proud of this layout," he remarked.

"We should," answered one of the committeemen, "if we only had a chandelier for this hall."

Phelan considered for a moment. "Well," he asked, "what'll it cost?"

"Three hundred dollars," was the ready reply.

"I'll get it" the millonaire announced, "but I'll bet there ain't a blame one of you can play it!"

TOMMY UNDERSTOOD.

"Yes," said the Sunday-school teacher whom Friends' Intelligencer quotes, "when Delilah cut Samson's hair he lost all his courage and strength, and became mild as a lamb. Can you understand that?"

"Well, ma'am," replied Tommy, "it does make yer feel 'shamed when a woman cuts yer hair."

RED-CEDAR TIMBERS IN A GIANT ELM.

When the park department of Buffalo, New York, cut down a giant elm tree on Niagara Square, the men found embedded in the trunk three fairly large, perfectly preserved cedar timbers. Years ago, when Buffalo was a village, Niagara Square was used as a market place, and it is believed that the timbers were put up to protect the tree from horses that the farmers hitched to it when they came to town to buy supplies. In the years that followed, the tree, which is said to be about a hundred years old, gradually grew round them until it enfolded them completely.

AN EXCELLENT NAME.

The fair young student at the Polytechnic, says the Argonaut, at the close of the cooking period, carefully wrote out a label that read "Yankee Jam" and pasted it on the side of the jar she had just filled.

"But why Yankee Jam?" asked the teacher.

"Well," was the young woman's reply, "every time I stirred it up it wanted to go over the top."

Unexcelled for biscuits, cakes or fine pastry. Gold Standard Baking Powder "It-raises-the-dough" The Codville Co. Limited.

17

Special Offer Good only up to NOV. 15th

No. 1 VIOLIN OUTFIT—Composed of French Violin, Case, Bow, Resin and Tutor..... $13.75

No. 2 VIOLIN OUTFIT—Composed of Stradivarius model Violin, leather-covered full flannel-lined Case, Bow, Resin, Tutor..... $27.50

No. 3 VIOLIN OUTFIT—Composed of French Violin, by Nicolas Bertholini, excellent French Bow, full lined Leather Case, best English Resin, Hohmann's world-renowned Tutor..... $40.25

Mouth Organs from 25c, Hohner Mouth Organs from 50c, Hohner Accordions $12.50, Auto Harps from $5.25, Ukuleles from $5.75, Cornets from $25, Guitars from $11, Mandolin, Round Back, from $9.00, Mandolin, Flat Back, $11.75.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO LTD 333 PORTAGE AVE

Given Away FREE

HALLAM'S CATALOG—96 pages fully illustrated, English only, now ready to mail. You can get immediate delivery of Animal Traps and Bait, Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Gun Accessories, Fish Nets, Mackinaw Clothing, Camp Stoves, Campasses, Headlights, Snow Shoes, Shoe Packs, Fur Coats and Fur Sets of all kinds, also 1001 other articles, all at moderate prices.

HALLAM'S TRAPPERS' GUIDE—96 pages illustrated, tells how and when to trap, describes Animal Habits, Tracks and bait to use.

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These books all gladly sent free. Write today.

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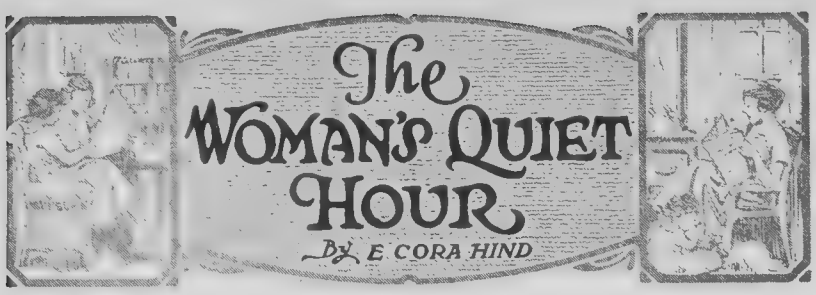


"The days go by like a shadow on the heart," and so many things happen daily that life seems to get out of hand, as it were.

Current Events It seems hardly possible that not a line has been written for this page since Mrs. Walter Parlby became the Hon. Mrs. Parlby, Member for Lacombe, Alberta, and our much esteemed Mrs. McClung M. L. A. for an Edmonton constituency, and yet these events are almost two months old and will shortly cease to be current. Both women are familiar figures in Alberta and Mrs. McClung, of course in all Canada. Mrs. Parlby is less well known outside of Alberta, where, for a number of years, she was prominently identified with the farm women's movement in that province and the first woman in the prairie provinces to enter a cabinet. Mrs. Parlby has many qualifications for her new work. Cultured, travelled, a wife, a mother, an experienced and successful home maker, completely au fait with the questions on which women are vitally interested, she brings to her new duties a much better all-round equipment than the average man member has in the past. Her modesty in declining a portfolio is characteristic; she has in all her career in the past shown a desire to be thoroughly posted on any new line of work before attempting it. All who know Mrs. Parlby will feel quite sure that when she does accept a portfolio the work of that particular department will be well and faithfully done.

To us it is incredible why women should be getting all fussed up over having women senators.

Concerning Senators. We find ourselves, for once, in entire accord, with the Grain Growers Guide. If any woman wants to help improve things in the Federal realm let her run for the Dominion House and find out if the people want her.

We have never made up our mind on the subject of an elective senate, it savours too much of the United States for our taste, but surely no one in Canada is satisfied with the Senate as it is. Appointment for a term of say, five or seven years of members who have done good work in the House of Commons might fill the bill, anyway it would be improvement on the present system, but certainly no one should be sent to the Red Chamber who has not previously served in the Commons. It should not be a life job for anyone, neither should it be the special privilege of any party.

Let women keep out of the Senate and work in the House of Commons, for the greatly needed reform of the Red Chamber.

A short time before the last provincial election we were asked, what, in our judgment, should be the type of women to enter on the duties of legislators.

The Federal House We said then that in our judgment, they should be married women with families. their children old enough to be left with safety and also women who had previously shown ability in other lines of work especially of interest to women. Apparently from the selections which have been made our idea is the idea also of the general electorate for so far the women chosen to Provincial legislatures have been women of that type with but one exception.

Now we are coming to a Federal election and women are eligible for that house also. As yet we do not know what women will run, doubtless there will be quite a number. The selection of women to represent the women of Canada in the Dominion House is a very serious matter and like matrimony should not be undertaken "lightly or unadvisedly," but "soberly, discreetly and in the fear of the Lord."

In the first place there is consideration of time, and no woman should be chosen who cannot leave her home duties with a clear conscience, knowing that those to whom she owes her first duty, will not suffer in her absence. By this it is not meant to be inferred that a woman must only go to parliament when the family will suffer neither loss of comfort or convenience by her absence. Every home with a good wife and mother at its head must be uncomfortable if she is away but should be glad to have her go and thereby share with the country at large some of the benefits of her administrative and creative ability which they as a family have enjoyed for years.

No woman is justified in taking up public duties, however, if thereby she runs the risk of having her home disrupted, boys and girls at an impressionable age left without guidance for months at a time, or a husband who may have a temptation to drink or some other vice, left suddenly without the restraint of her companionship. The whole secret in a decision of this kind is "first things first." "Do thy duty that is best, leave unto thy Lord the rest."

Another very important consideration for the woman contemplating running for the Dominion House and for those who intend to support her, is that of physical strength. Sessions are long, there is much night work, air of the house very often bad, and if full attention is given to duties the mere physical strain is very great. No woman should dream of it unless she is in reasonably robust health.

JUST A QUIET THOUGHT.

After the clangor of battle
There comes a moment of rest,
And the simple hopes and the simple joys
And the simple thoughts are best.

After the victor's paean,
After the thunder of gun,
There comes a lull that must come to all
Before the set of the sun.

Then what is the happiest memory?
Is it the foes' defeat?
Is it the splendid praise of the world
That thunders by at your feet?

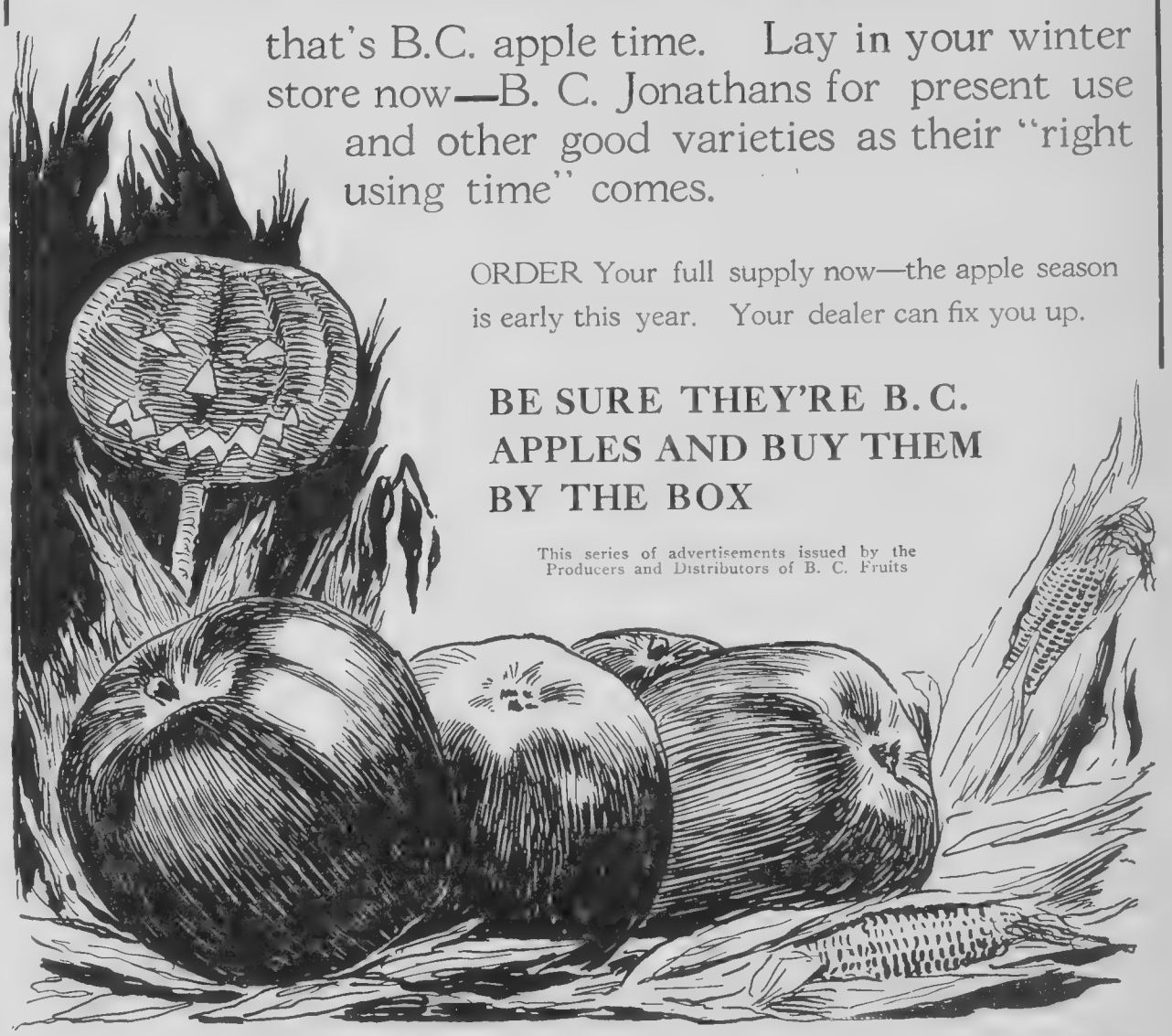
Nay, nay, to the life-worn spirit
The happiest thoughts are those
That carry us back to the simple joys
And the sweetness of life's repose

A simple love and a simple trust
And a simple duty done,
Are truer torches to light to death
Than a whole life's victories won.

When the Frost is on the Pumpkin —and Hallowe'en is Near—

that's B.C. apple time. Lay in your winter store now—B. C. Jonathans for present use and other good varieties as their "right using time" comes.

ORDER Your full supply now—the apple season is early this year. Your dealer can fix you up.



BE SURE THEY'RE B. C. APPLES AND BUY THEM BY THE BOX

This series of advertisements issued by the Producers and Distributors of B. C. Fruits

Here is a photographic reproduction of a rain blurred windshield—the driver's side has been rubbed with Clear Vision Cloth—it stays clear 24 hours. No unsightly attachments—nothingto fuss with—works automatically while you drive. Every cloth guaranteed 1 year.

We Want Agents at $60 a Week

Greatest automobile accessory ever invented. Just out. **Patented.** Nothing like it. A scientific and chemical marvel that puzzles the world. **Clear Vision Windshield Cloth.** One rub over rain, snow or fog blurred auto windshield, street car or engine window and—presto! moisture runs off like water from a duck's back Glass stays clear 24 hours. Once over does the trick. Works like magic. Needed daily by every motorist. A necessity and a godsend. We want representatives at once—men and women hustlers. Get this position where profits start first day.

No Experience Necessary—200% Profit

Make as much money next week as these men are making now. J. C. Allen, of Ontario, says. "I sold eighteen cloths this afternoon."—his profit $18. Sam Willard, of Manitoba, writes, "one of my customers called me up after the first time he tried it out to tell me that the cloth was worth ten dollars to him". "The greatest safety first device of the age" says John Morrow, of Quebec. "I sold to everyone that I showed the cloth to" writes Clarence Johnson, of B. C. Ten orders in one hour is good enough for me says Henry Mack, of Ontario, another one of our money makers. YOU CAN MAKE THIS MONEY TOO. FAILURE IMPOSSIBLE—SUCCESS ASSURED. WRITE TODAY. Territory free. Big selling season now on. GET BUSY AT ONCE.

Canadian Auto Accessories Co. Ltd., 550 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ont.

THE TINTS OF THE ROSES FORM THE NATURAL COMPLEXION OF YOUTH

If climatic conditions, or close confinment indoors has robbed your complexion of the tints nature intended it to have—use

BLUSH OF ROSES

It is neither a powder, nor a rouge. It removes all gloss, blemishes, etc., and brings back the delicate tints that make a beautiful complexion.

For trial, a full sized $1.00 bottle sent for 75c

LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont.

Also for sale by The T. EATON Co., Limited

Toronto, Winnipeg and Moncton, N. B.

Flavor and strength are ideally combined in Gold Standard Tea, ask for the Blue Label. The Codville Co. Limited.

22

For maximum of service consign your grain to The Old Reliable Grain Commission Merchants

James Richardson & Sons Limited

Established 1857

Liberal Advances Prompt Settlements

Enquire through any Bank or Commercial Agency as to our Financial Standing

WESTERN OFFICES:

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man. Grain Exchange, Calgary, Alberta. Canada Building, Saskatoon, Sask.

The Customer and His Bank

should be on intimate terms. They can be mutually helpful. The Bank of Montreal is always glad to give to its customers the benefit of its financial knowledge and experience. All transactions are absolutely confidential.

BANK of MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

Head Office: Montreal

Total Assets in Excess of $500,000,000

Annie

$300.00 IN PRIZES

1st prize $75.00, 2nd prize $50.00, 3rd prize $40.00, 4th prize $30'00, 5th prize $25.00, 10 prizes of $10.00 each, 30 prizes of $1.00 each and many beautiful merchandise prizes. We are giving these splendid prizes to advertise our Artistic Pearl Gold Name Pins, the most beautiful article of jewelry ever made with your name. The regular price of these pins is $1.00 but to advertise them and give you a chance to win one of the Grand Cash prizes send only 50c. and we will make your name, or initials in Flashing Gold letters mounted on a lovely Iridescent Pearl Pin which will delight you and your friends will all want one like it. Your promptness in answering this ad and neatness in writing will count in winning the prizes so write and send 50c. just as soon as you see this advertisement. Don't wait, this may not appear again.

THE PEARL GOLD PIN CO., Dept. 9W.H.M. TORONTO, ONT.

Lip Reading

An Infallible Remedy in Time of Deafness.

By Elizabeth Kampman

According to statistics there are about three people in every hundred with defects in hearing. Deafness varying from a slight defect in hearing to total deafness, with all degrees of deafness in between. Deafness, in the majority of cases, will not yield to the present knowledge of medical skill. This, however, does not indicate that the unfortunate being is to go through the world with a mournful eye, for lip-reading has remedied this. Lip-reading or speech-reading is the art of reading a speaker's lips. The eye does the work of the ear.

Technically speaking, learning to read the lips is like learning any other foreign language. The eye must be trained to recognize the different movements of the organs of speech and to interpret them quickly. In fact, the eye must be trained to a greater degree of proficiency than a hearing person trains the ear in learning a foreign language. The only qualifications necessary for one who desires to master speech-reading is the "I will" spirit and the ability to concentrate. It's the key which unlocks the door to success.

Those who make daily use of this subtle art, depending entirely upon it for all their communication with the world, pronounce it a God-send. For the totally deaf lip-reading is the only resource.

The eternal pity of it is that lip-reading is not given the publicity it deserves. There are still a great many dwellers in the valley of silence who know nothing whatever about this wonderful science of communication, which has brought sunshine into lives that have hitherto been dark and gloomy. Although in recent years there has been a marked increase in literature on the subject of lip-reading and much is being done to encourage the deaf to give lip-reading a trial. There are schools and schools which offer normal training courses for those who aspire to become teachers of lip-reading and its graduates are now scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, consequently there is no need for one to go untutored for want of an instructor

Many people assume that, having still some hearing left, they need not trouble themselves to master lip-reading, that it is for the totally deaf alone, consequently they will only take up lip-reading when they find themselves hovering on the brink of a soundless world. This is all wrong. Had they taken to lip-reading when they had still some hearing left their progress in the study would be much faster. Eyes and ears co-operate in that case, even the smallest amount of hearing proving of help. A great many people in their eagerness to appear normal, refuse to admit that there is a defect in their hearing. They would rather go through the world misunderstanding, even if it kills them, rather than admit that their hearing is impaired, with the result that should total deafness pounce suddenly down upon them, it finds them totally unprepared for it, and in all likelihood renders them inconsolable by grief. I venture to predict that had they endeavored to master speech-reading before they were condemned to eternal silence they would have been the better prepared to conquer deafness instead of letting deafness conquer them. Lip-reading is the sovereign remedy. It will enable the deaf to triumph over their physical handicap. It will put them almost on the same level with the hearing people. It's adieu to paper and pencil communication, which, as well as a mechanical device, always renders the deaf conspicuous. The deaf, like all afflicted people, are highly sensitive, and they do not want their affliction brought to the notice of others. By being a good lip-reader the most penetrating eye cannot detect the camouflage. Of course, lip-reading will not entirely take the place of one's ears. It can never do all that good hearing can. But it has the power to rob deafness of its sting.

There are clubs and leagues for the deaf in many cities in the United States whose sole purpose it is to provide recreation and promote the study of speech-reading among the deaf. The Chicago League for the Hard of Hearing, which was organized in January, 1916, hopes to establish a club house for the deaf in the near future. At present it has a League room where four free classes in lip-reading are held weekly. Here, also, the deaf find recreation and enjoy an informal tea and social hour every Saturday afternoon. Frequent entertainments are held throughout the year.

The Chicago public schools have already in their night schools, lip-reading classes. The Chicago League for the Hard of Hearing, through co-operation with the Chicago Board of Education and school officials, is endeavoring to establish more classes in lip-reading in additional schools in the city. In short, the League is doing its utmost to bring lip-reading to the notice of every hard-of-hearing person in Chicago, of which, according to the estimate of otologists there are over 15,000. To this number has been added Chicago's discharged deafened soldiers and sailors. Not only does the League promote the study of speech-reading but it has the welfare of its brave defenders of liberty at heart. It is the agency designated by the Federal Board for vocational education for the re-education through lip-reading of Chicago's deafened ex-service men and to assist them in every way possible. The League procures employment and gives vocational guidance without charge to all deafened women and men as well as to ex-service men.

The Speech-reading Club of Philadelphia has a club house which contains 20 rooms. The house is equipped with class rooms, meeting rooms, tea rooms, library, gymnasium and hall, where the club members may gather and meet those who have met the same handicap and conquered it. The New York League for the Hard of Hearing and the Speech-readers' Guild of Boston are simlar organizations. There could and should be organizations of the kind to alleviate the social isolation of the deaf, in every large city, or where there are a sufficient number of deaf people to form a club.

Lip-reading is within the reach of all, for if one cannot secure a teacher, there are books of instruction on the subject, whereby one can learn the art. It cannot, however, be learned in a day. It requires time and patience—the patience of Job. The first thing for the would-be lip-reader to do is to banish the "I can't" attitude and arm himself with the determination to succeed. Having launched forth upon its study, never sever from its path and in due course of time your efforts will be crowned with laurels of glorious victory.

Francis Dickie of Herlot Bay, B. C., who for many years has contributed articles on nature studies to the Western Home Monthly. Our readers will be pleased to make his acquaintance in this way. The photo includes Mr. Dickie's pet family.

Subscribe for The Western Home Monthly.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

(Continued from page 15)

SASKATCHEWAN HAIL INSURANCE

The Saskatchewan Municipal Hail Insurance association reports that 8,000 claims have been filed by farmers insured with it this year, and losses payable will probably total $1,800,000. This has been a bad year for hail insurance concerns and losses have more than equalled the premiums received in many instances. An outstanding feature of the losses sustained this year is the fact that many farmers who had carried hail insurance prior to 1921 and who failed to secure it for the present year were badly hit by the storms. Areas that have previously been comparatively free from hail suffered severely this year.

ROMANCE OF FUR SALES

By Mark Meredith

The London winter fur sales have been full of promise for the future. Although the general depression in business has naturally had its effect on the fur trade, it is believed that the coming spring sales—the skins for which will be reaching London in the middle of April—will show that London is well on its way back to the old leading position that it held before the war.

Certain sources of supply still remain cut off from us. The war had little effect on the production of furs in Russia but it was impossible to get them away. In Eastern Siberia alone it is estimated that there are over a million squirrel skins, 1,200 sables, 40,600 fox, 10,600 racoon and a large quantity of wolf, fitch, lynx and otter skins. Once the civil turmoil is quieted, it is hoped that it will be possible to export the skins once more. The German fur market at Leipzig is still only the shadow of its old self. Even cats have little sale although they were offered at 30 marks. Cats have always been popular in the fur trade. In 1914 over 30,000 cat skins were offered for sale on one day at the spring auctions. In 1919 the sale of cat skins had fallen as low as 2,000. Last year, however, more than 10 times this number were disposed of at the London sales.

The great bulk of all the furs that come to London are sold by public auction in a comparatively humble room in Collegehill in the city. There are opossum and musquash skins from the United States, fox from South America, badger and sable from Russia, mink, marten, and fox from Japan, red fox and opossum from Australia and New Zealand, and all varieties from China, Canada, Sweden and Rhodesia. All these skins are numbered to about several million, and are stored in great warehouses, and for a fortnight they are viewed by the men who are of almost as many different countries as the skins have come from. Then follow the series of auction sales. The bidders have already formed their opinions of the skins, and there is not a piece of fur to be seen at the auction room—except of the overcoats of some of the more opulent dealers. There is very little fuss. The skins are put into lots, and the bidding is fast. Hundreds of thousands of skins are disposed of in a day, and during the week's sale in some years before the war as many as 12 million skins have been disposed of.

The actual record of one man's fur-lined coat affords a striking concrete example of the great rise in prices. The coat lined with mink, cost 500 dollars in 1913. After wearing the coat for two years the owner sold the lining for twice that sum and replaced it with a nutria at the cost of 150 dollars. Two years later he had the nutria lining removed and sold for 250 dollars. A musk-rat lining was then put into the coat at a very small cost. This in turn was taken out and in 1919 sold for 300 dollars. This alert individual thus enjoyed a fur coat for six years, netted over 1,000 dollars in cash, and still retains the shell of the original garment.

A Fine Point in Equity

An old-time story of the fine points of law and equity which arose in carrying out an amicable contract is told in the Philadelphia "Record." There were four brothers who had inherited a storage warehouse from their father. He had divided the propetry equally among them.

Among the appurtenances was a cat—a fine animal, excellent for mousing. This, too, was divided, the eldest brother owning the right front quarter, the second brother the left front quarter, and the younger brothers the two hind quarters.

Now, unfortunately, the cat in one of its nocturnal prowls injured the right front paw, and the eldest brother attended to that portion of his property by binding the injured member with a greased rag.

The cat, thankful for this relief to his sufferings, went to sleep contentedly before the fire; but in the midst of its slumbers a falling coal ignited the rag, and the animal, howling with agony, dashed through the warehouse, and, coming in contact with some combustibles, set the building on fire.

When the loss came to be figured out, the three younger brothers wished to throw it all upon the eldest, on the ground that had he not tied up his part of the cat with the inflammable rag, the building would not have been destroyed.

He, on the contrary, contended that had the cat only been possessed of the front right paw—his property—it would have stood still and burned to death. It was the three other paws that caused the damage.

The brothers argued the case until they died, but they never reached an agreement.

A WOMAN

Am I a woman! O, my heart
Aid me to act a woman's part:
To be all that a woman should,
In every place, and time, and mood;
To be all that a woman might,
In every shade, and every light;
To be all that a woman can,
Before the eye of God and man.

Am I a woman! O, my mind,
In Thee a helper may I find,
To rouse and raise myself, that I
May fill a woman's destiny.
A woman's high and mighty lot
That's mark'd for all, or mark'd for naught.

For all that's good and all that's high,
Or guilt, and shame, and misery.

Am I a woman! O, my soul
Give me to feel thy right control;
Thy deepest influence ever give,
That I may still uprightly live.
O, may Thy holiest, mightiest power
Direct my actions every hour,
Till I, Immortal One! shall be
Lost in Thy own identity.

Am I a woman! O, my God,
Show me, who first to her was showed,
A risen Saviour. So may I,
While here below, walk faithfully:
By Him revealed unto my heart,
Choose evermore the better part;
And by His blessings from on high,
A Christian woman live and die.

Music has been featured as a prominent means to raise funds for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. in their campaigns at Columbus, Ohio.

Birmingham, Alta., has a Community Music Committee directed by a woman, who has linked up all the musical organizations of that city.

A Varnish that will retain its Satiny Finish.

DOUGALL UNIVERNISH differs from most other varnishes in that it is proof against boiling water, grease or cleaning fluids. It superimposes upon woodwork a satiny surface, which can be washed with hot water and soap without the least injury to its original brilliancy.

Made as a clear varnish and in six beautiful transparent colors. Equally good for outdoor or indoor use—wherever a beautiful and long lasting varnish is required.

Dougall Univernish
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Supplied Clear and in six transparent wood colors

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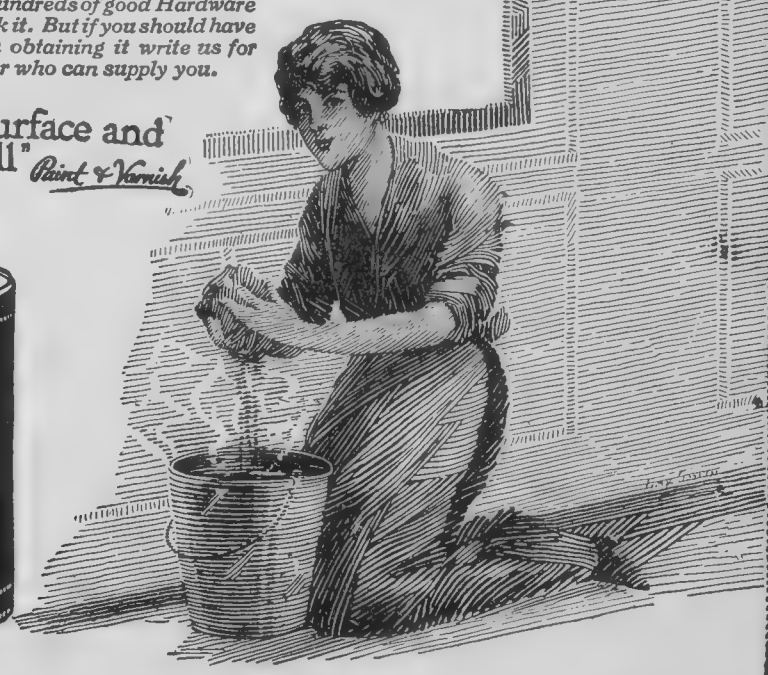

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Are you an aspiring writer?
Do you feel that you can write?
Have you an idea that would make an interesting story?
Are you willing to try if we make it worth your while?
HERE IS AN IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO TEST YOUR LITERARY ABILITY AND TO WIN A VALUABLE PRIZE.
Our course in Story Writing is absolutely the most original, practical and authoritative ever written. Its author is the greatest authority on Story Writing technique in America, having personally coached some of America's greatest writers.
Our course is endorsed by the foremost literary critics, authors, editors and educationists in Canada.

PRIZES

First - - To the contestant who submits the best story we will give our Complete Story Writing Course absolutely free.
Second - To the contestant who submits the next best story we will give our Complete Story Writing Course at half price.
Third - - To the contestant who submits the third best story we will give our Course at a reduction of one-third.
Fourth - To the contestant who submits the fourth best story we will give our Course at a reduction of 25 per cent.
Special - To the next 10 in order of merit we will allow a reduction of 15 per cent.

CONDITIONS

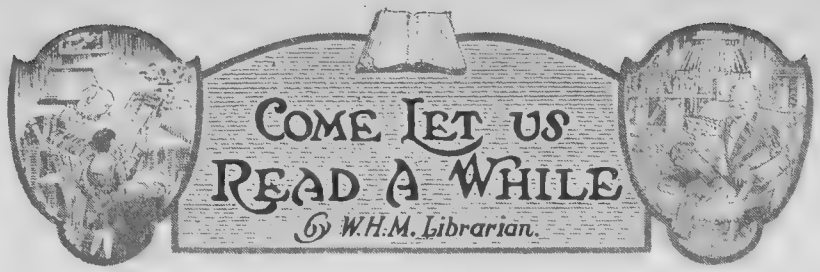
1. The contest is open to all.
2. All stories must be written either on typewriter, or legibly in ink.
3. Only one side of paper to be used.
4. Name and full address to be placed in upper left hand corner of first sheet.
5. The story may be any length up to but not over 5000 words.
6. All prize winning stories are to be the property of the school.
7. If stories are to be returned sufficient postage must be enclosed.

CLOSING DATE

All stories must be in our hands not later than October 31st the closing date of the contest. NOTE—Mail your story so it will have sufficient time to reach us by October 31st.
Address all stories to—

The Shaw Correspondence School

(Story Writing Contest Dept. W.H.)
64 Bloor St. West TORONTO



THE MAIL-BAG

Two letters for me since the August issue of the Western Home Monthly was scattered far and wide into the Canadian homes that give it such a warm welcome twelve times a year. How pleased I was to get them. For letters are the best proof I can have that this book-chat is of interest to readers of the Western Home Monthly. And "interest" is what we all try to earn, is it not, whether our investment be one of dollars and cents, or the less tangible one of time and thought:

Mrs M. Kennedy, North Edmonton.

If there is no local book store near you, write to any mail order house that handles general merchandise, and they will procure for you copies of "Missy" by Dana Gatlin and the Prairie Mother by Arthur Stringer. Even if your nearest book store has not these novels in stock, the manager will certainly get them for you. I am sure your older girl will enjoy them. These novels are, without postage, $1.50 each. If at any time, you want the titles of books suitable for younger children, let me know, and I will gladly make suggestions. With a family of five girls, you are certainly in need of well-stacked bookcases!

Mrs M. J. McDonald, Vancouver.

I feel just as you do about Margaret Widdemer's ending to her novel "I've Married Marjorie". I do not think that any spirited woman could be forced at the end of the rolling pin as it were, into loving a man who had kidnapped her. In fact I felt that the conclusion was weak because it was not true psychology. Of course we all remember how Petruchio tamed his shrew but the women of Shakespeare's time were not like our twentieth century girls with their belief in economic independence and personal liberty. Shall we say that Marjorie really loved her soldier husband but did not realize t until he overwhelmed her with chores and then, because she loved him, she did the work with a good will. Perhaps Miss Widdemer had this thought in mind and failed to develop it. Thank you for writing to me. I enjoyed your keen comments on "Sister Sue" and "I've Married Marjorie" very much.

What a pile of books I have read, since our last chat! Not all of them quite the latest publications either. For every once in a while some friend or another speaks of a book that did not reach me at publication via the review route. I make a note of its title, and when I see it on a library shelf, or in a book sale, I secure a copy. This was the case on the last Friday of July. Just before boarding the train that takes one to Kenora, I was in a bookshop rummaging through a great assortment of novels specially-priced for holiday folk. I carried away, May Sinclair's "The Tree of Heaven" and Benson's "The Pretty Lady". Twice I have read borrowed copies of "The Tree of Heaven". I've always wanted to read an "owned" copy. Books that are beautiful must be possessed to be enjoyed to the full. The nicotines in one's own garden always smell the sweetest, don't they? For me, it is the same with books. Not all books of course. But with those of strong appeal, those we can read again and again. They are as much part of one's home as the favorite chair, the most treasured picture, the highly prized piece of china from Great Grandma's closet. Imagine borrowing a copy of that immortal story "Little Women," as unsatisfactory as borrowing a neighbour's dog for an occasional hike. The perfect companion must "belong" and so, despite the quips of friends who knew me in my childhood, I keep an honored place in a sorely over-stacked bookshelf for only my own copy of "Little Women". Then, when there's a sudden pull towards this most magnetic story of home life, I can go quickly to my library, slip my copy of "Little Women" lovingly from the shelf, and loose myself for an hour or two in the bosom of the Marsh family.

Room must be made for "The Tree of Heaven". Books, like folk in a street car must courteously move up a bit to give place to yet another. "The Tree of Heaven shall stand next to "Little Women" although I have to squeeze the breath out of "Guy Mannering"! For May Sinclair has sung the eternal song of motherhood in this wonderful book of hers. The joy a mother has in the exquisite little bodies of her children, the pride she feels in their developing minds, the agony she suffers when they suffer. The fears that assail her when she sees them navigating the ship of life on perilous seas. Utter selflessness and yet selfishness—both have their place in motherhood. May Sinclair has caught the spirit of it all, and "The Tree of Heaven" throbs with every emotion experienced by a mother during the bringing up of her children.

THE UNDERWORLD

Is another remarkable novel that I have read since our last chat. This too, I bought, because, for some reason or other, a review copy did not reach me. It is not a very new publication, thousands of copies having been sold and another edition brought out. This book tells the story of a man who began work at the mouth of the pits in Scotland at the age of ten. Needless to say, the author and the chief contractor in the book are one and the same person. Descriptions of the horrors of mine life are too realistic to be doubted. I made a point of asking a friend once a miner in England, to read this story and tell me if it rang true. A week or two later he said "The Underworld is a great book. I imagined myself back in my twelfth year, picking over the coal."

I do not recommend this book to those who seek amusement, relaxation, pure enjoyment. No one could read this story and not feel churned up. But I do recommend it to those who like to face life squarely, who like to read sometimes of things as they are, even though a burning rage enters into one's heart because of man's inhumanity to man. There is of course this consolation in reading books that hurt so tremendously: we realize that the old world does jog along a road of continuous improvement. Despite what pessimists say, we are growing better not worse. There was a time when mere babies were awake before sunrise to prepare for a day of toil in factories. This is no longer possible. Novels that reflect with truth and accuracy, industrial and social conditions of a certain period, are in their way historic landmarks; signposts that point to the march of civilization along the upward road of human progress. Viewed in this light, I consider such novels as "The Underworld" valuable contributions to the world of books.

A BRAVE BOOK.

There came to the "Western Home Monthly", a week ago, a book entitled "The Stairway" by Alice A. Chown. It was sent by the publishers, The Cornhill Company of Boston, for review purposes. I am glad they sent this volume for it is one of the "bravest" books I have read for a long time. I can think of no other adjective that so describes this book as "brave". For "The Stairway" is not fiction but truth; not play-setting but life; and the author Alice Chown has not tried to beguile us with allegories, nor blind us with metaphors. Simply and truthfully, undeviatingly and starkly, she has told us the story of her life.

Had this book been called "The Story of a Woman's soul", and been published anonymously, we would still have been enthralled, captivated, by the surge of emotions that sweep through it; by the vast fields of thought it opens up; by the fearless manner in which vital problems are discussed. But Miss Chown chose to call her work "The Stairway" and she bravely disclosed the author's identity to all who might be interested by signing it

(Continued on page 51)

Classified Department

HELP WANTED.

A BIG PRIVATE CHRISTMAS greeting card sample book free to workers; celebrated, inexpensive, Royal Series; secure orders now, deliver later; men and women already making five dollars up daily even in spare time; capital or experience unnecessary. Garretson Company, Brantford, Ontario. 10-21

GIRLS—WOMEN—Become dress designers. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 529, Rochester, N. Y. 10-21

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEACH'S CURTAINS — New reduced prices. Illustrated colored catalogue free. Curtains, colored casements, cretonnes, household linens, underwear, etc. 64 years' dependable values. Buy direct. The weave that wears. S. Peach & Sons, 658 The Looms, Nottingham, England. 12-21

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it. Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

CLUNY CENTRE-PIECES—Cluny and Filet laces, Cluny or Filet medallions, bead necklaces, beads, Coral necklaces, cameos, terra-cotta articles, tortoise shell, marbles, Italian postcards, perfumes. Write for prices, etc. Italian & European Importing Co., 78 Crescent St., Montreal, P.Q. 10-21

471 UNFORTUNATE AND BETRAYED GIRLS passed through Salvation Army Rescue Homes in Western Canada during 1920. Did you follow our advice and PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN. Children's Protective Society, The Salvation Army, Assiniboia, Sask. 12-21

HEMSTITCHING and Picoting attachment, fits any sewing machine, price $2.50. Personal check 10c. extra. Bridgman Sales Agency, Box 42, St. Catharines, Ont. 10-21

240 SILK PIECES $1.00. On receipt of 10c we send 12 silk pieces. Also 300 Big Bargain Catalogue. Address Allen Novelties, St. Zacharie, Que 12-21

HAVE YOU GOT WATER?—Wells located with electrical instrument. Terms moderate. A. Stobart, P.O. Box 795, Winnipeg. t.f.

FOR SALE—Choice silver black breeding foxes. Instructions furnished. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario. 1-22

J. D. A. EVANS—Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. t.f.

CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES—Instructions furnished. Colin Reid, Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. 8-22

WANTED—Canadian men-women over 17, Canadian Government positions. Big Pay. Steady work. Quick raise. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 120, Rochester, N.Y. 10 21

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS—Mysterious little objects which when placed in water develop into birds, fish and beautifully colored flowers. 10c package; 3 for 25c. S. M. Nickerson, Dawson St. A, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. 10-21

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

FRUIT AND GRAIN FARMS, large or small, convenient to manufacturing cities and towns in Western Ontario. You will sell anything and grow anything. Cash or terms. Let us hear what you want. A.D. McRae, 225 Prospect St., Hamilton, Ont. 10-21

GRAND FORKS VALLEY, B.C.— Do you want nice fruit, chicken or dairy farm? For reliable information and free booklet, write, Meggitt Farm Agency, Grand Forks, B. C. 12-21

WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 10-21

WANTED—to hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 12-21

WANTED—Wild or improved land, Western Provinces. Box 20, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man. tf

HONEY FOR SALE

HONEY—Clover $12.00, Fruitbloom and clover $10.00, Buckwheat $8.00 for 60 lbs. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. 10-21

HONEY, clover, 60 lbs, $12.00. E. H. Hodgins, Kincardine, Ont. 10-21

FOR SALE—Pure bred Saanens. Mature bucks, and buck kids, $25.00 up. A deposit will hold the kids till weaning time. Leslie J. Marshall, Saan Ranch, Edson, Alta. 1-22

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We will compose music, secure copyright and print. Submit poems on any subject. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 192, Chicago, Illinois. 12-21

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, Hinges album, 15 cents; large packet album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals; we buy stamps; large lots; for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. t.f.

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WANTED

HORSE-RADISH roots, large or small quantities; state price we pay the best. M. B. Kings, 47 Ossington Ave., Toronto, Ont. 10-21

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

COLTS

The demand for the horse as a means of transport and motive power seems to indicate that his services on and off the farm will be as necessary in the future as they are today and who would predict that they will not be more in demand? At the present time, the future of the horse market appears to encourage the idea that all those possessing good mares would do well to raise colts to supply the demand for future farm power, for the adoption of the tractor by hosts of farmers does not mean that the horse is obsolete, as there are a good many tasks on the average farm where the horse is to be preferred.

Where the raising of colts is undertaken, let the slogan be "Good colts or none", for the future generations of the horse must be attractive in form, and possess that snap and endurance to enable them to maintain their place in this tractor age. No mare can be expected to work hard at a year's drudgery and raise a colt that will measure up to the requirements of a first rate horse. The brood mare must have the consideration which is her due, and must be spared the jolts and jars that come within the scope of farm work. There are numbers of disappointed owners throughout the country who could have avoided disappointment had they given their mares enough justice during the critical period and in return would have acquired additional horse power for their future work. On the other hand, there are owners who overdo the "easing up" process as they keep the mare idle during the winter for the sake of the expected foal; she is kept in the stable so as not to get cold and is not given exercise lest she slip and fall. In addition to these evils she is over fed, with the result that she gets fat and flabby and consequently not in a condition to become the mother of a vigorous colt. On top of these evils, to make matters worse, she may have to line up with the other horses for spring work, perhaps with the tongue of a drill swaying at her side.

About the best alternative is steady work, not too hard and free from jerks and strains. She should be driven by a trustworthy man who may be relied upon to refrain from driving in deep snow and other bad footing and who will absolutely avoid the use of the whip. This work should not be spasmodic but regular. On decent days the brood mares should be turned out in a well protected yard for a few hours each day when there is no work for them so that the muscles are kept in a proper state of development and they should be allowed the freedom of a box stall in order to obtain complete rest.

Be ready for the coming of the foal. Plenty of dry clean bedding should be furnished, the shorter the better, for the foal soon gets to scrambling in his efforts to get upon his long legs. If he cannot make a very good attempt to get on his legs, assistance should be given to enable him to get to his mother taking care not to over excite the mare.

Colts should be halter broken while still with the dam, as they are tractable then. This tieing up does not mean that they should be debarred from exercise as they should be allowed to take as much exercise as possible during the day.

Watch the hoofs, as great harm is often done when the hoofs are allowed to grow to ungainly lengths. Get the colt used to being handled but exercise patience and consideration so that his human companions do not cause fear and excitement but rather encourage the confidence and docility that develops faithfulness and obedience in the horse.

THE HEALTH OF THE HEN

Disease among poultry is brought about by various conditions such as improper location, contagion from unhealthy birds introduced into the flock, wrong methods of feeding etc.

To offset attacks of disease or better still to keep the birds healthy and in a fit condition to resist any attacks, sunshine and fresh air together with cleanliness are of the utmost importance. By keeping the houses clean, one may save a good deal of future trouble. Draughts and dampness are evils that should be guarded against. To give an instance of how improper feeding will start trouble in the flock is when wet mash is thrown on the floor of the house for the hens to pick up. A good deal of dirt will adhere to it and a fair percentage will be trampled into waste material. Of course, if a close watch is kept, the first symptoms of disease may be detected and a remedy applied after the affected bird has been isolated, but at times the trouble is not noticed until several birds are affected, in which case many more birds may have it in its early stages.

The importance of exercise must be emphasized as it is an absolute essential to the well being of the birds in the flock. By throwing hard grains among the litter, exercise is induced and overfeeding is checked. Where the birds are weakly specimens or from poorly selected stock, though apparently in good condition they are far more likely to become victims of disease than birds of a vigorous strain. The former may carry latent germs of disease and all it will need to start trouble are such conditions as poor feeding, dirty housing or overcrowding.

The value of sunlight cannot be over estimated and all hen houses should be made to get the maximum amount at all times. Good cotton front poultry houses provide an excellent means of securing both sunlight and fresh air.

Slaked lime reduced to a powder is a handy disinfectant and may be used for throwing in those parts of the houses that are subject to the accumulation of the most dirt such as the dropping boards and below the roosts.

In a flock of birds there is always the likelihood of attacks of vermin and when the birds are subject to this torment they waste in flesh and as a consequence are placed in a less advantageous position to withstand any attack of disease. To combat any attacks of lice the birds should be dusted. To dust a hen, take it by the legs letting the head hang downward and by means of a shaker filled with insect powder, give a good dusting seeing that the powder gets well under the feathers and under the wings.

To give the birds a good chance of enjoying sanitary conditions, all poultry houses should be whitewashed inside at least once a year. An addition of five per cent. of carbolic acid to the whitewash will materially aid in the disinfecting qualites.

Hens are keen on giving themselves a dust bath and this may be provided by giving them a pile of ashes from the house which they can work their bodies into. Their drinking water should not be allowed to get dirty as it will soon become foul and unfit to drink. A hopper of charcoal is a very good conditioner and it pays to have one in each house accessible at all times. Hens suffer greatly if they are unable to avoid the sun during the hottest months of the year, therefore provision should be made to allow them to avail themselves of shelter of some kind. The planting of sunflowers is recommended by some poultrymen while on some poultry plants the houses are provided with runs both on the south and north sides. By passing into the north run the birds may avail themselves of the shade thrown by the house.

THE PRODUCTION OF BEESWAX

In the process of operating an apiary, profit is made by the sale of honey and spare swarms of bees, but another line of profit is that of wax. It does not take much consideration to recognize the fact that beeswax is a valuable commercial commodity that one is constantly coming in contact with, as instanced by the articles that have beeswax in their composition or have had their value enhanced indirectly by beeswax. Our boots are polished and our furniture is made to look smarter by the application of substances containing a considerable quantity of beeswax, in fact, one could go on enumerating its various uses.

(Continued on Page 50)

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It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is perfectly harmless. Kills all Germs and prevents Blood Poison. Nothing so good known as an application for Sores, Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Carbuncles and Swellings.

"I had a bad hand with four running sores on it. The more I doctored the worse it got. I used Caustic Balsam and never needed a doctor after that." —Ed. Rosenburg, St. Ansgat, Ia.

Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of Caustic Balsam relieved me of goitre. My husband also cured eczema with it, and we use it for corns, bunions, colds, sore throat and pain in the chest."

A Safe, Reliable Remedy for Sore Throat, Chest Cold, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Rheumatism and Stiff Joints. Whenever and wherever a Liniment is needed Caustic Balsam has no Equal.

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THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF HUMAN CONDUCT.

Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., (Johns Hopkins University.)

The facts of free will or "determinism" might seem to be far afield from health and happiness. Nevertheless, they are intimately bound up with them.

Does a man take to drink by virtue of some preceding, antecedent, previous action or inheritance which determines his wine-bibbing, or was it the choice of his very own free will? If he reforms, is it physiologically predetermined that is to recover, or is this course of action a firm decision, chosen intellectually from an alternative or other course?

No less an investigator and research worker than Professor H. S. Jennings, head of the department of biology of Johns Hopkins University by experiment and observation, without regard to previous convictions, has devoted much scientific work to the explanation of human behaviour and determined action.

He explains that whenever there is a difference between two things or two events, and these are definitely preceded by other difference related to the following ones that if the preceding differences were absent, the later ones do not follow, and this is true either way, it means that the subsequent one is determined by that which went before.

To put it in plain thoughts, if diphtheria bacilli are removed from a pet cat's whiskers and rubbed upon the lips of a baby, and the baby developed diphtheria, and blood serum from a horse that was made immune experimentally, is inoculated into the baby and its little life is saved; if this sequence of events follows and in the absence of one of these, many other babies die, it would seem certain that the baby's life in the circumstances, is determined by the sequence of differences or "diversities" between the events.

Two events always accompanied and preceded by other differences that are easily made certain to the senses, and so related to the later ones that if the earlier one is removed the later one disappears, is determinism in an experimental sense.

This is not materialism or mechanism. Professor Jennings states explicitly: "Experimental determinism does not coincide with mechanism in the narrower sense, which is only one form of experimental determinism; a form that appears not admissible for all living phenomena. This does not demand that the result of a given kind of action should be computable or predictable before the result has occurred.

The science of biology, Professor Jennings proves, admits the possibility of the continual appearance of things that have never occurred before, and could not have been predicted from a knowledge of what had occurred before.

He goes on to show, however, that the mind—conscious states— do have a choice. Experimental determinism does not imply that conscious states have no experimental effect on action; does not imply that the mental life is isolated; does not imply that everything would have happened in just the same way without consciousness."

Human actions are shown by this unbiased scientist to be determined by just what critical observation and experimentation find them to be.

In other words your foot may be determined to move backward, but your character, education, reasoning, feelings, principles, appetites, differences in the eyes, ears, muscles, emotions, intellect and other structures as well as differences in the outward situations, make you plan to behave or to act in a direction chosen deliberately and with due regard to your feelings and knowledge

A reasonable theory of health and happiness and human conduct, according to Dr. Jennings, depends upon praise and blame, reward and punishment, which control conduct—not because conduct is independent of them!

Publicity, scandal, trials, jail, hangings, control men's actions as water puts out fires. Lack of principle on the part of von Bernstorff, Wilhelm, Erzberger, and most Germans of the past and present Teutonic governments, brought Germany's troubles.

To choose freely then is to take thought with conscience, reasoning, reward, and punishment. Actions are thus determined. This kind of determination, however, means that a man is not controlled exclusively by forces external to himself, nor by chance. What happens in the world and what he does, depends upon him, himself, his desires, his appetites, his character. That means facts for free will, not determinism.

(Continued from Page 49)

ABOUT THE FARM

Of course, it is not good policy to force the production of wax at the cost of honey production for the ratio between the two commodities is very great; while the bees are making a pound of wax they could make possibly a dozen pounds of honey. It is a wise policy to see that there is no waste of wax taking place in the management of the apiary.

In apiaries worked for extracted honey, the wax will come to a great extent from cappings. In the average apiary, old combs that have been thrown aside for some reason or other such as breakage etc. will gradually accumulate into a pile, and instead of this being a pile of rubbish, a melting down will give it a considerable value. A special box should be kept in the honey house to receive these scraps of waste. The best way to deal with cappings and pieces of clean new comb is to place them in a solar wax extractor. This contrivance consists of a case with a sloping glass front that being placed facing south is influenced by the maximum amount of sunshine, and the pieces of comb and cappings being placed on an elevated strainer pass as they are melted as clean or comparatively clean wax into a receiving tank at the bottom of the case leaving the refuse high and dry. Combs that contain much pollen or have been used for rearing brood so often that they have become badly colored cannot be rendered profitably in the solar wax extractor and must be melted over a fire in boiling water or by steam.

A good method of obtaining the maximum quantity of wax is to purchase a wax press in which to put the molten mass and subject it to pressure. In an apiary of about thirty colonies this contrivance will soon pay for itself. The marketing of wax may be done in various ways but one good method is to make arrangements with your bee supply dealer to take the wax on "trade".

CLEAR THE LAND

The present would appear to be an opportune time for land clearing in the West, and thus add considerably to next year's possibilities, and the general prosperity of the country. Labor at present is plentiful, and reasonable as to cost, as compared with recent years.

There are many devices that make stump-pulling and land clearing generally, a much easier task than usual. The A.J. Kirstin Canadian Company of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., have probably the most approved methods for making land ready for the plow, of any manufacturer known to us, and any reader of the Western Home Monthly who is interested in this matter and wishes to communicate with them, will learn much that will prove to his advantage.

SOME SPEED!

Two stenographers, says the Argonaut, were boasting to each other of the speed of their shorthand writing.

"Whenever I am reporting at a meeting on a warm evening, all the people try to get near to my table," said one.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," said the first, "my hand goes so fast that it creates a current of air like a fan."

"That's nothing," said the second man. "I always have to report on wet paper, or else the current of air caused by the movement of my hand would blow it away. Besides, the paper has to be wetted every few minutes because the friction caused by the rapid movements of my arms would set fire to it in no time."

COME LET US READ A WHILE

(Continued from page 48)

with her own name. There are many who know the Chown family. One brother of Alice lives in Winnipeg. Others equally well-known in Eastern Canada and the States. Yet Alice Chown, believing sincerely that an expression of her view and an account of her life struggles, will be of value to others, has written this book fearlessly, has claimed it as her own, and has concluded it with the triumphant phrase "I have won my freedom."

It is no light matter for a woman of forty years of age to suddenly and completely alter her mode of living; to shift her view point, discard inherited prejudices, eradicate the teachings of a life time. Yet it is clear from this book, this is what Miss Chown has done within the space of a few years, against great odds, alone and often in ill health.

It is quite easy to see why the author chose the title of "The Stairway." A stairway must lead somewhere, upwards or downwards. In Miss Chown's case it led from the cellar of spiritual slavery and physical confinement to light and liberty.

I am not prepared to say that I agree with every idea Miss Chown has expressed. There is much with which I disagree. This makes no difference at all in one's estimate of her book. For sincerity, for courage, and often for sheer beauty of thought, Miss Chown has done a notable piece of work. Should our paths ever cross, I would like to shake her hand and wish her God-speed as she goes higher and higher up that Stairway she has propped against the stars in her search for truth and ideal love.

ALICE ADAMS.

Who doesn't know Penrod, the pesky aggravating, impish, yet withal, lovable boy? As long as Boy inhabits this earth, Booth Tarkington will be read and loved for his inimitable portraits of this amazing species of mankind! Yet Booth Tarkington has made equally keen studies of other subjects—of family life as it is lived by the ordinary everday folk, under ordinary, everyday circumstances. A number of critics have applauded his latest novel "Alice Adams" as a great and true study of American life in a small town struggling to become a big city. I hope this is not entirely correct. For although I think "Alice Adams" a clever book, I felt desperately unhappy after it. It is so cruel, such a poignant picture of unhappiness. I would not like to think there were families in Canada who treated "Father" so unkindly; families in which the only son was such a miserable creature as Walter; the only daughter such a silly vain creature as "Alice Adams". It is true that in the end we see Alice mounting the stairs heading to a Business College. But we know she has rebellion in her heart against the hard fate that is compelling her to learn to do something. Pity in her eyes for the lovely Alice Adams who ought to be dressed in silks and satins and sitting in a magnificent automobile, the petted wife of a wealthy man.

"There was an open window overhead somewhere, she found, and the steps at the top were gay with sunshine." With these concluding words the author would have us know that Alice Adams did find solace in her work and was finally grave and happy about it.

But what a misery-strewn path for Alice! A father ruined in health, a brother ruined in morals, and she herself utterly useless, deciding to begin to fit herself for life at an age when she should have been a very competent business woman. What had caused this downfall of the Adams family? Nothing but wrong points of view, wrong valuations, wrong standards of happiness. The mother brought her daughter up to believe that one thing only spelt happiness — the attention of well-to-do young men. Also, she gave Alice to understand that nothing was too good for her. At a time when Alice should have been earning her own living and lessening the burden of a splendid, brave honorable father, she helped her mother to persecute this father to such an extent that in his endeavour to make more money, he collapsed. Walter, fed by the same poison that Alice had imbibed from childhood, becomes a wastrel and a forger. A dreary story indeed, but a great lesson. If we could all make a true valuation of life and happiness, what a lot of misery we would save ourselves! Alice Adams was wretchedly unhappy simply because she thought she lacked all that made life worth while. Had she turned from her mirror to some honest work, had she given her admiration to her splendid father instead of to boys as empty headed as herself, she would have doubtless captured the Romance that seemed to be forever eluding her.

Booth Tarkington has not amused us this time. But he has given us something to think about. A novel to ponder over and to be warned by, is this "Alice Adams."

FIRESIDE STORIES FOR GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS.

A wise woman, Margaret W. Eggleston, long ago recognized the influence of a purposeful story upon the girl about to go through the portals of youth into the temple of womanhood. For many years, Margaret Eggleston's work in life has been telling stories to girls around the camp fires or teaching others to tell stories in the school of Social Service and religious education in Boston. Her stories are not for amusement, they have all been told over and over for the purpose of helping the teen age girl find something she is seeking and yet knows not how to ask for it.

"The teen age girl has many problems" says Margaret Eggleston. "If she follows the crowd and goes in the way of least resistance, there is a big chance she will fall by the way. If she does not follow the crowd it is because somewhere, sometime, she has found a compelling ideal, and is following it. Sometimes the ideal comes to her in the form of a friend, sometimes she is fortunate enough to have found that ideal in her mother. But often and often, it comes to her through a little story that lives with her, and works for her, and helps her to hold to the best, in spite of the manifold temptations to do otherwise."

Many such "little stories" are in this volume just published, and called "Fireside Stories for Girls in Their Teens." It is a book I can heartily recommend to mothers, to teachers, to girls themselves and to all who come in contact with girls they would like to help along the rough and thorny path of life.

A BOOK BOYS WILL LOVE.

Jack London has written some of the best short stories ever penned for boys. This must also be the opinion of the Chief Librarian to the Boy Scouts, for he gathered together a number of Jack London stories and arranged for their publication at an early date under the title "Brown Wolf and other Jack London Stories." Parents therefore may rest assured that this book may be put into the hands of any boy old enough to go adventuring in spirit with Indian braves, white heroes, and courageous members of the dumb animal world. These stories are not merely excellent yarns. Each has a moral fillip in its tail; a whip for the conscience, a spur to the imagination which will carry a lad into the spheres of high endeavour. These are the characteristics that make these Jack London stories so valuable as food for the growing boy.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

The mistress of the house, says the Argonaut, engaged a new servant and gave her instructions how to behave when answering her bell. One evening she rang for a glass of milk, and was surprised to see Martha appear with the glass grasped in her hand. "O Martha," she said, "always bring the milk to me on a tray!"

Martha apologized, and promised to remember in the future.

A week later the mistress rang and made the same request. This time Martha appeared with the tray and the milk emptied into it. Anxious to please, she curtsied and inquired, "Shall I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will you lap it up?"

READY SYMPATHY.

"Now I want you to save me an extra supply of flowers next week," said Mrs. De Smyth-Jones to the florist, according to the Saturday Journal. "My daughter Alice is coming out, you know."

"Yes, mum," the proprietor of the stall replied, "I'll save 'er the very best, pore thing! Whatever was she put in for?"

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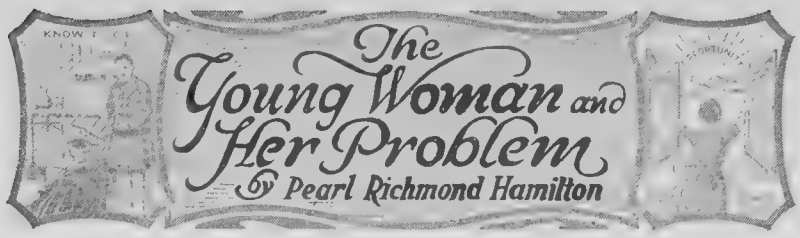

PIONEER MEN AND WOMEN IN CANADA

OUR PRIZE CONTEST.

We are greatly indebted to our readers for their splendid interest in our contest.

The Ten Dollar Prize for the best story of a Pioneer Woman in Canada is awarded to the writer of Grand-mother's Valley—Mrs. D.A. Haliburton, Box 639 Red Deer, Alta. The prize in the last contest was won by a woman in New Brunswick, so our contest interests our readers from East to West and we are delighted. We know our readers are greatly interested in these stories.

The prize for the best story of a Pioneer Man in Canada is awarded to the writer of a Pioneer Grandfather of Ontario. Will the writer kindly send name and address so we may forward the prize?

This is a page of real Canadian history. We are opening a new contest this month and trust the response will be as generous as in the two preceding contests.

PRIZE STORY
A Pioneer Grandfather of Ontario

[A Page of Canadian History].

My mother's father was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, and though he came to Canada with his parents when but a boy, he retained many cherished memories of the Old Land. He often spoke of the white cottages nestling cozily among the trees, and surrounded by flower gardens; he was especially fond of the roses, and one of his hobbies in his later years was growing roses, or as he said "trying" to grow them, and nothing pleased him more than to hear of a new variety. He also remembered a little about the militant side of Ireland. One story he told was of his being in a field by the roadside helping his father with some work, when a number of men came along wearing the typical Irish "swallow tail" coats, and high-crowned hats, and each carrying a "shillalah." They were on their way to a fair, Dungannon Fair I think it was, and looked as though they were ready for trouble so my great-grandfather advised them to go back to their homes in the hills, because if they went on to the fair they would most likely get into a fight, but they elected to go on and grandfather saw them going home again in the evening, with clothes torn, hats dinged, and presenting a general appearance of being considerably the worse for wear.

Grandfather's parents settled in the Niagara district where they farmed a little and also cultivated fruit. As there was quite a large family of boys, grandfather went into the employ of Bishop Fuller of Niagara for a number of years and both the Bishop and Mrs. Fuller being very kind, grandfather enjoyed many advantages which proved a help to him all through life. While there, he learned methodical habits which he always practiced. I can well remember the old red desk in which "Grandpa Johnston," as the grand-children always liked to call him, kept his papers and accounts, and the carefully sharpened pencil, and blue-lined book in which he made entries of expenditures and income. The time-worn desk was held in awe by the grandchildren for had not grandma told them that "if they were to meddle even a tiny bit with the contents, grandpa would be sure to know, and be very, very cross," So rather than risk his displeasure we all kept at a safe distance from the red desk.

Bathing in the Niagara river was a favourite pastime among the boys in grandfather's time, and he learned to swim by being almost carried away by the current while enjoying that sport. There were still visible at that time, bones and other remains of American soldiers among the trees and rocks of the Niagara Gorge, where they had jumped over the cliffs at Queenston Heights, to escape from the British. Grandfather also remembered seeing the red-coats at work with barrows and shovels strengthening the earthworks of Fort Mississagua, probably in the troublesome times after McKenzie's Rebellion. At the time of the rebellion Grandmother's people were already living in the bush, and a report came that the rebels were coming to burn down Mono Mills, which was situated on the head waters of the Humber, and where the people from many miles distant came on foot, or with ox-teams, bringing what wheat they could carry to be ground, and then returning with the precious white flour to their families, many of whom lived on potatoes and were thankful if they had salt to eat with them, while waiting for the flour to be brought home. It would have been a tragedy if the mill had been burned, as it meant so much to such a large section of the country. So my great-grandfather along with many others, without any hesitation, shouldered his old flintlock rifle, bade good-bye to wife and little ones, and marched away to help defend Mono Mills. Before reaching their destination, however, they met someone who told them on good authority that the rebels had no intention of coming away up into the bush to do any harm, and they were very glad to turn homeward again.

Grandfather's folk decided to leave the Niagara district and take up a bush farm, so they bought a place on the Ottawa River, in Mono Township, Dufferin County, which was supposed to have had "settling duties done on it." These duties in Ontario at that time were of the same nature as are the Homesteading duties in the North-West to-day. They required a settler to clear a certain acreage and build a house before getting their deed. As farms were not inspected to see if the "duties" were properly done, many dishonest settlers would slash a bit of brush, build up a little square of sticks and lay some bark on it for a roof, and then go and swear they had done their "duties," get a deed, and then sell out to some unsuspecting victim. Such were the duties done on the farm that my great-grandfather bought, the house was about two feet square, and they didn't find it till the following summer.

"Squatters" were another class of people that had to be dealt with. They were people, who, having no land of their own, would "squat" on whatever land suited them regardless of who the owner might be, build a log cabin and settle down, then when the real owner came to improve the farm he would have trouble getting rid of them as they seemed to think that possession was nine-tenths of the law.

During the early years in the bush, very few people, if any, had woollen clothing as it was impossible to keep sheep on account of wolves. When they did get woollen wear it was all of home manufacture as the people did their own shearing, carding, spinning and weaving.

Grandfather once saw a large pack of wolves racing through the bush and across the river.

In later years when there were larger clearings, a neighbour, Mr. P———, was going home one evening at dusk, and as he left a clearing and entered the dimness of the bush he heard a wolf quite near, so he climbed a tree thinking to avoid all trouble, but the wolf was keen on the scent and came to a halt under that particular tree, and there he stayed all night, In the meantime the wife of Mr. P.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U.S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common keresene (coal-oil).

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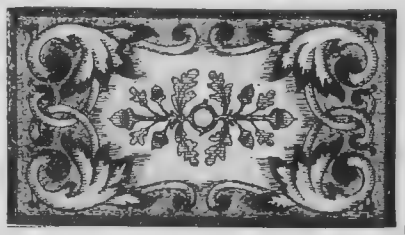

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became uneasy, and thinking her husband was lost in the bush, seized the old dinner-horn and blew resounding blasts on it at intervals all through the night. Mr. P. was near enough to hear the horn, but too far away for the folk at home to hear his shouts, so there he stayed till morning, when the wolf slunk away, leaving him free to climb down from his cramped position and resume his journey home. Bears were troublesome at times too; their chief depradations were among the pigs. A bear once carried a small pig right out of the clearing near grandfather's barn, and, when he heard its squeals and gave chase the bear dropped the pig and disappeared into the bush, but the pig was dead when he got there. I suppose the bears appreciated the flavour of beech-nut fattened bacon, as well as did the people. Deer were also numerous, and many a time would be found among the cows, or be seen feeding in the clearings.

The main operations on the farms in those first days were chopping and logging, many of the men wore wide-leafed, home made straw hats, to keep the snow from the branches of the trees they were felling from falling on their heads and shoulders. Once grandfather and one of his brothers were chopping on a hill-side early on a winter morning before it was clear daylight, and they chopped and chopped away, one on each side of the first big tree they started on, but it seemed long in falling, and they would each start a fresh chip and chop away again, and so they kept on till it came better daylight and they found that one was on the uphill side of the tree and the other was on the downhill side about two feet lower and they each had it cut almost through, one above the other. To get some of the larger trees into proper lengths for logging up into heaps to burn, sometimes they sawed them, but oftener resorted to the use of "niggers," large pieces were chopped out of the upper side of the fallen tree, at the required log lengths, and smaller trees were laid in these grooves, then fires were set where the trees crossed and were kept burning steadily, fed with dry branches or bark till the large tree was burned into log lengths, these fires were called "niggers," and often grandmother would help to keep them going by walking up and down the rows of logs and applying fuel as it was needed. Grandfather once electrified some of his friends who were unused to the vernacular of the woods, by telling them he was getting his farm cleared rapidly, as he kept a great number of "niggers" working for him day and night, I expect they thought he had become a slave holder. All fires at that time were started with flint stones, and as it took some time to get a fire started, the coals in the fireplace were carefully banked with ashes each night to preserve them for morning use. I remember grandmother telling me that the fire went out one day and for some reason could not be got to burn, so she had to take an iron pot and walk to a neighbours a mile away, to get some coals with which to start the fire again. The guns which always hung over the fireplace, or above the door, and which were as familiar to the hands of the pioneers as was the axe, were the old flint lock ones, and the bullets used were often home-made, An old bullet-mould fell into the hands of my brothers and myself, and many an hour we spent making bullets from lead out of tea boxes melted in an old iron spoon, which we thrust into the stove. The bullets did not always prove to be round when cooled, but that did not spoil our fun. The "logging-up" was done with oxen, as was all the other work and oxen hitched to a home-made wooden "jumper", or sort of wooden sled was the only means of travelling settlers had for many years. My grandfather made his own "jumper," also the ox-yokes, axe-handles etc., and very particular he was as to the proper curve of the axe-handle.

The roads, where they had any, were corduroy ones, logs laid crosswise, often without any earth over them to soften the bumps when travelling over them. In the spring when the snow melted, these logs would rise in the low places till they were floating, then the roads were not fit for the oxen and "jumper," and grandfather often had to walk miles for provisions, carrying them in a sack over his shoulder, and jumping from one log to another where they were floating, the impact of his feet sending the logs under water. It almost needed the agility of a river-driver to be able to navigate "roads" of that sort. The first grain was harvested with sickles, then the cradle came into use, and it was a wonderful day indeed,

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This fur is very durable. The Cape is made from six large skins in a wide comfortable design trimmed with natural heads, tails and paws front and back as shown. About 12 inches wide on the shoulders, lined with brown crepe-de-chene with frill all around.
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Muff in four stripe Canteen shape, velvet lined, crepe cuffs, wrist cord and ring, soft down bed.
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when grandfather drove into the fields with a new reaper which it took two men to manage, one to drive the oxen, and the other stood on the machine, and raked or forked the cut grain off the table into the ground. The oxen could not stand working in the hot weather the way horses can, so when plowing Grandfather would have a hoe in the field to hoe among the roots of stumps while the oxen would be recovering after they had collapsed, and fallen in the furrow from the heat.

To get the grain threshed they used flails, which were composed of two sticks much like fork handles, joined with a piece of leather; the longer stick was grasped in the hands, and with the shorter one the grain was pounded till the kernels were separated from the head, then to get the grain free from the chaff it was tossed up on shovels or sheets to let the wind blow the chaff away. One man who had neither a barn nor a thresh floor made a floor by smoothing the snow, tramping it solid, and pouring water on it so that it froze hard, and then he flailed his crop of wheat on that. Verily, necessity is the mother of invention, and none knew it better than a hardy pioneer.

Through all the work and hardships, my grandfather never was without plenty of good reading in the house, he would have that if he had to go without other things to get it. Grandmother told me that when they moved from the old house to the new one, it took grandfather a whole day to burn papers and magazines he had accumulated and which he wished to discard. He accomplished this by making a bonfire in the yard, and dumping the reading matter on it, an armful at a time. Grandfather was always deeply interested in geology, botany and natural history, and birds of all kinds seemed more plentiful and showed less fear of people in his garden than they did in many places, and I have no doubt this was in a large measure due to the regular sprinkling of crumbs for the birds, which both my grand-parents delighted in. And outside the kitchen window was a spruce tree which was known to the grandchildren as the birds' tree, as it was generally well laden with pieces of meat, and bread, tied to the limbs out of reach of enemies of the feathered tribe. Here grandfather could watch the actions of the birds from his comfortable, high-backed, cretonne-covered rocking chair just inside the window, and each summer he would put up a big swing under the silver-maples in the front yard, for he liked to see the children have a good time. Grandfather was a lifelong reader of the Globe, and though my other grandfather was a strong conservative, none but the most amicable discussions were heard between the two, even when political fervour, was at its height, but then I don't suppose they were as determined in their views as was an old man I heard grandmother speaking of, who, when making a statement which his listeners seemed to doubt, would say: "Well I just don't rightly remember, but it was either in the Globe or the Bible I read it, so it must be true." Grandfather was always a splendid chum to the grandchildren, entering into all their fun like a boy, then when evening came, and the lamp with the white China shade was lighted, he would read aloud a portion of scripture, generally a Psalm, from the old Bible, from which came the scent of Sweet-brier roses which were pressed between its leaves. Grandfather died eleven years ago at the ripe age of eighty-five years, but he will long be kindly remembered by those who knew him.

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A QUESTION FOR OUR READERS.

What has brought the most unhappiness into your life—what is the cause of most of your trouble?

Last winter I heard an address on this subject in which the speaker said our tongue is the cause of most of our trouble. Was he right? Let me hear from our readers on this subject.

THE POPPY'S MESSAGE.

Come tarry with me in a garden
Where fairest lillies grow,
A beautiful angel whispered
And I could not choose but go.
Where the flowers that are gathered from every clime
Are pearls of priceless worth
And Heaven is nearer that garden
Than anywhere on earth.
Where moon daises watch as sentinels
Where guardian angels tread
Waving a crown of laurel
Over each sleeping head.
Then she beckoned me onward and upward
Where the gems of God's acre sing
"Hosanna in the Highest
And victory to our King".
And nearing the bars of the golden gate
Where we with our loved ones part
She placed a poppy of Flanders
Over my aching heart.

Ellis Jackson.

FIGHTERS.

By Ida M. Thomas.

One man fights on the battle field,
And one man fights the seas;
One fights in diplomatic ways,
And one fights memories.
Man strives with strength of brawn and brain
From bondage to be free;
The foe that downs the hardest is
A bitter memory.

BARREN.

By Grace G. Bosttwick.

The rain is like a sobbing child
Against my window in the night;
I raise the sash, with throbbing heart,
And tears beat on my face like light.

The wind moans like a child that's lost
And comes a-groping at my door;
I rise to open wide the way
And hear wee footsteps on the floor.

The darkness pulses through the night,
'Tis like a breathing one, asleep,
I listen, longing for his cry,
And in the silence, turn to weep.

REALLY RICH.

Two small boys, says the Portland Telegram, were boasting, after the manner of children, about the wealth of their respective fathers.

"My pa," said Ray, "has so much money that he doesn't know how to spend it."

"That's nothing," said Roy. "My pa's got so much money that my ma can't spend it!"

THE REVENGE OF THE SALMON.

"James," said Mrs. Mellow to her butler, "can you find out whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? I don't want to ask the new cook, because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable."

"Please, ma'am," replied James, "the new cook ate all the salmon, and no matter what you was to say to her you couldn't make her more uncomfortable than she is now."

Sunday Reading

MISSING THE GOAL

By D. L. Moody

A farmer was on his death bed lately, and he called in his son. The boy was careless; he would not take death into account. He wanted to enjoy the pleasures of life, and he took no heed for the future. The old man said: "My son, I want to ask you one favor, and that is, when I am dead I want you to promise me you will come into this room for five minutes every day for thirty days. You are to come alone; not to bring a book with you, and sit here." The thoughtless young man promised to do it. The father died.

The first thing when he went into that room that he thought of was his father's prayer, his father's words and his father's God, and before the five minutes expired he was crying out: "God be merciful to me." It seems to me if I could get men to ask themselves: "What is going to be my end?" Where am I going to spend eternity?" it would not be long before they would come to Christ. You may be moralists, you may be proprietors of a successful business, you may be what the world calls successful business men, yet, "Where are you going to spend eternity?" Can you tell me where you will be next year? Can you tell me where you are going to be ten years hence? Can you tell me? I want to read a little notice on a card, which is headed: "I have missed it at last."

A few months ago in New York, a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside, examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a short time to live. The young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. He forgot that death comes "in such an hour as ye think not." At length he looked up in the face of the doctor, and with a most despairing countenance, repeated the expression: "I have missed it at last." "What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted, sympathizing physician. "I have missed it—at last," again the young man replied. The doctor, not in the least comprehending what the poor young man meant, said: "My dear young man, will you be so good as to tell me what you——?" He instantly interrupted, saying: "Oh! doctor, it is a sad story—a sad—sad story that I have to tell. But I have missed it." "Missed what?" "Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul." "Oh! say not so. It is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the Holy Spirit—Go Thy Way. But I did. And now he is saying to me: Go your way." He lay gasping a while, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said: "I was awakened and was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want religion then. Something seemed to say to me, don't postpone it. I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner, and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present; yet I could not get my own consent to do it until I had promised that I would take it up again at a time not remote, and more favorable. I bargained away, insulted and grieved the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have religion, and make my salvation sure; and now I have missed it—at last." "You remember," said Doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour. "My eleventh hour," he rejoined, "was when I had the call of the Spirit; I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost." "Not lost," said the doctor, "you may yet be saved." No not saved—never! He tells me I may go my way now; I know it—I feel it here," laying his hand upon his heart. Then he burst out in despairing agony: "Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw; undone for ever!" This was said with such unutterable, indescribable despondency, that no words were said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head and, looking all around the rooms as if for some desired object, turning his eyes in every direction, then burying his face in the pillow, he again exclaimed, in agony and horror: "Oh, I have missed it at last!" and he died.

Dear friends, you may not hear my voice again. I may be speaking to you for the last time. You may never come into this Tabernacle again, and I beg you as a friend, and as a brother, do not go out of this Tabernacle without salvation. Let this night be the night that you will accept everlasting life. Let this be the night on which you will cry from the depths of your heart: "Let me have Christ; let me have salvation." "Though it cost me my right hand, or my right eye, I will have Christ to-night." May that be the cry of everyone here to-night, and salvation be accepted for time and eternity by every soul in this building. May God wake up every soul here to-night, and when that summons comes may you go to triumph over the grave, and so enter into a glorious immortality. Let us unite in prayer.

MUST I, OR MAY I?

By Rev. H. D. Northrop

Religion has a higher mission than just to whip people into the discharge of duty. A minister ought to be something more than a Shamgar with an ox-goad. He is not called of God to be a public scold, nor to be a hydraulic engine, doing by a species of force what ought to be done without driving or coaxing. He is not commissioned to be a public pump, extorting that which ought to flow freely.

What we want is a willing religion, and this is what we often fail to get. The people are not alert, forward, eager, struggling one with another in holy emulation, bearing personal responsibility as a man bears the colors of his regiment on the field—a sacred trust and treasure. They have shrewd devices for slipping out of personal activity, and are remarkably spry in not doing what ought to be done. They appoint a committee and go home. The fact is, many persons expect to be driven; they wait to be dragged. They attend the prayer-meeting after they are urged; they give money after begging has exhausted its resources and run dry. And is there not praying from compulsion rather than choice; working in the Sunday-school when it would be more agreeable to be idle; doing good unto all men, not from pleasure, but to escape the infamy of being considered mean. To hear some people talk you would think they wanted a religion that involved no expense or trouble, and that there is nothing which so contributes to a man's growth in grace and fitness for heaven as to be able to dodge a contribution-box.

Now, no one comes into the kingdom of God to see how much he can escape doing. We have struck here upon a very important element of all true religious life and action. It is the willingness of the heart; it is the opposite of compulsion. It is the soul's outburst—its irrepress-

(Continued on page 57)

Ladies!

Send for this new Monarch Style Book No 7

Over 80 of the choicest new styles in hand-knit garments, illustrated from actual photographs, many of which are reproduced in colors, shown in this, our seventh style book—a wonderful array of all that is newest in hand-knitting.

Actual size of this book is 8 x 11 inches, 80 pages.

Complete Instructions For Knitting Every Style

Stitch by stitch, every detail of every style, is clearly explained. If you follow instructions you are bound to be right. Even a beginner can do splendid work by following the directions given in this book. Now's the time to get the book, so that you can plan nice new knit things for your own wear, and make pretty Christmas Gifts for your intimate friends, thus passing your spare hours pleasantly and profitably.

Insist on MONARCH YARNS

When you go to buy your yarns after you have selected the styles you want to knit, be sure to ask for and insist upon getting the MONARCH yarns specified in the book. That's the way to assure success—to be certain that the garment you make will be absolutely satisfactory in style, color, fit, finish and wearing quality. MONARCH YARNS are made exclusively from the finest Australian wools and are sold by all good stores.

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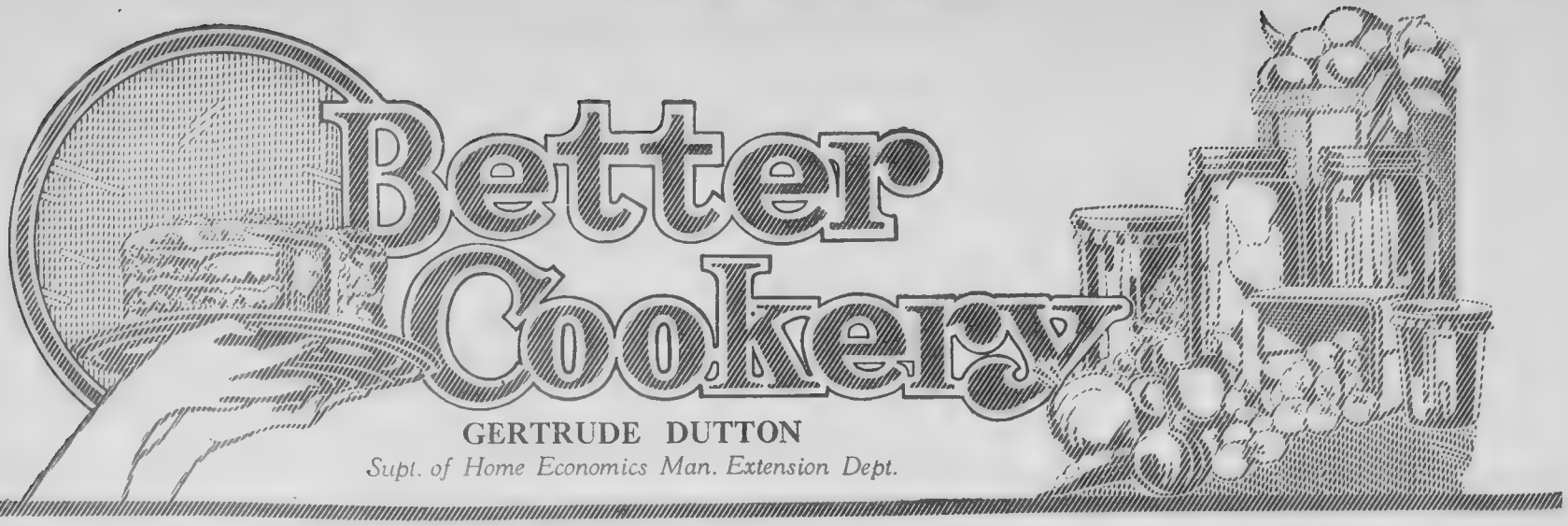


GERTRUDE DUTTON
Supt. of Home Economics Man. Extension Dept.

THE LUNCH BOX.

A large percentage of the children in Western Canada are obliged to eat the noon meal in school. At its best a cold lunch is but a poor substitute for a real meal, and is no doubt responsible for much of the indifferent health of growing boys and girls. Preparing that lunch is one of the sore trials in the daily life of hundreds of over-worked farm women. There are so many duties waiting to be done, and the children are fidgeting for fear they will miss the van. Too often the resulting lunch is anything but appetising.

An increasingly large number of schools are realizing the value of the hot lunch for better health and greater efficiency in school work. It is not the purpose of this article to deal with that subject, but merely with the lunch brought from home, which is supplemented by a cup of cocoa or soup, a baked potato, a fresh vegetable, or some similar warm food prepared in school.

The eating of the lunch is important. Very few schools have a lunch room making it necessary to eat at the desks. Too often one sees the children eating thick uninviting slices of bread, far too rapidly for either good digestion or manners, while playing some vigorous game, perhaps mingling chalk-dust with the meal if writing on the blackboard. It is not uncommon, in schools where the janitor's duties are performed by the children, for the sweeping to be done while some pupils are eating in order that there may be a longer time to play.

Each child should be provided with a cover for his desk, on which to arrange the lunch. It may be a paper napkin, or of cloth. Very satisfactory covers may be made from flour sacks, decorated with some simple stitch, which would make interesting sewing lessons for the girls. There is now on the market, a specially prepared oil-cloth, very thin and pliable, with a dull, pebbled surface, intended for luncheon sets, which is particularly satisfactory, and may be decorated with a simple stencil design. A paper towel or clean piece of wrapping paper cut to fit the desk is better than nothing. Cooperation is needed between the teachers and the mothers to insure a satisfactory noon intermission.

The lunch container is important. Too often the lunch is wrapped in a newspaper. If a tin pail is used, a few holes should be punched in it for ventilation, or the food has a tinny taste. If a basket is used, the food must be well wrapped in waxed paper, not to dry out.

The labor of packing lunches is lightened considerably if a shelf in the pantry is reserved for that purpose. On it should be a good supply of waxed paper in which to wrap the different foods, a can-opener, a few spoons, knives and forks, a few small containers with screw tops, a variety of sandwich fillings, a jar of salad dressing, a supply of fancy biscuits for occasional emergency desserts, and "surprise" materials.

Sandwiches are the main feature of the lunch. They will depend somewhat on the hot dish to be served. A sweet sandwich would not be appetising with soup, nor a fish sandwich with cocoa.

Sandwiches the children like:

1. Chopped meat moistened with salad dressing, such as veal, chicken, roast beef, bacon, ham, lean roast pork, in winter.
2. Peanut Butter.
3. Cheese in various combinations.
4. Older girls enjoy olives. The jars of olive butter now on the market are satisfactory.
5. Hard cooked eggs, chopped and moistened with dressing.
6. Sliced Tomato.
7. Salmon.
8. Sardine, mashed and mixed with salad dressing.
9. Jam.
10. Honey.
11. Chopped raisins, dates, or figs, or prunes which have been steamed till soft, and mixed with cream or salad dressing.
12. Maple butter, which comes in small tins or jars.

Bread for sandwiches should be at least 24 hours old, cut evenly in thin slices, and spread evenly with softened butter, then cut in rather small dainty shapes.

When baking bread one or two loaves might be baked in round tins, then kept for sandwiches.

Children always enjoy raisin, date or nut bread, and occasionally brown bread.

If fish is used for filling, special care is needed in wrapping the sandwiches up, to prevent flavouring the remainder of the lunch. Lettuce should be used freely when obtainable as it helps to keep sandwiches moist, and makes them look cool and attractive.

Occasionally it is desirble to send thin bread and butter to eat with salad in a small container, or with a few nicely cut slices of cold beef or chicken wrapped in waxed paper to be kept moist. A small plate, a knife and fork should be put in the basket with it.

Devilled eggs are usually popular. The eggs are cooked till hard, cut in two, the yokes removed, mashed, and mixed with salt, pepper, a little chopped meat, pimento, parsley, cheese, olives, salad dressing, or any desired seasoning, then packed in the whites again.

The lunch should contain something succulent, either as dessert or to accompany the sandwiches.

Ripe tomatoes, celery, and simple salads are usually enjoyed.

Desirable Salads

1. Potato.
2. Tuna or salmon mixed with an equal quantity of celery or shredded cabbage with cooked dressing.
3. Apple and celery.
4. Cabbage with broken walnut or peanut meats, dressing.
5. Pea Beans boiled till cooked but not broken, mixed with a tasty dressing.

Suitable Desserts

Of all desserts, pie is the least desirable. It is not so easily digested as many others and is almost impossible to carry without becoming mussy. Neither are rich cakes suitable. Plain cake or cookies, wrapped in waxed paper are preferable.

Baked apple, stewed or canned fruits, apple sauce, are all good, when carried in jars with tight fitting lids.

Among Pudding, Some of the Favourites Are:

1. Baked Custard.
2. Tapioca Cream.
3. Caramel, chocolate, or raisin tapioca.
4. Rice custard.
5. Rice pudding with raisins.
6. Chocolate cream.
7. Any of the gelatine jellies.

Any of these puddings should be moist enough not to require cream, which is very apt to sour in warm weather. They all taste better if eaten with a silver spoon rather than a tin one,

Any fresh ripe fruit in season, an orange apple, pear, banana, bunch of grapes, plums, a few white or red currants on the stems are always enjoyed.

A surpries tucked into any small space always adds to the enjoyment of the lunch. This may be a few walnut or almond meats, peanuts, raisins, dates, either plain or stuffed, a square of sweet chocolate, or a few candies. Older girls would occasionally like a few olives or small sweet pickles.

On Top of the Lunch Should Be A Napkin.

Not only must provision be made for the regular noon lunch but an extra "Piece" is needed for the morning recess. Not infrequently have I seen a child, eat part of his lunch before school is called in the morning, particularly if he has driven or walked a considerable distance, after an early breakfast, followed by several "chores."

These suggestions may be adapted to the lunch which has to be carried by a great many working men.

The School Community Spirit.

WHY WE SHOULD EAT FRUIT.

In most families fruits are commonly thought of as a food accessory, and are prized for their pleasant flavour or for supposed hygienic reasons rather than for their food value. Yet a study of available figures shows that they constitute a by no means unimportant part of the diet, since they supply, on the basis of recent statistics, 4.4 per cent. of the total food, and 3.7 per cent. of the carbohydrates (that is, sugars and starches) of the average American diet.

Fruits should not be looked upon as food accessories, but should be considered a fairly economical source of nutritive material. It must be remembered, too that the use of fruits, fresh and preserved often makes palatable an otherwise rather tastless meal.

From many scientific experiments it has been found that fruits are reasonly cheap sources of energy in the diet, and are well suited, on the grounds of economy, for combination in reasonable quantity with cheap proteid foods to furnish a well balanced ration.

We eat fruits for their delicious taste, their refreshing thirst-quenching juices, ther organic salts and mineral compounds. These last supply sodium, calcium, phosphorus and other elements so essential to pure blood and sound tissues.

From a dietetic standpoint, the most important function of fruits is that of furnishing mineral salts and organic acids to the body . The potash salts are considered especially important. Fruits are generally laxative in effect. Apples, prunes, peaches and berries are particularly effective in this respect, especially if taken between meals or at the beginning of a meal.

TIMELY RECIPES.

Pear Salad.

Core and pare any pear not too ripe and soft. Serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing. If desired dates and chopped nuts may be added.

Pear Fritters.

Mix and sift 1 ⅓ cups of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Add gradually ⅔ cup of milk and then add 1 egg, slightly beaten. Pare two large pears, cut in quarters, dip in batter and fry in deep fat. Serve with hot sauce.

Compote Pears.

Stew pears in clarified syrup, flavor with strips of lemon peel and serve cold.

Pears and Ice Cream.

Cut 2 pears in halves, remove cores and simmer for 20 minutes in a little water with some sugar and vanilla. Place some vanilla ice cream in an ice timbale, arrange the pears in the ice, pour a spoonful of raspberry syrup over each pear and serve.

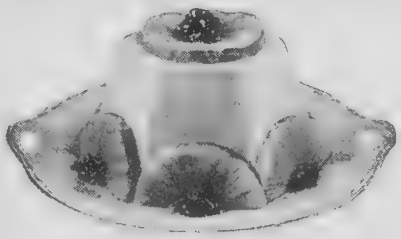
Pears With Rice.

Peel and halve 3 or 4 large pears of a good cooking kind and simmer in water till three-parts cooked. Drain off half the water, add two tablespoons of sugar and cook for 5 minutes longer. Boil for 6 minutes half a cup of rice, draw off water and finish cooking with milk and sugar till firm and smooth; add a little cream, a small piece of butter, some powdered sugar and juice of half an orange. Mix all well together and dress on a dish with the pears.

Mrs. Knox's Corner

"I THINK THIS IS The BEST DESSERT IN THE WORLD"

THIS recipe was sent in by a woman from California. I have found it easy to make delightful to the eye, appropriate for any occasion—and delicious for grown-ups as well as children. Try it and see if you, too, do not think it is the best dessert you ever tasted'



PINEAPPLE BUTTERFLY PARFAIT

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups hot boiled rice 1 cup sugar
1½ cups milk 1 cup cream ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nut meats 1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes, dissoive in hot rice. Add sugar and salt, when cool fold in cream, beaten stiff. Add nut meats and flavoring. Turn into wet mold; pack in ice and salt. Cut round slices of canned pineapple across centre; decorate mold with these before serving, placing curved edges together to imitate butterfly wings. If possible decorate wings with cut cherries and pour pineapple juice over all. White, maple or brown sugar may be used, the latter preferable. Brown rice is delicious and has more nourishment than white.

A Booklet of the "Best Desserts"
My booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," containing numberless recipes for other best desserts, salads, meat and fish molds, relishes and candies, sent free if you will enclose four cents in stamps for postage, and mention your grocer's name.

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"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—think of KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife

SUNDAY READING

(Continued from page 55)

ible uprising— its believing, and praying, and rejoicing, and doing, with a movement free and voluntary. Christianity is not a tyranny; it is not a slavery. Its forces are not iron-chains dragging a victim; its forces are silken threads leading a willing child. When a young man in one of our Eastern colleges was told that his precarious health would prevent his entering the mission-field, he said: "You must let me go; I may die, but I shall die sooner if compelled to remain at home." Love crowds on, springs to its work, is not fruitful in devices for avoiding service. It does things not because it must but because it cannot help it. It sheds no tears over the outlays of a Christian life. Why should it? An heir of glory has something better to do than to sit down and whine about paying his pew-rent and being compelled to attend a prayer-meeting once a week. "Let me do it" is the cry of the heart that is nearest to God. When praying and giving, and serving must be wrung out of a man, it is very unfaithful serving, very cheap giving, and very poor praying.

It is true that the service of Christ, according to His own statement, is a yoke, for it imposes restraints upon sinful propensities and conduct; but the yoke is easy because love bears it willingly, finds a joy in taking it, and is more ready to impose the restraints than to avoid them. We speak of crosses, and many seem to have the idea that the Christian life is a perpetual crucifixion. Hanging there upon the wall is a picture of a cross which is rough and rugged, gnarled and severe, yet it is wreathed over and loaded with flowers. The idea is a good one. The hard things of a religious life are buried deep in joys and satisfactions ever blossoming and ever beautiful.

Dr. Chalmers said that before his conversion he was in bondage; afterward, his soul was unfettered as a soaring bird. It is no task to the lark to take a morning flight, and sing a morning song. The peep of day cannot catch it asleep. Its wings are free as the air upon which it rises, its music as spontaneous as the sunlight which it goes up to meet. It is a thing of liberty; earth and sky are its only cage. It is made for flight and song. Even so love, the life and soul of religion, is a free, soaring, spontaneous thing. It is no task for love to be active. It is not bound to earth, is not in fetters, does not fret and chafe in servitude. It needs not to be coaxed, urged, driven. It always wishes to do more. It can make the difficulty easy; the bitter sweet; the task a pleasure; the hand of iron duty soft as velvet. We all want a fresh baptism of it. We groan, seek our ease, talk mournfully of duty and denial because we have little love. Let it be rekindled from Christ's own burning heart.

A NOTE FROM THE LOST CHORD.

George wanted to sing. Of course he did not expect to be a John McCormack or a Caruso, but all his friends sang, and it would be jolly to join in their choruses. Although he had always said that he could not tell one note from another, now he determined to take lessons and blossom forth a full fledged singer.

Accordingly, he went to a teacher.

"What is your voice—tenor, bass or baritone?" asked the teacher.

"Search me!" said George.

"Strike a note," said the teacher. "I'll find out."

"I don't know any notes," said George.

"Hang it all, make a noise!"

George opened his mouth and obeyed.

The teacher involuntarily clapped both hands over his ears, then began to run his fingers up and down the keyboard. After diligent search, he said, "That note isn't here. In fact, I doubt if you ever find that note—unless," he added more hopefully, after a thoughtful pause, "you happen to strike it sometime on a loose-strung banjo."

"Spreads like butter"

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

DELICIOUS and appetizing. Makes a tasty and satisfying lunch spread on crackers or bread at any time of the day. Economical because it goes a long way.

"Can be used in a hundred different ways"

19

Purity-Quality-Economy

The combination of purity-quality and economy has made Magic Baking Powder the standard baking powder of Canada. Positively contains no alum or other injurious substitutes.
Its use insures perfect satisfaction.
"Costs no more than the ordinary kinds"

Made in Canada
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, CAN. MONTREAL

California's best Peaches, Pears, Prunes, Apricots, Figs and Raisins—retaining all their natural flavor and freshness—in the original 5 lb. sealed carton.
Ask your dealer for "Green Plume". 15

JAEGER
Fine Pure Wool

To Suit all Seasons

Jaeger Pure Wool underwear may be had in weights to suit all seasons. It offers the most complete bodily protection of any known clothing, and combines quality with style and comfort. Made in two-piece suits and combinations, in all weights, for men, women and children.

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A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

The JAEGER CO., Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

When answering advertisements, mention The Western Home Monthly.

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Although prevailing styles conform to certain fixed standards, there is a richness of choice, and each style is full of possibilities for the development of individual taste. To the slender, the plump, the tall, the graceful and the other types there are offered a large variety in every kind of wearing apparel.

Skirts are becoming longer, it seems correct now to have one's dress in ankle length, and women of good taste will prefer them that way. The uneven hem lines are much favored, especially those with deep points at the sides hanging two, three and four inches below the skirt proper.

Evening dresses are cut with higher waist sections, but deep armscyes and of course sleeveless.

The sleeveless dress and smock is much favored at present, and is paving the way for new ideas in shoulder and sleeve lines. Now that we have all the sleeve out, we may prepare to begin to put it back by degrees. To that end, one already sees the lengthened shoulders, Cap effects and epaulettes. The new square sleeve is an interesting model, as are also the pagoda styles, the elbow puff, and peasant sleeve. The bishop style is very attractive in lace or crepe. added to a short Cap sleeve and fitted close at or above the wrist with a narrow band or upturned cuff.

A coat of wool velours in two toned effect shows the square sleeve style very attractively.

Some of the new one piece frocks show pronounced blouse fulness over the sides.

Drop shoulder lines are very pleasing on such models, with the sleeve in ¾ length and bell shaped.

Some clever girdle arrangements are shown on the new frocks.

Some are cut in one with other parts of the dress such as the front of the skirt or upper part of the dress, or they are extensions of panels. One sees sashes and girdles at the sides, tied in a bow or in a knot.

Narrow belts with or without buckles, and string girdles are still with us.

Flannel in plain colors and with broad stripes is being used in combination.

A suit composed of a long Russian blouse is made of flannel, with the skirt striped and the blouse plain and trimmed with the striped material.

On tailored dresses, costumes and suits bias bands and folds are used for trimming.

Some new tunics show graceful attractive lines.

The seasons seem to blendish, so that one may in newing the materials now in vogue, forget whether it be summer or winter. Velvet has been worn during the warm days, but will be more popular for dresses as well as wraps, as the cool days approach.

Sleeveless dresses and blouses of velvet are fine with guimpes of soft crepe, tricolette or satin.

Velvet capes matching the velvet gown or frock beneath are in vogue for the coming season.

Women are still partial to the frock with a long waist, either with a bloused effect above the top of the hips or straight to the waistline.

It is usually the general sanction of a style that makes it a popular one and the long lines are becoming to both stout and slender figures.

Two things have prevailing fashions achieved. The introduction of styles suitable for and becoming to mature figures, and colors and materials that bring youth and softness to old faces.

Scalloped skirt hems remain in favor.

Ribbon is extensively used for decoration.

Faille silk and moire are promised for Fall dresses and wraps.

Black is the keynote of all new frocks, though combined or touched up with white or one's favorite color.

Next to black and all white one notes a revival of all shades of taupe, a color that will always give a refining and softening effect. This and soft flesh gray tones is well suited for a woman of unmentioned years.

Jet as a trimming will be much in evidence.

A dress of black crepe de chene or moire, will require no other ornamentation than a girdle of jet.

Lace and tulle, embroidered with the narrowest kind of cire ribbon is liked for evening frocks.

A dress of crepe satin is smart with circular motifs of plaited ribbon.

Velvet ribbon in different widths trims a skirt of grosgrain taffeta.

Try moire ribbon trimming on a dress of serge.

A tailored suit of covert cloth, with the coat cut in box lines, and a finish of self stitching, the skirt plain and straight, this will prove a serviceable utility suit.

On a dress of twill cord, the skirt is trimmed with self bands embroidered in floss and worsted.

The loose bodice has straight lines, and a wide neck opening, finished with a standing frill of plaited organdy.

A dress of taffeta has for trimming scalloped self bands ornamented with soutache braid and small metal buttons.

Satin cloth, broad cloth and suede cloth is recommended for suits, braid applied cut outs of self material and simple stitching may serve for decoration.

Cord braid and machine stitching in self color form a pretty finish for a coat of velour or marvella cloth.

Crepe de chene and taffeta may be combined,

Draped collars in cascade effects are seen on crepe de chene blouses.

A frock of tricotine for a Miss of 14 may be made with a long waist and a straight plaited skirt and be trimmed with disks embroidered in worsted and cire threads.

Blue washable flannel is used for a little girl's dress. It is bound with narrow white rep ribbon and has a handkerchief collar of satin.

Poiret twill is nice for a Misses dress with collar and vestee of satin.

Serge trimmed with soutache braid, Jersey cloth with worsted stitchery is attractive for school dresses.

Embroidered crepe de chene makes a pretty party or best dress for a little girl of 8 years. Grosgrain ribbon will be nice for trimming.

An Attractive Comfortable Apron—Pattern 3719 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small 34-36 Medium, 38-40 Large, 42-44 Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 27 inch material. Gingham could be used for this, or seersucker, lawn, drill, percale, sateen and alpaca. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps

A Pleasing Model For Slender Figures—Pattern 3717 was employed to make this attractive style. It is cut in 4 Sizes, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 20 year size requires 5⅜ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. Duvetyn, tricotine, twill, crepe, mohair, canton crepe, satin and taffeta are good for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps

A Very Attractive House Dress or Day Dress—Pattern 3718 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6 yards of 36 inch material. If made as illustrated it will require 4⅜ yards of plaid and 1⅝ yard of plain material, 36 inches wide. Gingham, percale, seersucker, poplin, repp, linen, voile, and serge could be used for this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2¼ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress For The Small Girl—3723 was used to make this design.It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size required 3¾ yards of 27 inch material. Dotted Swiss, percale, seersucker, gingham, chambrey, poplin, pongee, voile, batiste, embroideries, gabardine, challie and silk could be used for this model. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Evening Gown—Comprising Waist Pattern 3740 and Skirt Pattern 3727. The Waist is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the dress as illustrated will require for a medium size 4⅛ yards of plain crepe, satin, duvetyn or similar material and 3¼ yards of figured material 32 inches wide. Of one material 44 inches wide 6 yards will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2¼ yards This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Practical House Dress—Pattern 3374 furnishes this style. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure A 38 inch size will require 6 yards of 36 inch material. One could have this in figured percale with facings of linon or pique,or in seersucker, or gingham with chambrey or pipings of white. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Practical Apron Model—Pattern 3738 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44, Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material. Percale, calico, gingham, sateen, chambrey, drill, cambric and muslin are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Poplar One Piece Dress With New Lines—Pattern 3722 was used for this illustration. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years A 10 year size will require 4 yards of 38 inch material. Gingham, seersucker, galatea, drill, linen,pongee, repp, Indian head, poplin and serge are attractive for this model. The sleeve may be made in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock For The Growing Girl—Pattern 3724 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 6 yards of 27 inch material. As here shown, figured crepe and plain voile are combined for which it will require 1¾ yards of plain and 4⅛ yards of figured material. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, foulard, satin, linen, taffeta, tricolette, duvetyn and serge are good for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps

Boy's Play Suit—Pattern 3549 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 2½ yards of 36 inch material for the Overalls and 1½ yards for the blouse. Galatea, poplin, repp, linen, kindergarten cloth, chambrey and gingham are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock For The Little Miss Pattern 3726 is illustrated here. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material. Voile, sateen, challie, cretonne, gabardine, batiste, dotted Swiss, organdy, silk and crepe are all good for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

An "Up-To-Date" Frock—Comprising Over Dress 2939 and Waist Pattern 3312. The Dress is cut in Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The Waist in 7 Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. To make the Waist will require 2½ yards of 36 inches material. The Over Dress requires 3½ yards of 40 inch material. Gingham, pongee, ratine, voile, chambrey, linen, taffeta, and crepe de chine are good for both waist and dress. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

An Attractive Costume For Street Or Home Wear—Comprising Blouse 3544 and Skirt 3731. The Blouse is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. With plaits extended the skirt measures 3⅜ yards at the foot.Crepe de chine, sports satin, flannel, serge, taffeta, Canton crepe, linen, and gingham may be used for this style. As here portrayed serge and narrow silk braid are combined. To make the blouse and skirt of one material as illustrated will require 7⅝ yards of 36 inch material This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Costume—Pattern 3716 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 47 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6⅝ yards of 32 inch material. Without panels 4¼ yards. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. Canton crepe, serge, taffeta, satin, combinations of any of these materials, also gabardine, duvetyn and tricolette may be used for this attractive design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

THE CHARM *of* MYSTERY

The art authority, Millet, has said that "Technique should hide itself modestly behind the thing to be expressed." The chief danger nowadays lies not so much in our failing to appropriate art's little aids but in being too lavish with them. After all, we live in a very subtle and sophisticated world, and the corset that through one fault or another obtrudes itself upon the observer, defeats its purpose and quite spoils the illusion of desirableness.

The mystery of the modern corset lies in its skillful adaptation to the natural lines of the figure. Its self-effacing artistry enhances a woman's points of beauty, hides her disharmonies and creates the impression of a gracefully poised body, faultlessly proportioned by nature. So Gossard technique hides itself discreetly behind the beauty it expresses.

Individual solution of the problem of corsetry is the only method that promises success. Study yourself and be mindful that violent contrast between waist and hips and bust, not only makes becoming dress impossible, but violates that charm of mystery that proper corsetry enhances.

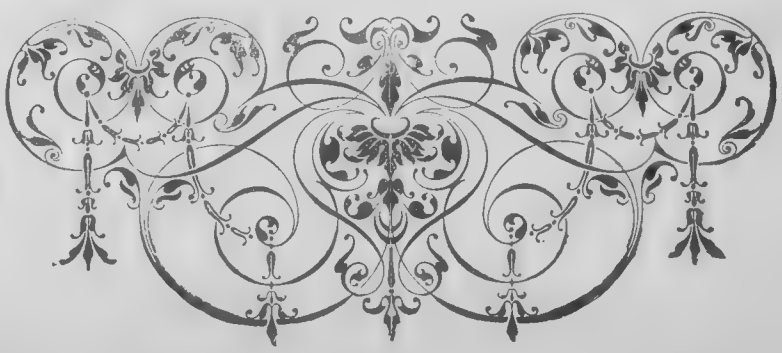
And this alluring mystery of beauty is for every woman, for Gossard artistry has made a study of every figure need from the little lady of slightest figure to the matron of full proportions. You will be delighted with the self-effacing Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone.

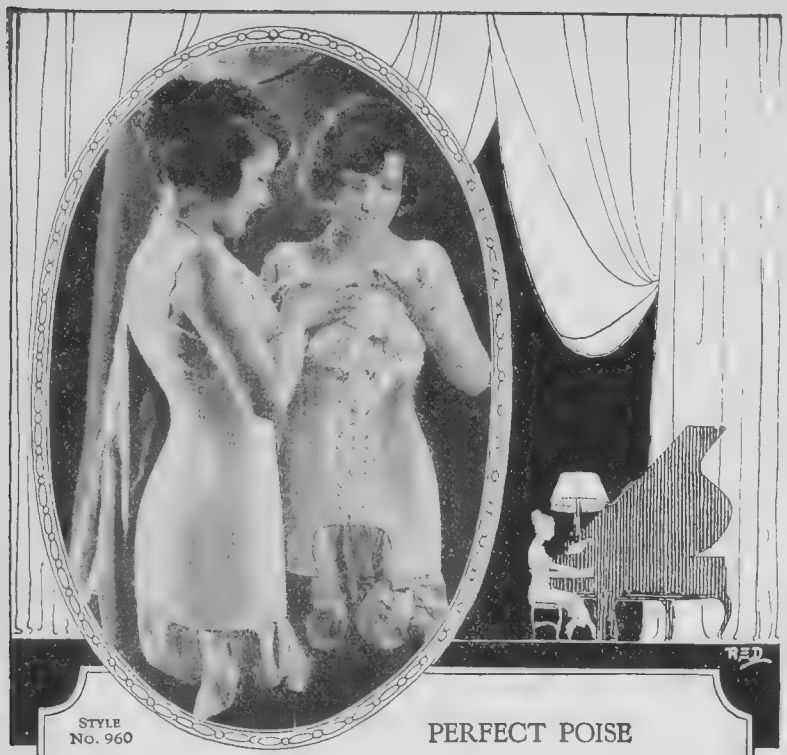
Because of the naturalness of its healthful support, your Gossard is relieved of all undue strain and so will wear far beyond the life of the average corset. Its original grace and shapeliness will remain unchanged to the last day you put it on. In the economy of this superior wearing service alone, these original front lacing corsets are worth their cost.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
366-378 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Can.

GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSETS

are to be found at those stores distinguished by a corset department that offers a real service. When you buy a Gossard, you buy a SERVICE: a style service, a comfort service and a wearing service that must be unquestionably satisfactory to you. Gossard Corsets are fairly priced within the reach of every woman; and their superior quality which for years has been consistently maintained above imitation, assures the economical buyer a thrifty and lasting pride in ownership.





STYLE No. 960

PERFECT POISE

THAT is what you admire in the star of the drama as she walks majestically on the stage. To walk as she walks you must be perfectly corseted.

P. C. Corsets, owing to their absolute perfection of designing and the high quality of the boning, always contribute an added air of charm and poise to the figure.

Corsetieres in leading stores everywhere will gladly fit you with a P. C.

FRONT LACE, BACK LACE, WHITE AND FLESH

Write for booklet showing P.C. styles fitted on living models

PARISIAN CORSET MFG. CO., LIMITED

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"P.C." Corsets

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12 GUARANTEED

No More

Has The American Woman An Excuse For

Wrinkles

Pimples, Blackheads Or Superfluous Hair

"It seems like Magic, but Helen Clare's results, though swift, are simply Nature's own."

HELEN Clare's famous quotation, "Wrinkles are the footprints of Neglect, not time," is supported by her offer to help any and every woman who writes to her. "I removed my own wrinkles," says M'me Clare. You will see no Blackheads, no Pimples, no Superfluous Hair on my fair skin, for in their place I brought back Loveliness, a Beautiful Figure and long, Endearing Eyelashes.

I TAKE credit to myself for my own figure. I believe in what I have done for myself—that much I *know*. I welcome the opportunity to help any woman in the land who writes to me. Let my own Beauty Book tell its own story.

HELEN Clare's methods are personal, simple, direct and prompt. Her results are attested by thousands of letters. Helen Clare says, "What I have done for others I will gladly do for you. Instead of Pimples, Blackheads, Superfluous Hair, let me bring to you Beautiful Complexion, Beautiful Figure, Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows and the Blessings of Beauty and Happiness."

HELEN CLARE'S friends call her "Beauty Book" her "Book of Magic," though there is no magic in it. It is a true story of Beauty-Culture sent free to any woman who is willing to write for it.

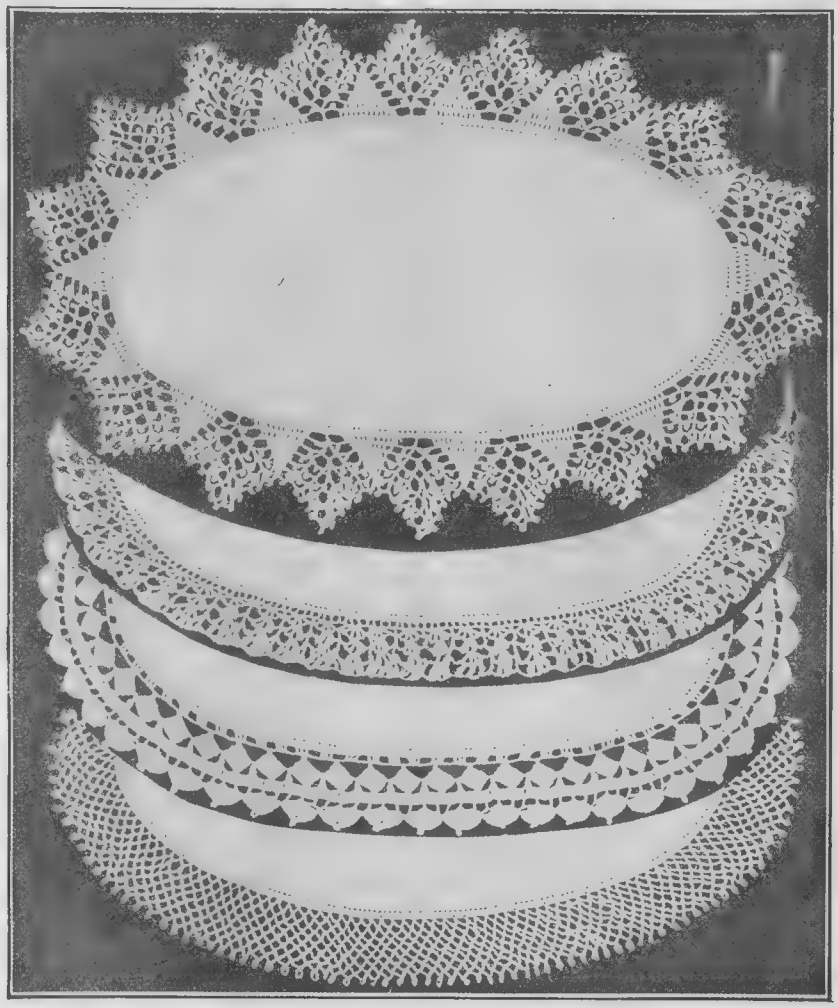
Here are some of the chapters in the Free Beauty Book

How to remove dark circles under the eyes.
How to remove double chin.
How to build up sunken cheeks.
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling.
How to stop perspiration odor.
How to remove wrinkles.
How to develop figure.
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows.
How to remove superfluous hair.
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.

Send today for Free Beauty Book to

HELEN CLARE, Suite D48 3311 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Doilies are becoming so popular with house-wives that they bid fair to take the place of table-cloths. For formal luncheons and "dress up" affairs doilies are being used and from the four designs illustrated on this page you will surely find at least one which you will want to make. The directions given below are easily followed.



Edgings for Doilies and Household Linens.

Cut linen the desired size. Turn a hem ⅛ inch wide all around, cover hem with s st.

Instead of the hem, it makes a good finish to have it picoted on a hem-stitching machine, and crochet s st in each st of the p. Materials: Mercer-Crochet No.60. No. 10 Hook. This refers to all four doilies.

DIRECTIONS FOR DOILY No 1.

After s st is made over hem,

1st Row—Start in s st, *ch 6, catch back in 4th st to form p, ch 2, sk 2 s st, 1 tr in each s st for 12 st, ch 6, catch back in 4th st to form p, ch 2,1 tr in 3d s st. Repeat from *.

2nd Row—* 1 tr over tr, ch 6, make p, ch 2, tr in same place, ch 6, make p, ch 2, 10 tr over the 12 tr, ch 6, make p. Repeat from *.

3d Row—*1 tr over the 1st single tr, ch 6, make p, 1 tr in p, ch 6, make p, ch 2, 1 tr in same p, ch 6, make p, ch 2, 1 tr over tr, ch 6, make p, ch 2, 8 tr over 10 tr, ch 6, make p, ch 2. repeat from *.

4th, 5th, and 6th Rows—like the preceding rows, except make 2 less tr over tr, and more p over the p.

DIRECTIONS FOR DOILY No 2.

After hem is covered.

1st Row—Ch 5, 1 tr over 2d s st, *ch 2, 1 tr sver 2d s st. Repeat from *.

2d Row—sl st to center of sp, ch 4, *1 tr in 2d sp, ch 2,1 tr in same sp ch 2, 1 tr in same sp, ch 2, 1 tr in same sp, 1 tr in 2d sp. Repeat from *.

3d and 4th Rows—Like 2d row.

5th Row—1 tr over tr, *ch 3, 2 tr in ch2, ch 2, 2 tr in next ch 2, ch 2, 2 tr in next ch2, ch 3, 1 tr over tr. Repeat from *.

DIRECTIONS FOR DOILY No 3.

After hem is covered with s st.

1st Row—Ch 5, *sk 1 s st, 1 tr in each next 3 s st, ch 3. Repeat from *.

2d Row—Start in center of sp, ch 8, turn, *7 s st in ch 8, ch 1, turn, 7 s st over 7 s st, ch 1, turn, 7 s st over 7 s st, ch 1, turn, 7 s st over 7 s st, ch 1, turn, 7 s st over 7 s st, ch 1, turn, 7 s st over 7 s st, ch 8, 1 sl st in next ch, sp. Repeat from *.

3d Row—Start between the squares, ch 5, 1 d tr in same place, * ch 5, 2 d tr between next 2 squares. Repeat from *.

4th Row—1 tr in each st all around.

5th Row—1 tr over tr, * ch 2, 1 tr in 3d tr. Repeat from *.

6th Row—Start in Sp, * 6 d tr in 2d tr, 1 p, 6 d tr in same place, 1 sl st in 2d sp. Repeat from *.

DIRECTIONS FOR DOILY No 4.

1st Row—Start in s st, * ch 5, 1 sl st in 2d s st. Repeat from *.

2d Row—Sl st to center of ch 5, 1 sl st in center of ch 5. Repeat from *.

3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Rows—Like 2d row.

9th Row—*Ch 8, catch with sl st back in 5th st from hook to from a p, ch 3, 1 sl st in center of next ch 5. Repeat from *.

Correspondence

A FAR-WESTERN BIRD.

Dear Editor and Readers,

For a long time I have been reading your excellent magazine, and when the June number came to me yesterday, with its splendid letters, I couldn't resist writing to tell you how fine I think your paper really is. I'm sure that after Merrie's letter you will be deluged with letters of most interesting portent. But can you listen to the song of a far-western bird?

The spirit of your paper is so cordial, one can't help trying to put in a word. Last month Lucille of St. Lucia gladdened me by announcing her intention of coming to B. C. I know she will love it. While the Kootenay is not my home, it is my next door neighbor. Some people prefer the lakes there to our own lakes in the Okanagan. Personally, I am not as fond of the rugged Rockies.

It is warmer here just now than any other part of the province. I think the smaller boys have been swimming for a month. They say they find it hard to work for examinations when everything is so alluring outside.

So many of the girls who write to the page are fond of the same things as I am—riding, boating, hiking and tennis and best of all, books and music. I have not noticed any discourses though on any particular author, or composer. Pray forgive the intrusion of

Night Warbler.

EXCHANGE PICTURES.

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been an interested reader of The W. H. M. for over a year and take particular pleasure in reading the very interesting letters of the Correspondence Column. This is my first attempt at writing a letter to this page and I am afraid it might not be interesting, but I will do my best.

I live on a small farm in Southern Saskatchewan. The land is quite open near us but just in our district there is quite a lot of bluff. Out on the more open land a great many of the farmers have tractors, but even with all their machinery they still have to call on the horses for a large portion of the work.

Baseball is all the rage around here. There is a big game every few nights, besides the smaller games of the junior teams. I like to see the game played, but I do not play much myself. I like swimming, skating and riding, but I do not dance any, and dancing is practically all the sport there is in the winter time. But one can hardly call it a sport, I should have said source of amusement.

I notice several of the correspondents like photography. I myself find great pleasure in a camera, and I agree with Happy 4th where he or she suggests exchanging pictures. I have a camera that takes 2½x4¼ pictures and would be greatly pleased to exchange pictures with some one who has them the size mentioned.

Lady Nowah, you are not the only one who likes riding. There is nothing I like better than to get upon a good horse.

I would like to correspond with anyone in the Peace River District, though I think it must be a pretty wild place.

I had better close now and wishing the Correspondence page every success.

Meccano.

A LADY CHAUFFEUR.

Dear Editor and Readers,

Here comes a member of long standing to pay a call. How is everyone this hot weather? It has been very hot and wet in my corner of the world, but everything is looking fine with prospects of a good crop. There is a generous supply of mosquitoes and flies to contend with.

Have just been reading the W. H. M. and see that Happy 4th is asking for exchange of snaps. I have a 2½x4¼ camera and would be delighted to exchange snaps with him, also Smiling Bachelor if he would like to do so. Was looking over some back numbers of The W. H. M. and saw a letter from Patches. Poor boy, I would like to help you wash the dishes and help you push "Lizzie" out of the snow drifts. Cheerio, I remember you well and would like to correspond with you only you must write first. I also thought 40 Bachelor in the December issue wrote a fine letter and if he cares to write to a lover of all nature and animals, I will answer him. My favorite pastimes are horseback riding and dancing. How many of the lady members are chauffeurs? I am, but I would much rather have a good horse than a car. Cymro 22, don't worry over a car. You are just as happy without one. They are not all they look to be.

Well, as I have had a talk with a good many of the writers I must draw to a close. Good bye and good luck to all.

Sammy.

THE BATH TUB.

Dear Editor and Readers,

Since reading Mrs. Nestor Noel's article, "The Land of Boredom" in the May issue of the W. H. M., I decided to write and tell you how I use my bathtub.

I recollect, that as a boy, I endeavored to avoid the weekly all over as often as possible for it seemed the benefit derived cost more than it was worth, but some years ago, I began thinking more of it and find when I have been well soaked all over and well soaped all over and well scrubbed and well rinsed, I feel that I have had something worth while. I believe the bathtub is several hundred per cent. better than the washtubs or dishpans many people are content to depend upon, for one can get maximum wetting. If an enamelled bath is used no fixtures are needed for if the foot is tipped up the dirty water would run out of the head end into a dish pan.

About a year ago I fancied myself an amateur photographer and bought a Brownie No. 2 (pictures 2¼x3¼) and a printing and developing outfit. I like the size of the pictures for two will go on a postcard. To wash the prints in summer I set an old five gallon oil can on a chair so that from a hole in the bottom of the can the water runs down a board into a washtub so that the same water is used over and over again. The prints are pinned on the board. In winter I use the can, the board and the bath.

Dear editor, this my first letter to the W. H. M., is rather long, but if you think it worth printing I may come again when I have something to say. I have been a subscriber for many years.

Clearskin.

A COMING BARRISTER.

Dear Editor and Readers,

Here I appear on the scene again. It is about a year ago since I wrote to this page and had my long letter printed.

The majority of the correspondents give very charming descriptions of their home surroundings, and we Manitobans could do the same, but to go into full detail takes up a lot of space.

Good naturedness prompts me to thank all those who have bestowed such pleasant compliments on me so far, especially Mountain Maid and Willow, the Wisp. It's totally a matter of opinion, Moon Winks. You seem to be of the same opinion as some of the members of our household, so thank you for your motherly advice, perhaps I am too young yet for a steady chauffeur.

I, like Lady Nowah and most others, like poetry, all kinds of good reading and singing and music. At present I am practicing the violin and as I am quick at learning I won't be long in mastering it.

Aloha Oe, I don't see how I am going to cause a revolution with that poem. Perhaps some day you will become a professional player and singer, if you keep on. I am studying law at present

(Continued on Page 63)

"If I Could Only Sleep"

SLEEP is the greatest of nerve restoratives. But unfortunately when the nerves are greatly excited or exhausted you cannot sleep, and nervous energy is wasted at a terrible rate by day and by night.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does not produce sleep in a narcotic way, but it does overcome sleeplessness by restoring the vigor and vitality of the nervous system.

For this reason it is Nature's greatest aid in restoring health and vigor to a worn-out, nervous system, no matter whether this condition is the result of overwork, worry or disease.

This well-known nerve restorative has made more friends through its ability to overcome sleeplessness than perhaps for any one reason.

There is no keener misery han inability to sleep and the added worry of knowing that you are fast becoming a bankrupt so far as physical and nervous energy is concerned.

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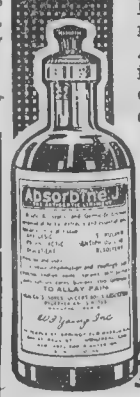

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

Two farmers met in a certain town a day or two after a cyclone had visited that particular neighborhood.

"She took up things pretty bad out at my place," said one, stroking his whiskers, meditatively.

"By the way, Hi," he added, "that new barn o 'yourn get hurt any?"

"Waal," drawled the other. "I dunno, I haven't found it yet."

Young Tommy returned from school in tears and nursing a black eye.

"I'll pay Billy Dobbs off for this in the morning," he wailed to his mother.

"No, no," she said. "You must return good for evil. I'll make you a nice jelly roll, and you must take it to Billy and say, "Mother says I must return good for evil, so here's a jelly roll for you."

Tommy demurred, but finally consented. The next evening he returned in a worse plight and sobbed:

"I gave Billy the jelly roll and told him what you said, and then he blacked my other eye, and says you're to send him another jelly roll to-morrow."

Boys' Magazine.

Jack: What's chaos, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Chaos? Oh—er—yes—chaos is a great heap of nothing and nowhere to put it.

HIS SENTENCE

Teacher: "What can make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it?"

Little Willie: "The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers."

Mother—"Why don"t you wash your hands as I told you to?"

Little Jimmie—"I fergot to tell you mom, us kids is doin' our bit in war economy, an' to-day's our soapless day."
—The Bulletin.

WHAT SAVED THE BABY

The family was entertaining callers one afternoon and while the grownups were talking the baby crept on the floor. Suddenly there was a loud bump and wild cry. It came from the direction of the piano.

"Oh, the baby has hurt himself!" cried the mother. "Run quick, dear."

The young father had already dashed toward the piano. He dropped on his knees and groped under the piano for his injured offspring. Presently he returned.

"He fell down and bumped his head on one of the pedals," he reported.

"Oh, the poor darling! Is it a bad bump?" asked one of the guests.

"No," he answered, "fortunately his head hit the soft pedal!"—Tit Bits.

SOMETHING ABOUT PETS

THE CARE OF RABBITS

Taking it for granted that some boys and girls who read this article will want to "keep rabbits," I am going to start out with a word of advice—learn something about the especial kind you intend to keep before buying a pair and putting them in a cage.

There are so many varieties of rabbits and so many ways of treating the different sorts—if you would have good ones and ones which will be not only healthy, but perhaps prize winners in exhibitions—it is advisable to start out with a little knowledge as well as little rabbits.

I know a boy in Philadelphia who makes quite a nice sum of money each year by the selling and exhibiting of his rabbits. These, however, are fancy breeds, rather a trouble to keep, and a comparatively safe risk after gaining experience on the harder and commoner varieties, such as the Himalayan, Dutch, Old English, Black and Tan or Blue and Tan, as a certain variety is described. The Silver rabbit is popular from the start, too. All these breeds have short hair; the Angoras, Lop Ears (rabbits whose ears are sometimes twenty-nine inches from tip to tip), Polish and Belgian hares are not considered suitable for the beginner to keep, principally because they require more room, freedom and more particular attention in every way.

Again, I know a boy in Ottawa who keeps his rabbit in an apartment, puts it to bed in a basket and treats it more like a kitten or a puppy than a soft little ball of white fluff—of the rabbit family. Miss Pinky, however, is an exception. She plays games; she comes to the table (not always behaving just as she should, either), and no one is cleverer at doing the magic trick of disappearing than Miss Pinky. Small boys and girls really think she is a princess, who has been changed into a rabbit by the wicked fairy, and one of them wanted to cut her head off to see.

When the game is about to commence Miss Pinky is put at one end of the hall. There she stays quite nicely until the children give a fearful whoop, when she runs a few steps, hops a few hops—and presto! she disappears! Cushions are pulled off couches, portieres are shaken, beds are looked under; there is no Miss Pinky. She has hiding places which have never to this day been discovered, but when the children are tired of looking for her they bang a door. Then the little rabbit runs from her place of concealment and into her basket. Isn't that queer? She leaves her safe hiding place and runs to one which is easily seen at the banging of a door.

The most practical sort of a hutch for the beginner to build is that shown in the illustration. Always, if possible, provide rabbits with a run. In their natural state they take a great deal of exercise, and even after having been tamed a long time they enjoy frollicking outside their hutches. A special wire netting can be bought for the purpose of enclosing a run, this netting being fixed to stakes and let into the ground about a foot in depth, so as to prevent the rabbits from burrowing it. This they will do if opportunity offers. The hutch should never be less than three feet in length and fifteen inches in height—larger, if possible. It should be raised from the ground and should above everything else be kept dry. Covering the roof with tar paper or tar felt will accomplish this. Also, it should never face the east. If it must be exposed, let it face south or south-west. In any case, the door should be arranged so as not to let in the rain. Fanciers agree that a piece of zinc, perforated, is ideal for flooring. This can be removed and cleaned with very little trouble. A sprinkling of sawdust or grass over it is greatly appreciated by the occupants of the hutch. As is the case of pigeons, painting the interior of the house is a very good thing; some fanciers putty theirs. Never allow food to decay and lie about in the hutches. This is very important! The question of food is a large one. One authority says. "The successful management of rabbits to a great extent is based upon regularity of feeding, quality of, suitability of and quantity of food supplied. The natural food of the rabbit comprises grass, the leaves of the dandelion, clover, roots such as turnips, cabbage, green corn, parsley, carrots, mangolds, and greens. Carrots are the most nutritive of all, so far as heat-producing and flesh-forming qualities are concerned. The nearer the food of the tame rabbit resembles that of the wild rabbit the better." He goes on to say that many boys have the idea that tea leaves and bran and bread are good for their pets. He does not think so. He calls these artificial foods. Rabbits like hay—good hay—and in winter when it is hard to get green things for them this diet is very beneficial. If a boy has a small plot of ground to spare and will sow a few seeds of chicory in the

(Continued on Page 63)

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CORRESPONDENCE—Continued From Page 61

and I too, hope to become a professional lawyer some day. There are several law students in this office and it won't be long before some of the others and myself will be locating places for our own selves for practice.

Some of the readers say that the Correspondence Page is the best part of the magazine. That is true enough in a sense for it enlightens one of others' thoughts. The Magazine is O. K. throughout. I must say that I like the colors on the covers. I think they are just swell.

Steve.

LONGS FOR B. C.

Dear Editor and Readers,

Here comes another one who likes the W. H. M. very much and would like so well to join your happy circle.

I live in Manitoba in a very pretty spot, just a half mile from a river. Everything is very green and looks its best at present.

I was born in England, but came to Manitoba when only two years old, so cannot remember anything about England. I have travelled quite a lot. Four years ago I was down to Montana for a visit. There is some beautiful scenery there, but I think I prefer Manitoba. I have a desire to go to B.C.

I love music and can play quite well and also take pleasure in skating, dancing and riding.

Rolling Stone is lucky to have seen so much of Canada.

Would very much like to hear from correspondents of either sex.

Maybelle.

A COUNTRY MAID.

Dear Editor and Readers,

Here comes a country girl to join your jolly circle. I have taken the W. H. M. for five years and would not be without it for the world.

I get pretty lonesome at times as my dear mother has been dead for three years and I am working out and I find it rather hard as I am only sixteen. I am in a nice spot in Manitoba, two miles from a town which is very small, but there is quite a lot of young people. It is very bushy to the south of us. The crops are looking fine around here and we expect a good harvest.

I was quite interested in All Alone 22's letter and would like very much if he would write to me. I would like some friends of either sex. My address is with the editor.

Orphan Girl.

A BOOK LOVER.

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have read your page for years but never took courage to write before. I do enjoy some of the letters although I am an old married girl and thought I would write and ask if any of the readers who are bookworms would exchange books with me or sell reasonably. The two books I want so badly are "Anne of the Island" by Montgomery and "The Prairie Mother". I could exchange for these, "Big Timber" by Sinclair and "When a Man's a Man" by Wright. I also would like to get "The Winning of Barbara Worth", by Wright. I live in Alberta dry belt and book money is scarce. The editor has my address.

Alberta Molly.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS

Dear Editor and Readers—This is my first letter to your interesting Correspondence Page. Like a good many of your silent readers I have never had courage enough to write before so I hope to see this in print. I always read the Correspondence Page first.

Being a young farmer in one of the best farming districts in Western Manitoba, I am looking forward to a good year as the prospects were never better at this time of the season.

I took in many of the dances around here last winter and there were a great many of them.

I would like to correspond with any of the members who care to write, although I am not a professional at the job, I will answer all letters promptly.

Wishing the Editor and readers every success, I will sign myself,

Casey.

COSEY CORNER—Continued From Page 62

spring, the leaves will be ready for summer feeding and the rabbits will eat this delicacy with unusual relish. Unlike most animals, they require very little water, gaining what amount is necessary from their green foods, amongst which lettuce should have been mentioned. Wet bran is, however, sometimes given, though not everyone recommends it.

As soon as the mother rabbit begins to make a nest, for which she often strips off bits of her own fur, that is a sign that some baby bunnies are expected, and the father rabbit should be taken away and put into a separate hutch. He does not seem to have a great affection, as a rule, for his family, and has been known to kill the young ones. Even the mother, if she is annoyed or disturbed when her babies are tiny, will destroy them. So will foxes and several other kinds of animals.

Newborn rabbits are perfectly helpless; they are blind, opening their eyes when about five days old and feeding themselves at about three weeks of age. But they should be left with their mother a little longer than that. If the mother sould die, as happened in a case I know about, the young bunnies should be kept wrapped in blankets near a stove and fed by putting a piece of flannel in warm milk, then gently into their mouths. In closing, I would recommend anyone who is really interested in keeping rabbits to read "The Boy Fancier," by F. T. Barton. In this book information as to the housing, feeding and general treatment of every sort of bunny is given, including the remarkable animal called the "Flemish Giant," an enormous rabbit weighing as much as twenty pounds. It is a gray color and has an enormous pouch where an ordinary chin should be. It requires a large hutch, at least five feet long and three high, and eats more than several other kinds of rabbits put together.

Daniels: "Speaking of stingy people, there's no one can beat old Scrimp."

Jackson: "No? Well, what's the matter with him?"

Daniels: "Why, he even looks over the tops of his glasses for fear of wearing them out!"

OUR RAPID AGE

Johnny: "Please, pa's got a sore throat, and will you send something to cure it?"

Druggist: "Shall I send him a draught, then?"

Johnny: "Oh, no; it was a draught that gave it to him."

An Irishman who had remained coolly in bed during a Zeppelin raid was asked if he wasn't afraid a bomb might drop on the house.

"I don't trouble," replied Pat. "The ould house doesn't belong to me. Oi'me only a boarder."

A clergyman was visiting an old lady who had just lost all her teeth.

"Well, Mrs. Smith," he said, "how do you get on now without your teeth?"

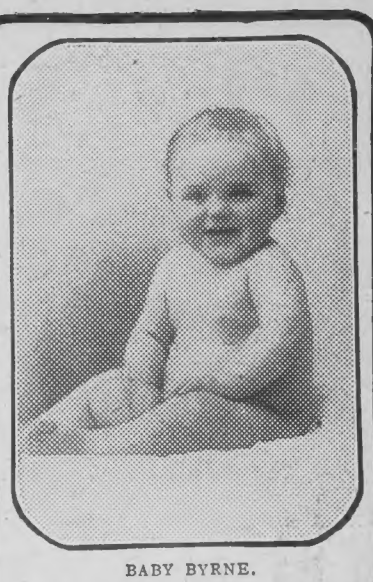
"Tur'ble bad, sir; I don't seem able to domesticate my food nohow."—Daily Chronicle.

IN FULL UNIFORM.

Although a soldier with an umbrella seems as absurd as a soldier with a fan, Mr. Bernard Baruch of the War Industries Board, according to the Washington Star, met one the other day in a deluge of rain. He stopped his car and said:

"Young man, this is the first time I ever saw a soldier with an umbrella."

"Well, boss," the youth answered, "maybe it's the first time you ever saw a real, live, up-to-date soldier."



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Has Never Caused One Disturbed Night.

27, York Street,
Sacriston, Durham.

Dear Sir,

I am sending a photograph of my baby Alice, aged 12 months, who has had Virol since birth. Though very tiny at birth, and artificially fed since two weeks old, she has never required medical advice, nor given me one disturbed night. Her weight is now 22½ lbs., and she has nine teeth, which she has cut without trouble. She is a most lovable and happy baby, and I am very grateful for the great benefit she has derived from Virol.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) M. BYRNE.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,500 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

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For Infants & Invalids

A Nutritious Diet for All Ages.
Keep Horlick's Always on Hand
Quick Lunch; Home or Office.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Canada's Greatest Product.

A 300,000,000-bushel crop of wheat will be the best kind of bread-line.—Hamilton Spectator.

Too Many Seers Talking.

We are troubled with excess prophets.— Washington Post.

It Will

A bumper crop of No. 1 Hard will be Canada's best provision against hard times.—Toronto World.

The Spirit That Makes Wars.

The stuff wars are made of: "Rats, we could lick em' in six weeks!"—Vancouver Sun.

Suppose Germany Had Won?

Germany should cheer up. The first hundred millions are the hardest.—Toronto Telegram.

The Russian Red Dictator.

The pupils of Lenin's eyes are red. So are his other pupils.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Corner Stone of Public Safety.

The little red school house is better than the little-read citizen.—Omaha Bee.

The Real Trimmers

The real trimmers in some millinery stores are the persons who edit the price tags.—Minneapolis Journal.

A New Experience For Him.

Byng of Vimy is in for a new experience. He will have to go "over the top" at the Ontario fall fairs.—Calgary Herald.

War Basis Candy.

Sugar has come down to pre-war prices, but candy is holding out for a separate peace.— Chicago News.

Aerial Traffic Police.

London police regulated traffic at the Ascot races from an airship. The next stage will be the regulation of the traffic in the air.—Montreal Gazette.

There Should Be Women in Both

The National Council of Women favors the appointment of women to the Senate. Why not begin on the House of Commons?—Toronto Star.

Census Questions Must Be Answered.

It has cost a Brantford man $7.13 for refusing to answer the questions of the census enumerator. Silence is not always golden.—Brantford Expositor.

Yellow Gold.

So long as Germany's money has the same color as her statesmanship, the Allies will be satisfied.—Wall Street Journal.

One Expense Germany Is Spared.

Well, there is one expense Germany is spared. She won't have to spend anything on victory monuments.—Brooklyn Eagle.

This Year's Harvest In Europe.

Sixty per cent. of Europe will be released from food rationing with the harvest of 1921, according to the estimate of Herbert Hoover.—Duluth Herald.

Falling Prices

Burial charges have come down 10 per cent. in some places. But they are no bargain at that. Wait a bit.—Seattle Argus.

A Change in Their Clamor.

"Germans Clamor for Silesia," says a headline. And, not many years ago they were clamoring for the world, and figured confidently they were going to grab it.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

A Good Idea.

An Ontario plowman competed in the big plowing contest at Portage la Prairie. Why not an all Canada contest for the plowing experts?—Galt Reporter.

Minnesota and the Lumber Tariff.

Minnesota senators are opposing the U.S. tariff on Canadian lumber. Apparently Minnesota hasn't much of a lumber industry of its own.—Regina Leader.

Germany Is Digging Up.

The rainbow of hoped-for evasion having faded, Germany is finding the pot of gold at the end of her rope, and is paying up— because she has to.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Time of Testing in South Africa.

Democracy is on its trial, and the crucial test will be its ability to sink sectional considerations and take long views of the interests of the community as a whole.—Cape Argus.

Financial Item.

Up to the time of going to press nobody has been hurt in the crush of capitalists who want to accept Lenine's invitation to invest their money in Russia.—Brandon Sun.

Twelve Per Cent Beer in Germany.

Germany is rapidly getting back to normal. Brewers are now permitted to make 25 per cent. of their product with 12 per cent. alcoholic strength.—St. John Globe.

A Question.

The Arabians are to have self-government in Mesopotamia, and will elect their own ruler. Will there be an immediate return to "the golden prime of the good Haroun-al-Rashid?"—Dundee Courier.

Mixing His Metaphors.

"As a melting-pot," declared Ambassador Harvey in London, "we have never lost our perspective." A melting-pot without perspective would be hamstrung, indeed.—New York Evening Post.

Lack of Transport Caused Famine.

Six Chinese officials have arrived in Canada to study out railway methods. A good railway system in China would have made it possible to cope with a famine in one part of that country, for there was plenty of food in other parts.—Ottawa Citizen.

Naval Expenditures.

Great Britain's proposed expenditure for capital ships this year is only £2,000,000. Any remarks Japan or United States may now care to make will be listened to with respectful attention.—Quebec Chronicle.

It Is So With Many a Crisis.

There are times when we are led to suspect crises are the biggest bluffers in the world. We see one coming and everybody gets scared stiff, but when we pass it we find it was about as tame as a baby lamb.—Halifax Herald.

An Impressive Argument.

The best available argument for national economy is Sir Henry Drayton's admission that present expenditure is at the rate of $48 per capita, which means $240 a year for the average family of five.—Lethbridge Herald.

Breeding-places of Disorder.

The saloons in Belfast were ordered to keep closed during the visit of the King and Queen. The acknowledgment that they are breeding places of disorder is the main argument for closing them up permanently.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

A Census Forecast.

Australia's census shows a population of 5,419,702, an increase of 970,000 over 1911. Canada's population in 1911 was 7,206,643, and it will be a disappointment if this year's census does not show over 9,000,000. This country has had the advantage of a greater immigration than Australia.—Calgary Albertan.

Motion-picture Workers Destitute.

It is rather surprising to learn that two or three thousand motion-picture workers at Los Angeles are in destitution. Evidently the notion that motion-picture people all earn millionaires' incomes is a popular fallacy.—Guelph Herald.

Our Long Fortless Frontier.

Among human impossibilities we must list the Canadian speaker before an American audience or the American speaker before a Canadian audience who can refrain from mentioning the well-known 3,000 miles of frontier without a fort.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Conditions in Russia.

The British trade agreement with Russia has belied the hopes and fears aroused by it. The truth seems to be that Russia is so utterly run down that she will be unimportant as a buyer or seller for years to come.—Toronto Globe.

Ministers' Salaries.

A man engaged in the Christian ministry may be indifferent in regard to the scale of compensation, but he would not be much of a man, let alone much of a pastor, if he were indifferent to the comfort and welfare of his wife and children. These he must feed, wish to have a comfortable home, decent clothing, decent education.—Peterboro Examiner.

No Bids for Large Wooden Ships.

Surely the days of the large wooden ships are over. The United States has three hundred of these vessels for which a bid cannot be obtained, and whose caretaking costs $440,000 a year. The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington suggests that the ships should be sunk in order to save money.——Victoria Colonist.

U. S. War Expenditure.

Within the next forty years the United States, if it maintains an annual average of appropiations for army and navy purposes equal to the appropriations for those purposes for the closing fiscal year, will have spent $33,000,000 on preparations for war, which is the amount experts say Germany can pay in the same period as reparation for the last war.— New York World.

Ships That Pass.

It should not escape notice that the British Admiralty has recently sold 113 warships, including the battleships Dreadnought, Dominion, Mars, Hindustan and Magnificent, all of which, being in the obsolete class, were sold as junk. The Dreadnought, which in 1906 was "the very last word in naval architecture," was knocked down at the flat rate of 50 shillings a ton.—Halifax Echo.

In Honor of a Great Icelander.

The Icelanders of Winnipeg have unveiled a statue to Jon Sigurdson, a kinsman who excelled as a patriot and a statesman in the home land a half century ago. The Icelanders, while closely cherishing the traditions of their race across the sea, are among the best Canadian citizens and leading in the development of Canadianism. This is the ideal spirit for the New World.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Missing the Opportunity.

The United States is in an excellent position to take the initiative in reducing armaments, and the place to begin is on the sea, because our land forces could not be regarded as a menace by any great power. We seem to be missing the opportunity, if we have not already missed it, of giving leadership to a disarmament movement by showing that we did not fear to set an example in the right direction.—Springfield Republican.

Marxism Fails in Practice.

The Soviet government is planning to give Russian currency a gold and platinum basis and to call in the flood of paper money which the same government issued with the sole purpose of making money worthless and useless and so hastening the establishment of Marxism. Lenin and his associates are finding themselves forced to abandon the practice of the gospel of Marx.—Kingston Whig.

A Hohenzollern Smuggler.

Convicted of smuggling money out of Germany, the former Prince Eitel Friedrich Hohenzollern was fined 5,000 marks ($100) by a merciful German court. That the kaiser's son was brought to court is an encouraging sign, even although he was not required to sit in the defendant's box. But the old order changes bit by bit. Perhaps Germany will yet force Bavaria to disarm and actually make the first gold payment.—N. Y. Tribune.

Sir George Paish Was Right

A leading Pittsburgh steel man says that a year ago no one would have believed that the steel business could be so depressed as it is today. A little over a year ago Sir George Paish, for many years editor of the London Statist, financial adviser of the British Government during the war and one of the greatest financial authorities in the world, delivered a speech in New York in which he predicted a wave of unemployment in the United States because of Europe's prostration and the adverse exchange rates. But what he said was not listened to seriously.—Chicago Tribune.

Communism and the Early Christians

Communists who appeal to the practice of early Church in support of their views usually fail to observe two rather significant facts. The first is that so far as Scriptural evidence goes we are not warranted in supposing that the custom of "having all things in common" extended beyond the Christians in Jerusalem. The second is that references to the necessity of making special collections throughout the Church for "the poor Saints which are in Jerusalem" suggest the Communistic experiment was not a success, and that communism, then as now, meant living at other peoples' expense. — London Morning Post.

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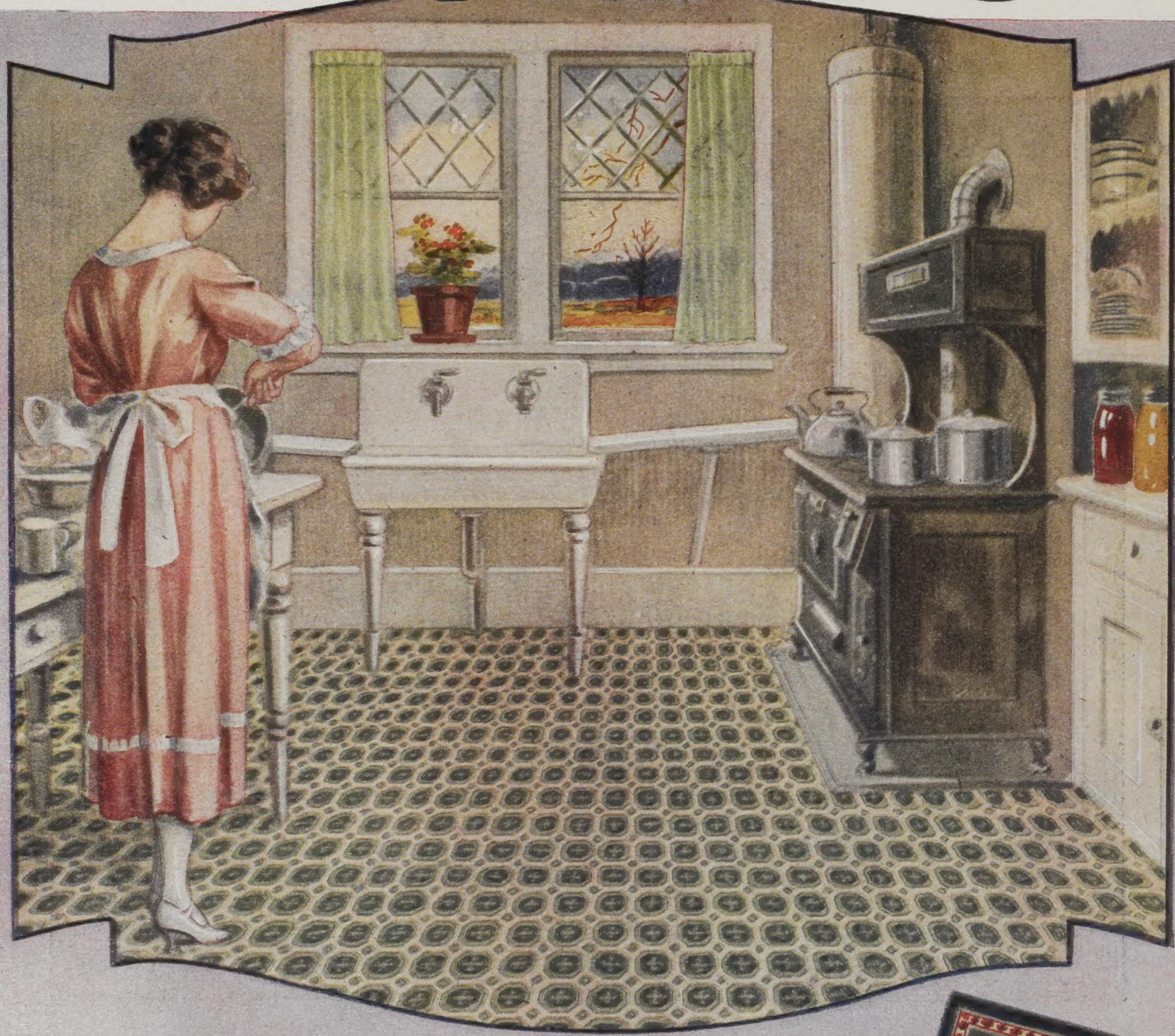

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